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BALLADS AND SONGS  
OF  
LANCASHIRE







Justlyfully Gas  
J. Wain

BALLADS & SONGS  
OF  
LANCASHIRE

*Ancient and Modern*

COLLECTED, COMPILED, AND EDITED, WITH NOTES,

By JOHN HARLAND, F.S.A.

SECOND EDITION

CORRECTED, REVISED, AND ENLARGED

By T. T. WILKINSON, F.R.A.S.

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TO  
THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS  
OF  
THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB  
THIS VOLUME  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY THEIR COLLEAGUE  
T. T. WILKINSON.

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## INTRODUCTION.



*"If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."*—ANDREW FLETCHER of Saltoun.

"THE rude poetry of Song and Ballad," says Mr. Harland in his preface to the first edition of this work, "has been in all countries the earliest record of acts and events. The Song in praise of heroes, inciting living warriors to emulate the deeds of their ancestors;"—the Ballad to commemorate successive acts of national or family prowess. "Ballads (says Tacitus) were the only annals known among the ancient Germans. The Scandinavian *scalds* in their *sagas* celebrated the warlike achievements of their ancestors. Britain, Wales, and Ireland, had of old their bards and minstrels; and, even as late as the reign of Elizabeth, Welsh harpers on their hill-sides sang to crowds of their countrymen the deeds of their forefathers. With the refinement of manners, the ballad by degrees

included a wider range of subjects,—the marvelous tale, the wild adventure, love's sentiment and passion, mad revenge, and stealthy murder, were amongst its favourite themes. Then came the satirical song; the humorous and burlesque ballad; which have remained in favour with the people, especially in rural districts, to this day."

Very many of these have been sung in the halls of the great by the minstrels of the "north countrie;" and they have also formed the fireside melodies of our peasantry for many generations. Almost every ancient mansion possessed its gallery for the "musycianers," and those families who could not afford to keep their own performers paid considerable sums for the hire of some more wealthy neighbour's "cumpanie" when celebrating annual or family festivities. Ballad, interlude, song, and dance, followed each other on these occasions in quick succession; and these were imitated at public festivals and fairs by more humble professionals, but not on that account the less acceptable to the crowds who witnessed their performances. In later times the narrative of every striking event was woven into rude verse by the ballad-monger, who either sung his own compositions when he visited the houses of the wealthy, or committed them to the charge of the itinerant pedlar, of whom Shakspeare has immortalised a specimen in his *Winter's Tale*, where we have, "painted for all

time a lively portrait of the English ballad singer and seller of his own day."

Of these older ballads "very few exist of an earlier date than the reign of James I., when [some remnants] were first collected in [small chap-books] termed *Garlands*, of which many are preserved in the Pepysian Library." In Percy's *Reliques* we find a few more of these compositions, and Mr. Halliwell has included some others, both in his *Palatine Anthology*, in his *Palatine Garland*, and in the thirty-two folio volumes of sheet-songs, ballads, etc., presented by him to the Chetham Library, Manchester.

Previously to the interest recently excited in this species of literature, the olden ballads and songs were fast dying out—many have been lost for ever, and some of the more modern are merely parodies or burlesques. They do not always, or even frequently, contain the best poetry; an extra syllable or two in a line proving no serious obstacle to the singer or reciter. Most of them, however, are intensely national—"racy of the soil"—and will live in our local literature for all time to come. Like much of our early poetry they are mostly monosyllabic, strong and expressive; the lines are, in general, short; the tunes simple; the choruses jovial and boisterous, suited to the occasions and the times. There are also certain peculiar turns of expression, and even of

pronunciation, which are evidently intended to help the memory and produce effect. All or most of these characteristic traits have been retained in our best modern imitations—the framework of the ancient ballad, or song, having been re-habilitated to suit the circumstances of the case. It might seem that irregularity in metre and in melody were at an early period one of the acknowledged characteristics of ballad poetry: for Richard Sheale, a Lancashire man, the author of the earlier and irregular “Chevy Chase,” is also the composer of the almost faultless “Love Song” in the present volume.

Ballads and songs written in pure grammatical English are somewhat rare in the north of England. Many of these owe their origin to turmoil and crime, and are frequently strongly tinged with the peculiar dialect of the locality in which they were written. This is not to be regretted; for by this means the places where the events happened are thereby fixed, and lasting popularity is also secured, because they contain the every-day language of the peasantry. Such compositions are cherished and preserved in remote villages long after they have ceased to interest the middle and upper classes, since they generally contain records of party strife, local usages, customs, and superstitions, which are ever interesting to the lower orders. Hence the religious rhapsody—the

mournful moral poem—the legendary narrative—and the details of domestic tragedy, preserve their vitality for generations after more laboured and correct compositions have ceased to be remembered.

“Amidst great social mutations, and the progress of education and civilisation, there are,” says Mr. Harland, “some broad features of English ballad literature, especially in the subjects which most largely hold the popular affections and regard, which, in all essentials, will ever remain alike, however their outward garb may change with the transitory tastes and fleeting fashions of the age. The [four] favourite themes, alike of the oldest ballads and the most modern songs, are war, love, murder,” [and wine]. Lancashire ballads and songs are no exception to the general rule. We have prowess in war—family feuds—success or failure in love—domestic tragedies—the praise of good liquor, etc., constantly furnishing themes on which our local poets have exercised their powers; and of these not a few of their efforts are couched in the strong vernacular of the county. In the following volume the oldest ballad in the Lancashire dialect is that entitled “Warrikin Fair.” This is considered to have been written about A.D. 1550; and although a glossary has been added for the sake of the general reader, there is not a word used by the writer that would be unintelligible

to the Lancashire peasant of to-day. There is a quaint, ironical severity in the "Balade of Mary-age," rescued from the Browsholme papers, which is much intensified by the careless ease of the extra syllable in each alternate line. This peculiarity has not found many imitators; and hence the regret that both the name of the author and the rest of the ballad appear to have been irrecoverably lost.

Our earlier poets, in general, either did not understand, or did not care to cultivate the Lancashire dialect; although, as in the case of Burns, it would have given them a far wider choice of rhymes. The publication of Collier's "Tummus and Meary," however, gave fixedness and increased vitality to our folk-speech, and under the hands of Bamford, Brierley, Staton, Waugh, and others, it has now acquired a copious literature of its own. The forthcoming *Glossary* of the Manchester Literary Club will form a permanent record of its peculiarities, origin, and power. In the following collection will be found the rugged, uncouth, measures of the older ballad-writers; the more polished verses of later authors follow, until we reach the true modern ballad in the pathetic stanzas of Shenstone. The easy flowing verse of Byrom cannot but be admired. He was an author who knew how to inspire happy and independent thoughts in others, and his genial senti-

ments prove that he was equally at ease both with the world and himself. The modern selections contain many specimens of the calm, philosophic thought of Swain, forcibly reminding us of Wordsworth. His language is always elegant and chaste, whether in ballad, song, or longer poem. He has recently gone to his rest, but his fine composition on the "Mind," together with his collective works, have secured him a lasting reputation. Bamford's peculiar style is forcibly shown in his legend of the "Wild Rider," and in "The Pass of Death." His lines are lengthy, his words massive, his thoughts manly in tone, and expressed in forcible, vigorous verse. His most striking ballad records an imaginary visit to "Tim Bobbin Grave;" and his "God help the Poor," was sung and recited during the "Cotton Famine" with all the fervour peculiar to a suffering population.

Critchley Prince very nearly approaches Swain in the style of many of his poems. Several of his songs are exceedingly forcible, and very happily expressed. His "Songs of the People for me," forms a good example of one of his happiest efforts, and was written almost *impromptu*, at the request of the late Mr. Harland, for Mr. Gent to incorporate in the volume of modern songs and ballads.

Of those who have written in our dialect the first place is undoubtedly due to Waugh. He is a master of the art of song-writing, and many of

them are more popular than those of any other Lancashire author. His "Come Whoam to the Childer an Me," has found its way to every hearth, and its popularity suffers no decrease. Each of his songs causes some homely, heartfelt chord to vibrate, and his pictures of Lancashire home life are faithful and graphic. Touches of genuine poetry meet us in almost every verse; and his prose works are not the less racy, poetical, and characteristic. Laycock, next to Waugh, is our most popular song-writer in the dialect. His "Bowton Yard" and "Welcome Bonny Brid" are known and recited throughout this and the neighbouring counties. The truly poetical is not wanting; his style is simple and unlaboured, but his unexpected witty turns of thought, his telling homethrusts, native humour, and quaint allusions, are peculiarly his own. Brierley has cultivated prose much more extensively than poetry, and yet he has added some choice songs to our Lancashire literature. Some of these, however, require *acting* as well as *singing* in order to bring out their proper effect. The "Weyvour o' Wellbruck" is inimitable, when given with all the gravity, the grunts, and grimaces of the grumbling old "weyvour." The chorus compels us to hear his looms rattling as he proclaims his independent spirit, and also fully illustrates the boisterousness required in a really popular Lancashire song.



In making the modern collection Mr. Harland exhibited his usual sound judgment and good taste. The best of every writer was selected and arranged under the following heads:—"I. Romantic and Legendary Ballads. II. Songs of Love and Praises of the Fair. III. Songs of Home and its Affections. IV. Songs of Life and Brotherhood. V. Songs of the Cotton Famine. VI. Sea Songs." A miscellaneous chapter (VII.) is now added, containing several pieces worthy of preservation. The additions to the ancient ballads are also considerable.

The pleasurable duty remains of thanking all those to whom this volume owes its existence. We have merely gathered the flowers of Lancashire ballad and song into a garland. Theirs is the fragrance of these poetic blossoms; theirs the rich and varied tints that delight the eye and cheer the heart. To thank each individually by name would be simply to repeat a portion of the table of contents, and we can therefore only tender to one and all our most grateful thanks for the courteous and ready kindness with which they have acceded to our requests. To the surviving representatives of deceased writers, and to various publishing firms holding copyrights, we must take leave, in like manner, to tender our sincere thanks and acknowledgments.

The portrait of the late Charles Swain, from a photograph by Mr. John Eastham of Manchester, which has been adopted as the frontispiece to the present edition, will no doubt be very acceptable to the numerous friends of one of Lancashire's most gifted poets.

T. T. W.



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*Those marked with an asterisk are additions to this edition.*

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## *Ancient Ballads and Songs of Lancashire.*



### FRAGMENT OF AN ANCIENT BALLAD OF A TYRANNICAL HUSBAND.

A FOLIO MS. volume in the Chetham Library, Manchester (No. 8009), is described at some length by Mr. J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S., as "an extremely valuable MS., chiefly consisting of early English poetry, written in the fifteenth century." He enumerates fourteen different articles or subjects in the volume, the last of which he calls "A Ballad of a Tyrannical Husband" (fol. 366). It was written, he says, in the reign of Edward IV. It is in twenty-eight quatrains or stanzas, covering five pages of the folio volume, but it appears to have been left unfinished by the transcriber, for only the "First Fitte," or part, is copied. The rest is wanting. Many of its words and phrases are pure Lancashire, but since this work is intended for the general reader, we modernise the spelling.

○ THOU that art gentle, for joy of thy dame,  
As thou wrought this wide world, in heav'n is thy  
hame :  
Save all this company, and shield them from shame,  
That will listen to me, and 'tend to this game.

God keep all women that to this town 'long,  
Maidens, and widows, and eke wives among,  
For much they are blamed, and sometimes with wrong  
I take witness of all folk that heareth this song.

Listen, good sirs, both young and old ;  
Of a good husband this tale shall be told :  
He wedded a woman that was fair and bold,<sup>1</sup>  
And had goods enow to wend as they wold.<sup>2</sup>

She was a good housewife, courteous and kind,  
And he was an angry man, and soon would be tined,<sup>3</sup>  
Chiding and brawling, and fared like a fiend,  
As one that oft will be wroth with his best friend.

Till it befel upon a day—short talk to make—  
The goodman to the plough his horse 'gan he take ;  
He call'd forth his oxen, the white and the blake,  
And he said, “ Dame, dight <sup>4</sup> our dinner betimes, for  
God's sake.”

The goodman and his lad to the plough be gone ;  
The goodwife had much to do ; servant had she none ;  
Many small children to keep, beside herself alone,  
She did more than she might within her own wone.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ? Fair to behold.

<sup>3</sup> Kindled, enraged.

<sup>2</sup> To go or live as they would.

<sup>4</sup> Dress.

<sup>5</sup> Dwelling.

Home came the goodman by time of the day,  
 To look that all things were according to his say.  
 "Dame !" he said, "is our dinner dight?" "Sir," she  
     said, "nay,  
 How would you have me do more than I may?"

Then he began to chide, and said, "Evil mote<sup>1</sup> thou  
     be !

I would thou shouldst all day go to plough with me ;  
 To walk in the clods, that be wet and merè [miry],  
 Then shouldst thou wit<sup>2</sup> what it were a ploughman  
     to be."

Then sware the goodwife, and thus 'gan she say,  
 "I have more to do, than do I may,  
 An<sup>3</sup> you should follow me fully one day,  
 You'd be weary of your part, my head dare I lay."

"Weary ! in the devil's name !" said the goodman :  
 "What hast thou to do, but sit here at home?  
 Thou coyst<sup>4</sup> to thy neighbour's house, by on and by  
     eine,<sup>5</sup>  
 And sittest there jangling<sup>6</sup> with Jack and with Joan."

Then said the goodwife, "Fair may you fall ;  
 I have more to do, whoso wist all ;  
 When I lie in my bed, my sleep is but small ;  
 Yet early in the morning ye will me up call.

"When I lie all night waking, with our dear child,  
 I rise up at morrow and find our house wild ;

<sup>1</sup> May, must.<sup>2</sup> Know.<sup>3</sup> If.<sup>4</sup> Goest.

<sup>5</sup> Halliwell has this expression in the form "On-o-nena" as Lancashire  
 for "always." ? Ever and anon ; alone or in company ; by *odd* and by  
*even*.

<sup>6</sup> Prating, quarrelling.

Then I milk our kine, turn them into the field,  
While you sleep full still, as Christ shall me shield !

“ Then make I butter, for cheer in the day,  
After make I cheese. This hold you a *play* ?  
Then will our children weep, and upmost they ;  
Yet will you blame me, an any be away.

“ When I have so done, yet there comes more e’en,  
I give our chickens meat, or else they be lean ;  
Our hens, our capons, and our ducks be dene,<sup>1</sup>  
Yet tend I to our goslings that go on the green.

“ I bake and I brew ; it will not else be well,  
I beat and swengle flax, as ever I have heyll ;<sup>2</sup>  
I heckle the tow, I kabe,<sup>3</sup> and I reel ;  
I tease wool and card it, and spin it on the wheel.”

“ Dame !” said the goodman, “ the devil have thy  
bones !  
Thou need’st not bake nor brew in fortnight past once ;  
I see no good thou dost within this wide wones,<sup>4</sup>  
But ever thou excusest thee with groaches<sup>5</sup> and  
groans !”

“ Eke a piece of linen and woollen I make once a year  
For to clothe ourselves and our children in fere,<sup>6</sup>  
Else we should go to market and buy it full dear ;  
I am as busy as I may, in every [gear].

“ When I have so done, I look on the scone ;<sup>7</sup>  
I ordene meat for our beasts, again that you come  
home,

<sup>1</sup> Done.

<sup>2</sup> Heald.

<sup>3</sup> Separate.

<sup>4</sup> Dwelling.

<sup>5</sup> Grumblings.

<sup>6</sup> Together.

<sup>7</sup> The barley cakes baking.



And meat for ourselves, again that it be noon,  
Yet I have not a fair word, when *that* I have done.

“So I look to our good without and within,  
That there be none away, neither more nor min,<sup>1</sup>  
Glad to please you to pay, lest any bats <sup>2</sup> begin,  
And for to chide thus with me, i’ faith you be in sin.”

Then said the goodman in a sorry time,  
“All this would a good housewife do long ere it were  
prime,<sup>3</sup>  
And sene [since] the good we have is half deal<sup>4</sup> thine,  
Thou shalt labour for thy part as I do for mine.

“Therefore, dame, make thee ready, I warn thee anon,  
To-morrow with my lads to the plough thou shalt  
gone ;  
And I will be housewife, and keep our house at home,  
And take mine ease as thou hast done, by God and St.  
John !”

“Ay, grant,”<sup>5</sup> quoth the goodwife, “as I understand,  
To-morrow in the morning I will be walkande,  
Yet will I rise, while ye be sleepand,<sup>6</sup>  
And see that all things be ready laid to your hand.”

So it pass’d all to the morrow that it was daylight,  
The goodwife thought over her deed<sup>7</sup> and up she rose  
right.

“Dame !” said the goodman, “I swear by God’s  
might,  
I will fette home our beasts, and help that they were  
dight.”

<sup>1</sup> Less.<sup>2</sup> Blows.<sup>3</sup> Six o’clock a.m.<sup>4</sup> Half share of.<sup>5</sup> Yes, agreed ; or, I agree.<sup>6</sup> Sleeping.<sup>7</sup> What she would do.

The goodman to the field hied him full yarne ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The goodwife made butter, her deed were full derne ;<sup>2</sup>  
 She took again the butter-milk and put it in the churn,  
 And said, "Yet of one point our Sire shall be to learn."

Home came the goodman and took good keep  
 How the wife had laid her flesh for to steep.  
 She said, "Sir, all this day, ye need not to sleep,  
 Keep well our children, and let them not weep.

"If you go to the kiln, malt for to make,  
 Put small fire underneath, Sir, for God his sake.  
 The kiln is low and dry, good tend<sup>3</sup> that ye take,  
 For an it fasten on a fire, it will be evil to slake.

"Here sit two geese abroad ; keep them well from  
 woo,<sup>4</sup>  
 And they may come to good, or you'll work sorrow  
 enow."

"Dame," said the goodman, "hie thee to the plough,  
 Teach me no more housewifery, for I con<sup>5</sup> enow."

Forth went the goodwife, courteous and hend,<sup>6</sup>  
 She call'd to her lad, and to the plough they wend ;<sup>7</sup>  
 They were busy all day,—A fytte here I find,  
 An I have drunk once, ye shall hear the best behind.

<sup>1</sup> Early.<sup>2</sup> Secret.<sup>3</sup> Care, attention.<sup>4</sup> Woe.<sup>5</sup> Ken, know.<sup>6</sup> Gentle, polite.<sup>7</sup> Go.

## A FYTTE.

Here beginneth another fyttē, the sooth<sup>1</sup> for to say,  
[The rest is wanting].

The subject of the above ballad has been a favourite one for ages on both sides the Scottish border. As a more modern version, and to elucidate the labours of man and wife in their changed spheres of action, we append the following entitled :—

## THE OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE.

FROM MR. J. O. HALLIWELL'S NURSERY RHYMES.

THERE was an old man who liv'd in a wood,  
As you may plainly see ;  
He said he could do as much work in a day  
As his wife could do in three.  
“ With all my heart,” the old woman said,  
“ If that you will allow  
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,  
And I'll go drive the plough.

“ But you must milk Tidy the cow,  
For fear that she go dry ;  
And you must feed the little pigs,  
That are within the sty ;  
And you must mind the speckled hen,  
For fear she lay away ;  
And you must reel the spool of yarn,  
That I spun yesterday.”

<sup>1</sup> Truth.

The old woman took a staff in her hand,  
And went to drive the plough ;  
The old man took a pail in his hand,  
And went to milk the cow.  
But Tidy hunched and Tidy flinched,  
And Tidy broke his nose ;  
And Tidy gave him such a blow,  
That the blood ran down to his toes.

“ High, Tidy ! ho, Tidy ! high,  
Tidy ! stand thou still ;  
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,  
’Twill be sore against my will.”  
He went to feed the little pigs,  
That were within the sty ;  
He hit his head against the beam,  
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,  
For fear she’d lay astray ;  
And he forgot the spool of yarn,  
His wife spun yesterday.  
So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,  
And the green leaves on the tree,  
If his wife didn’t do a day’s work in her life,  
She should ne’er be ruled by he.

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## A TRAFFORD AND BYRON FEUD.

BY THOMAS BARRITT.

In our Fourth Edward's fickle days  
A serious quarrel, story says,  
Took place near Rochdale, we are told,  
'Twixt Trafford and a Byron bold.  
The cause was this, we understand,  
About some privilege of land.  
Oliver Chadwick, from Chadwick Hall,  
On Byron's part that day did fall ;  
But afterwards it came to pass,  
Lord Stanley arbitrator was,  
Who fixed it upon this ground,  
Trafford should pay full sixty pound,  
In holy church at Manchester ;  
And from this contract not to err,  
To Chadwick's heirs, to keep them quiet,  
And never more to move a riot :  
Ten marks at birth-day of St. John,  
And ten at Martin's day upon,  
Each year until the whole was paid ;  
And to be friends again, he said.

The authority for the facts in these rhymes was a curious deed in the possession of the late Colonel Chadwick, of the Lancashire Militia, shown to Barritt. Oliver Chadwick, of Chadwick Hall, in the parish of Rochdale, was the son of Henry Chadwick, who died about 1482. Oliver was living 28th June 1489, but the family pedigree does not give the date of his death. He left two sons, Roger and Oliver. Ten marks amount to £6 : 13 : 4. St. John's day is June 24, and

that of St. Martin the Bishop, November 11. In those times payments of importance were usually required to be made either in the porch, on the font, or before the high altar of the parish church. On September 29, 1560, the sum of £20 was paid, "upon the fonte of Brunley Church," to Simon and Johanna Haydock, as compensation for manorial rights which had been the subject of a trial at law.

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#### THE BEWSEY TRAGEDY AND ITS LEGEND.

THE Botelers, Botilers, or Butlers (i.e. *Bottlers*), of Bewsey, near Warrington, derived their name from their office, Robert le Pincerna having discharged the duties of that station under Randle Earl of Chester, in 1158; hence taking the surname. Almeric Butler, his descendant, having married Beatrice, daughter and co-heir of Matthew Villiers, Lord of Warrington, became possessed of the barony. A MS. in the Bodleian Library gives the following statement, which is manifestly incorrect in respect of names and parties, though corroborated by tradition, which still preserves the memory of this horrible event:—"Sir John Butler, knight, was slaine in his bedde by the procurement of the Lord Stanley, Sir Piers Legh and Mister William Savage joining with him in that action (corrupting his servants,) his porter setting a light in a window to give light upon the water that was about his house at Bewsey (where your way to Bold comes). They came over the moate in lether boats, and so to his chamber, where one of his servants, named Houlcrofte, was slaine,

being his chamberlaine : the other basely betrayed his master ; they paid him a great reward, and so coming away with him, they hanged him at a tree in Bewsey Parke ;—long after this Sir John Butler's lady pursued those that slew her husband, and obtayned 20 men for that saute ; but on being married to Lord Grey, he made her suites voyde, for which reason she parted from her husband, and came into Lancashire, saying, ' If my lord will not let me have my will of my husband's enemies, yet shall my body be buried by him ; ' and she caused a tomb of alabaster to be made, where she lyeth on the right hand of her husband Sir John Butler."

"The occasion of the murder was this :—King Harry the Seventh being to come to Latham, the Earl [of Derby], his brother-in-law, sent unto him [Sir John Butler] a message to desire him to wear his cloth at that time ; but in his absence his lady scorned that her husband should wait on her brother, being as well able to entertain the king as he was. Which answer he [the Earl] took in great disdain, and prosecuted the said Sir John with all malice that could be. And amongst other things, the said Sir John had a ferry at Warrington, which was worth a hundred marks [£66, 13s. 4d.] by the year unto him ; there being no bridge. The Earl coming to go to London, the said Sir John would not suffer him to pass, but forced him about by Manchester. Whereupon the Earl bought a piece of land of one Norris of Warrington, by which means he was privileged to pass on the other side ; and so builded a bridge at Warrington, on both sides, being his own land. And the said Sir John Butler, after the

bridge was builded, did notwithstanding exact and take toll and tax of all passengers as before ; whereon the Earl caused the king to make it free. On that and such like discontents, they [the Earl and Sir John] took arms against one another ; and Sir Piers Legh and William Savage that sided with the Earl made trenches upon Warrington Heath, which were to be seen not long since, before the inclosing of the said heath. So in the end, during the uproar, they corrupted his servants, and murdered him in his bed. His lady, at that instant being in London, did dream the same night that her husband was slain, and that Bewsey Hall did swim with blood ; whereupon she presently came homewards, and heard by the way the report of his death."

An accomplished antiquary, long a resident of Warrington, was consulted respecting this tradition, and the following is his reply : "The subject has puzzled me and all other Warrington antiquaries for many a long year, and we are not satisfied yet. No one of the alleged actors, no one of the facts, and no one of the causes of the supposed quarrel, can be true. When the last Sir John Butler died, there was no Earl of Derby ; and when King Henry VII. visited the Earl at Latham, the Earl's sister, who had married Sir John Butler, was dead. I believe, however, that the story has a foundation, though the *actores fabulæ* are phantoms." The subject has since been fully investigated by William Beamont, Esq., and the ballad printed at length in Chap. XVIII. of his "Annals of the Lords of Warrington," Chetham Series, vol. 87.

The late Mr. Roby published a ballad on this



subject in his "Traditions of Lancashire." The following, however, will be found to adhere more closely than his to the tradition of the neighbourhood :

## BUTLER OF BEWSEY.

LISTEN, lords and ladies fair,  
And gentles, to my roundelay ;  
List, youths and maidens debonnaire,  
To this most doleful tragedy.

Of Pincerna, that noble race,  
That Botiller was yclept, I say ;  
And Bewsey Hall, that goodly place,  
Where traitors did the Butler slay.

Fatal the feud 'tween him and one  
Whose sister was his wedded wife ;  
The proud Earl Derby, whose false son  
Did plot to take the Butler's life.

Savage by name and nature too,  
Piers Legh, that piercèd all too free,  
Join'd with Lord Stanley and his crew,  
And bought the warder's treacherie.

A light shone from the warder's tow'r,  
When all the house lay sunk in sleep,  
To guide those murd'rers, fell and stour,  
Across the moat, dark, wide, and deep.

In leathern boats they cross'd, and then  
The warder softly oped the gate :  
Bold 'fronted them the chamberlain ;  
Holcrofte his master warn'd—too late.

Him they slew first, and then the knight,  
While sleeping, 'neath their daggers bled ;  
A faithful negro, black as night,  
Snatcht up the infant heir and fled.

That felon porter craved reward  
For treach'rous guiding in the dark :  
They paid him ; then for his false guard  
They hung him on a tree in the park.

In vain they sought—the child was saved ;  
But gallant Butler was no more :  
That night his wife in London dreamt  
That Bewsey Hall did swim with gore.

When that she learn'd the foul deed done,  
She pray'd they might have felons' doom ;  
But might 'gainst right the struggle won ;  
Then sigh'd she forth in bitter gloom :—

“ If by my lord's fell foes and mine  
My will in life is thus denied ;  
And I must live, bereaved, to pine,  
Death nor the grave shall us divide.”

An alabaster tomb she made,  
To her lov'd husband's mem'ry true ;  
And on her death her corse was laid  
Close by his side, 'neath aged yew.

Mourn for the brave, the fair and true,  
Sleeping in love, and hope, and faith ;  
May ruthless ruffians ever rue  
Their murder foul, brave Butler's death !

It is stated in an early MS., but on anonymous authority, that Sir Piers Legh, being an ecclesiastic, was sentenced, as a penance for his share in this murder, to build Disley church, which he performed in the year 1527. A native poet, in a modern poem of considerable merit,<sup>1</sup> thus commemorates the Bewsey tragedy :—

“BUT yet th’ historic page records a tale,  
Crimson’d with blood, when ev’n these stately walls,  
As yet uninjur’d by the shocks of time,  
Could not the sword of massacre repel  
From their own guarded Lord ; for civil strife  
Bade here dark Murder his fell poignard steep  
In the defenceless breast. A hireling band  
At dead of night, when nature sunk to rest,  
And sleep secure had those proud tow’rs disarm’d,  
Hither insidious stole. Their dread designs  
Base-creeping fraud forewent, and bribery sped ;  
For from yon window of old Gothic form  
Beam’d light perfidious, set by venal hands,  
Guiding their silent steps. The guardian moat  
Saw wond’ring its strange passengers, borne o’er  
In stranger vehicles. With fancy’s eye,  
There do I still behold the taper, set,  
With treason big, blue-gleaming on the wave :  
There too, again, I view aghast the band  
Of grim assassins, murder in their looks,  
In silence cross the glimm’ring lake, and hear  
Yon massy door, hoarse-creaking on its hinge,

<sup>1</sup> “Bewsey,” a poem, was written by the late John Fitchett, Esq. of Warrington, and was published by subscription many years ago, quarto, pp. 32. It is now a very scarce tract.

By trait'rous hands slow drawn. Ah ! there, behold !  
The nightly raven, screaming, flaps his wing,  
Portending death ; and hark ! within, the sound  
Of clashing arms, horrific, stuns the ear !  
Ah ! list the dying groans, the fearful shrieks,  
The hollow-trampling feet, the murd'ers' shout,  
That, mingling in one horrid echo, bid  
Ev'n Fancy's self, wild-starting, shrink appall'd !  
Tradition tells, a faithful Negro brav'd  
Singly their savage rage, and bold oppos'd  
Their passage to the room where thoughtless slept  
His dearly-honour'd master, till at last,  
O'erpower'd by numbers, and o'erwhelm'd with wounds,  
Alas ! he nobly fell. Their reeking hands  
Unsated yet, had still to execute  
Deeds of black import, and dire schemes of blood :  
For ah ! unarm'd, and in his bed surpris'd,  
Vilely they butcher'd the devoted Lord !  
Meanwhile a servant-maid, with pious guile,  
Bore in her apron, artfully conceal'd,  
The infant heir ; and many a danger brav'd,  
Saved him uninjur'd from the ruffians' swords,  
The Negro's valour fav'ring her escape."

This fact, as well as that the heroic servant was a Negro, though not specified in the Bodleian MS., is traditionary in the neighbourhood. Mr. Fitchett states that this faithful Negro, as the last earthly reward that could be paid him, was interred with Sir John and Lady Butler in the family vault, in a small chapel belonging to them, in Warrington church, which now belongs to the Athertons of Atherton ; and in which the figures of the unfortunate knight and his

lady are represented in alabaster, lying on a tombstone, adorned with curious sculpture ; and in a niche in the wall is a figure of the Negro, in a recumbent posture, of black stone, or stained composition. It is evidently to this tradition that Pennant refers in his *Tour* (p. 20), when he states that “ Sir Thomas (Butler), I believe the last of his name, was, with his lady, murdered in his house by assassins, who in the night crossed the moat in leathern boats, or coracles, to perpetrate this villainy.” The tradition respecting the Negro must be abandoned. The statue is of dark stone, and is the figure of a woman. Mr. Beamont is of opinion that it represents Alicia Boteler, the widow of Sir John Boteler, the founder of the chapel.

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### THE LANCASHIRE HEROES.

*In Praise of the Valiant Champions of the North.*

(MS. Ashm. Vol. xlvi. Art. 52, fol. 101.)

WITHIN y<sup>e</sup> northe contrè,  
 Many noble men there be,  
 Ye shall well understand,  
 Ther ys y<sup>e</sup> yerle off Westmorland,<sup>1</sup>  
 Y<sup>e</sup> quyns lyffeteanant  
 A noble man and a valiant ;  
 Then yer ys y<sup>e</sup> yerle of Combarland.<sup>2</sup>  
 And y<sup>e</sup> yerle of Northomberland,<sup>3</sup>  
 And Sir Harry Perce, his brother,<sup>4</sup>  
 As good a man as another  
 He ys an hardy knight,  
 And hath oft put the Skotts to flight.

There ys my lord Ivars,<sup>5</sup> my lord Dacars,<sup>6</sup>  
 With all their partacors,  
 Noble men and stowte,  
 I do put youe out off dowte ;  
 Yf y<sup>e</sup> Skotts ons looke owte,  
 Ye (they) wyll rape them at y<sup>e</sup> sknowte,  
 For Northarne men wyll fight  
 Bothe be day and night,  
 Her enmyes when . . . .  
 As y<sup>e</sup> hawk upon her pray ;  
 Ther ys also Sir Harry Ley,<sup>7</sup>  
 Which dar both fight and fray,  
 Whether it be night or day,  
 I dare be bold to say,  
 He wyll not rone away,  
 He ys both hardy and fre ;  
 There ys also Sir Rychard Lye,<sup>8</sup>  
 Which ys both ware and wice,  
 And of Polytyk device,  
 All thes well I do knowe :  
 Yet ys ther many moo,  
 The which I cannot name  
 That be men of mickle fame,  
 God save the yerle of Shrowesbyry !<sup>9</sup>

The above verses have a place assigned rather because of their title, than because of any Lancashire heroes named in them. They would seem to refer to some period in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Earl of Westmorland was the queen's lieutenant in that part of the kingdom. Most probably that period was about 1569, when the rebellion in the north arose. They were written before 1572, because they name the

Earl of Northumberland and Sir Harry Percy his brother, who succeeded to the earldom in that year. The following notes may identify the persons named :

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Westmorland was probably Charles Neville, sixth earl, who was attainted in 1570, because of his share in the Rebellion of the North, when all his honours were forfeited, and the title remained in abeyance till 1624.

<sup>2</sup> The Earl of Cumberland was Henry Clifford, second earl, who died in 1569.

<sup>3</sup> The Earl of Northumberland was Thomas Percy, the seventh earl of that name, created earl in May 1557, attainted in 1571, and beheaded in 1572, because of his share in the Rebellion of the North.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Henry Percy, his brother and heir-male, succeeded to the earldom in 1572 as eighth earl of his family, and was found dead in the Tower from a pistol-shot in 1585.

<sup>5</sup> Lord Ivars of the text was William Evre, second baron Evers, Evre, or Eure ; succeeding his grandfather, the first baron. He died in 1594.

<sup>6</sup> The Lord Dacres of the text was probably George Dacre, fourth baron Dacre of Gillesland, or of the North, who was under age in 1566, and died in 1569. His son, Leonard Dacre, was an active leader in the Rebellion of the North.

<sup>7</sup> Sir Harry Ley (Lee) of the verses was probably the brave old veteran of that name who, at a great age, lamented to his queen that he could no longer show his devotion to her by deeds of arms. There was also a Sir Henry de Lea, near Preston, Co. Lancaster.

<sup>8</sup> Sir Richard Lye of the text it is not easy to identify. He may have been one of the Richard Leighs of West Hall, High Leigh, Co. Chester ; the father dying in 1582, and the son in 1586.

<sup>9</sup> The Earl of Shrewsbury, with a benison on whom the verses conclude, was probably George Talbot, ninth earl (the sixth of his name), who succeeded his father in 1560, held the high office of earl-marshal, was K.G., and died in 1590. He was the unfortunate gaoler of Mary Queen of Scots.

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THE SCOTTISH FIELD, OR FLODDEN  
FIELD.

A BALLAD-POEM in MS., entitled "The Scottish Field," was discovered by William Beamont, Esq., of Warrington, in the muniments at Lyme, written on strips of parchment, which had been pasted together to form a roll of about thirteen feet long by three and a half inches wide. The first portion has been lost, or it would have been between two and three feet longer. The writing is, in the opinion of Sir Frederick Madden, of the latter half of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was printed in the second volume of "Chetham Miscellanies," edited by J. Robson, Esq., M.D., of Warrington. The English army seems to have been arrayed in two *battles*, a vanward, and a rearward, each having a centre and two wings. Of the first, the right wing (and extreme right of the army) was under Edward Howard, a younger Son of the Earl of Surrey, and consisted of the Lancashire and Cheshire troops, with Sir Thomas Butler, Sir John Booth [of Barton], Sir Richard Bold, and others. The right wing was driven back at the outset. The Second battle, or rearward, was under the immediate command of the Earl of Surrey, who led its centre; and its left wing was commanded by Sir Edward Stanley, afterwards Lord Monteagle. The poet has assigned the place of honour to John Stanley, son of the Bishop of Ely, and commander of his contingent. He afterwards married the daughter of William Handford, so emphatically distinguished in the MS. The poem may have been written about two years after the battle, which took



place 9th September 1513, as it laments the Bishop of Ely's death, which occurred in March 1515. Of course we select from this quaint alliterative poem only such portions as relate to Lancashire men and their acts. Referring to the Earl of Surrey, the writer tells us—

He made letters boldly all the land over ;  
In Lancashire belive, he caused a man to ride,

To the Bishop of Ely, that bode in those parts :  
Courteously commanded him, in the king's name,  
To summon the shire and set them in order :  
He was put in more power than any prelate else.  
Then the Bishop full boldly bowneth<sup>1</sup> forth his standard,  
With a captain full keen, as he was known after ;  
He made a wee<sup>2</sup> to wind, to warn his dear brother  
Edward, that eager knight, that epe<sup>3</sup> was of deeds !  
A stalk of the Stanleys, steepe<sup>4</sup> of himself !  
Then full radly<sup>5</sup> he raiseth  
Rinckes<sup>6</sup> ten thousands :  
To Skipton in Craven then he come belive,<sup>7</sup>  
There abideth he the banner of his dear brother,  
Till a captain with it come, that known was full wide,  
Sir John Stanley, that stout knight, that stern was of  
deeds !  
With four thousand fursemen<sup>8</sup> that followed him after ;  
They were tenants that they took, that tenden on the  
bishop,  
Of his household, I you hete,<sup>9</sup> hope ye no other.

<sup>1</sup> Setteth, displayeth.

<sup>4</sup> ? Stipes, a branch.

<sup>7</sup> Soon, immediately.

<sup>2</sup> Little.

<sup>5</sup> Readily.

<sup>8</sup> Fierce men.

<sup>3</sup> Apt.

<sup>6</sup> Soldiers ; ranks.

<sup>9</sup> Tell.

Every bairn had on his breast broidered with gold,  
 A foot of the fairest fowl that ever flew on wing !  
 With their crowns full clear, all of pure gold !  
 It was a seemly sight to see them together,  
 Fourteen thousand eagle-feet, fettled<sup>1</sup> in array.

If ye would wit<sup>2</sup> the wings that to that [rear] ward  
     'longed,  
 That was a bishop full bold, that born was at Lathom ;  
 Of Ely that ilk Lord, that epe was of deeds !  
 An egg of that bold earl, that namèd was Stanley ;  
 Near of nature to the duke, that noble have been ever :  
 But now death with his dart hath driven him away !  
 It is a loss to the land : our Lord have his soul !  
 For his wit and his wisdom, and his wale<sup>3</sup> deeds ;  
 He was a pillar of peace the people among ;  
 His servants they may syke<sup>4</sup> and sorrow for his sake,  
 What for pity and for pain my pen doth me fail ;  
 I will meddle with this matter no more at this time,  
 But he that is makles<sup>5</sup> of mercy have mind on his  
     soul !  
 Then he sent with his company a knight that was  
     noble,  
 Sir John Stanley, that stout knight, that stern was of  
     deeds ;  
 There was never bairn born that day bare him better.  
 The left wing to that rearward was my Lord Mont-  
     eagle.  
 With many lads of Lancashire that to him 'longed,  
 Who foughten full furiously while the field lasted.

<sup>1</sup> Got ready, set right.<sup>4</sup> Sigh.<sup>2</sup> Know.<sup>3</sup> Good, brave.<sup>5</sup> Matchless.

Many squires full swiftly were swept to the death !  
 Sir John Both of Barton was brought from his life !  
 A more bolder bairn was never born on woman.

And of Lancashire John Lawrence : our Lord have  
 their souls !

These freaks<sup>1</sup> would never flee, for fear that might  
 happen,

They were killed like conquerors, in their king's service.

Then the Scots king calleth to him a herald,  
 Biddeth tell him the truth and tarry no longer,—  
 Who were the banners of the bairns that bode in the  
 valley ?

“They are standards of the Stanleys, that stand by  
 themselven ;

If he be faren<sup>2</sup> into France, the Frenchmen to feere,<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet is his standard in that stead<sup>4</sup> with a stiff captain,  
 Sir Henry Kighley is called, that keen is of deeds ;  
 Sir Thomas Jarred, that jolly knight, is joined there-  
 under,

With Sir William Molynex, with a manful many ;<sup>5</sup>  
 These freaks will never flee for fear of no weapon,  
 But they will stick with their standards in their steel  
 weeds ;<sup>6</sup>

Because they bashed<sup>7</sup> them at Berwick, that boldeth  
 them the more.

Lo ! how he batters and beats, the bird with his  
 wings !

We are feard of yonder fowl, so furiously he fareth !

<sup>1</sup> Men.

<sup>2</sup> Fared, gone.

<sup>3</sup> To frighten.

<sup>4</sup> Place.

<sup>5</sup> A troop, or following, many.

<sup>6</sup> Dress, armour

<sup>7</sup> Put them down.

And yonder streamer full straight that standeth him  
 beside,  
 Is the standard of St. Tandere,  
 That never beaten was in battle, for bairn upon lyve !  
 The third standard in the stead is my Lords  
 Mounteagle."

Lancashire lads like lions laden them aboute !  
 All had been lost, by our Lord ! had not those lads  
 been !  
 But the care of the Scots increased full sore :  
 For their king was down knocked and killed in their  
 sight,  
 Under the banner of a bishop,—that was, the bold  
 Stanley !

<sup>1</sup> In life, alive.

NOTES.—James Stanley, brother of Thomas, first Earl of Derby, was Bishop of Ely and warden of the collegiate church of Manchester.—Edward Stanley was not created Lord Monteagle till the following year (1514).—Sir John Stanley, son of the Bishop of Ely, was knighted on the field of battle.—Eagle-feet is a cognizance of the Stanleys.—The Lawrences were a family seated in the north of Lancashire.—The Kighleys were especially attached to the Stanleys.—"Sir Thomas Jarred" is Gerard of the Bryn, ancestor of the present Sir Robert Gerard of Garswood.—Sir William Molyneux was of Sefton.—Dr. Robson says the standard of "St. Tandere" should be that of St. Cuthbert, under which the troops of the bishopric fought. The writer probably meant St. Andrew.—From the concluding lines of the poem, its author would seem to have been one of the Leghs of Baguley, Cheshire.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OR SONG CALLED  
FLODDEN FIELD.

(Harl. MS., Cod. 3526.)

THIS ballad-poem has a long title, ending with "the most courageous Knight Sir Edward Stanley, who for his prowess and valiantness showed at the said battle, was made Lord Mount Eagle, as the sequel declareth." The poem is contained in 9 Fittes or Cantos, occupying 66 closely-printed 4to pages. We select a few extracts bearing upon Lancashire :—

There is Sir Edward Standley Stout,  
For martial skill clear without make<sup>1</sup>  
Of Lathom House by line came out,  
Whose blood will never turn their back.  
All Lancashire will live and die  
With him, so chiefly will Cheshire,  
For thro' his father's force, quoth he,  
This kingdom first came to my Sire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now like a Captain bold he brought  
A band of lusty lads elect,  
Whose curious coats commily<sup>2</sup> wrought  
With dreadful dragons<sup>3</sup> were bedeckt ;  
From Pennigent to Pendle Hill,  
From Linton and Long Addingham,

<sup>1</sup> Match.

<sup>2</sup> Comely.

<sup>3</sup> Griffins, the dexter supporter of the Stanley arms.

And all that Craven crofts did till  
They with the lusty Clyfford came.

From Lancashire of lusty blood,  
A thousand soldiers stiff in stour.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Edward Standley, stiff in stour,  
He is the man on whom I mean,  
With him did pass a mighty pow'r,  
Of soldiers, seemly to be seen.  
Most liver lads on Lonsdale bred,  
With weapons of unwieldy weight,  
All such as Tatham Fells had fed,  
Went under Standley's streamer bright.  
From Bowland, billmen bold were bound  
With such as Bretton banks did aid ;

\* \* \* \* \*

All Lancashire for the most part  
The lusty Standley stout can lead,  
A stock of striplings strong of heart,  
Brought up from babes with beef and bread  
From Warton unto Warrington,  
From Wigan unto Wiresdale,  
From Weddecon to Waddington,  
From Ribchester unto Rochdale,  
From Poulton to Preston [proud] with pikes  
They with the Standley out forth went.  
From Pemberton and Pilling Dikes,  
For battle billmen bold were bent.  
With fellows fierce and fresh for fight,  
Which Halton fields did turn in force ;

<sup>1</sup> Fight.

With lusty lads, liver and light,  
 From Blackburn and Bolton-in-the-Moors.  
 With children chosen from Cheshire  
 In armour bold for battle drest,  
 And many a gentleman and squire  
 Were under Standley's streamer prest,  
   etc. etc. etc.

*Another poem in the Harl. MSS. (Cod. 395), of less authentic character, ends thus :—*

Now God that was in Bethlehem born,  
 And for us died upon a tree,  
 Save our noble prince that wears the crown,  
 And shew his mercy on the Earl of Derby.

The *Mirror for Magistrates* contains two metrical pieces on the Battle of Flodden Field. The first is entitled "The Lamentation of King James the Fourth King of Scots, slain at Brampton (another name for the same battle), in the 5th year of King Henry the Eighth, Anno Christi 1513." It contains nothing to connect it with Lancashire. But the next piece, entitled "The Bataile of Brampton or Flodden Field, faught in the year of our Redeemer 1513, and in the 5th year of the reign of the victorious prince King Henry the Eighth," has some reference to the Lancashire forces. After enumerating the leaders and officers in the van-ward and middle-ward, the writer, Francis Dingley of Manston, thus refers to the rear-ward :—

STANZA 14.

Sir Edward Stanley in the rearward was he,  
 A noble knight both wise and hearty ;

With many a noble man of the west countrey,  
 And the whole powre of the Earle of Darby,  
 With a royal retinue of the Bishop of Ely ;  
     And of Lankeshyre men manly did fight,  
     By the help of God, and in their prince's right.

. . . . .

#### STANZA 18.

The red lyon with his owne father's bloud inclynate,  
 Came towards the white lyon both meeke and mylde,  
 And there by the hand of God he was prostrate,  
 By the help of th' eagle with her swadled chylde :  
 The Buckes-heads also the Scots has beguilde ;  
     And with their grey goose wings doulfully them  
     dight,  
     By the help of God, and in our prince's right.

. . . . .

The eagle and child were the crest, and the bucks' heads one of the badges or ensigns, of the Stanleys. The grey goose wings of course refer to the archers under the command of Sir Edward Stanley.

Sir Edward Stanley of Hornby Castle, Lancashire, commanded the [left wing of the] rear of the English army at Flodden Field, 9th September 1513, and forcing the Scots, by the power of his archers, to descend the hill, thus broke their line, and ensured the triumph of the English arms ; for which good service Henry VIII., keeping his Whitsuntide at Eltham, the following year (1514) commanded that Sir Edward Stanley, for those valiant acts against the Scots, where he won the hill and vanquished all that opposed him, as also that his ancestors bore the eagle in their crest,



should be there proclaimed Lord of Monteagle, and he had subsequently summons to parliament in that dignity. He was also elected a Knight of the Garter.

---

## A LOVE SONG.

BY RICHARD SHEALE.<sup>1</sup>

(Ashm. MS. 48.)

My Rebbell sweet, in whom I trust,  
Have now respect and do not faylle  
Thy faithful frend, who ys most just,  
And shall not in hys frendshyp quayle ;  
But prove himself as just and true,  
As ever sowthe was fownd in yow.

For fleetyng tyme, nor wastfull swoord,  
Nor tawntinge gyrdys fawstered in art,  
Shall make me to forego my woord,  
Nor from my faythfull frend astart ;  
But wyll be fownd as tryed gowlde  
As frendlyness requyres yt showlde.

Thy tender hart to gentell kynde  
Doth show what rase ingendred thè ;  
A nobell hart in thè I fynd,  
Which makes me to thy wyll agrè ;  
And ever wyll and ever shall,  
Tho' I showlde dwell in lastyng thrall.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Sheale is supposed to have been a Lancashire man. He wrote the rhyming epitaph on Margaret, Countess of Derby, second wife of Edward, second Earl (1558), and is also believed to have been the writer of the finest old ballad in the English language—"Chevy Chase."

Lothsom dysdayne dothe swelle to sè,  
 And ragying ire doth boyle allso,  
 For sowthe trew faythe<sup>1</sup> grounded to be  
 In harts dwellynge on yerthe below ;  
 Wher the[y] do thyнк that hydden guylle  
 Doth trap men wyth hys subtyll wyle.

I woowld I had the nymbell wynges  
 Of mylk-whyte dove that clyps in sckye :<sup>2</sup>  
 In fethers then I woold be clad  
 To mownt over the mowntaynes hye,  
 And lyght on thè I woold be bolde,  
 That kepethe fast my hart in howlde !

#### A BALADE OF MARYAGE.

THE following specimen of old local poetry was discovered some years ago among the papers at Browsable Hall, Lancashire, the seat of the Parkers, hereditary bow-bearers of Bowland, and it is here reprinted with Dr. Whitaker's abridgments and corrections. We have modernised the spelling :—

In yonder wood there is a dene  
 Where I myself was late reposing ;  
 Where blossoms in their prime have been,  
 And flowers fair their colours losing ;  
 A love of mine I chanced to meet,  
 Which causèd me too long to tarry,  
 And then of him I did intreat,  
 To tell me when he thought to marry.

<sup>1</sup> Forsooth, true faith ; *i.e.*, "in fact, true faith."

<sup>2</sup> Clips in sky—Anglo-Sax., *clyþ*, to cut ; in other words, that cleaves the air.

“If thou wilt not my secret tell,  
Ne bruit abroad in Whalley parish,  
And swear to keep my counsel well,  
I will declare my day of marriage.

. . . . .

“When summer’s heat will dry no mire,  
And winter’s rain no longer patter ;  
When lead will melt withouten fire,  
And bear-brades<sup>1</sup> do need no water ;  
When Downham stones<sup>2</sup> with diamond rings,  
And cockles be with pearls comparèd ;  
When gold is made of gray goose wings,  
Then will my love and I be married.

“When buck and hart in Hodder lies,  
And graylings on the fells are breeding ;  
When mussels grow on every tree,  
And swans on every rock are feeding ;  
When mountains are by men removed,  
And Ribble back to Horton carried,  
Or Pendle Hill grows silk above,  
Then will my love and I be married.

“When moor or moss do saffron yield,  
And beck<sup>3</sup> and sike<sup>4</sup> run down with honey ;  
When sugar grows in every field,  
And clerks will take no bribe of money ;

<sup>1</sup> The young green shoots of bear, or bigg, a coarse kind of barley, to which rain is indispensable when they first appear above ground.

<sup>2</sup> At Downham crystals are found, usually called Downham diamonds, which in lustre equal Bristol stones. These are mostly found on Wossa Hill, near Downham.

<sup>3</sup> Beck is the Scandinavian name for a brook or burn.

<sup>4</sup> Sike is a small rivulet or stream ; in Lancashire often called a rindle.

When men in Bowland dieth here,  
 And at Jerusalem be buried ;  
 Or when the sun doth rise at noon,  
 Then will my love and I be married."

"Now, farewell, friend ; if it be so,  
 And this thy once expected wedding ;  
 For neither I, nor none of my kin  
 Will ever need to look for bidding.<sup>1</sup>  
 I swear and vow, if this be true,  
 And thou of such an evil carriage,  
 If I should live ten thousand year,  
 I'd never more expect thy marriage."

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### THE BLESSED CONSCIENCE.

*Written on the departure from Merry England of  
 Thomas Hoghton, Esq. of Hoghton Tower.*

"THIS ballad," says Dr. J. H. Dixon (an active member of the Percy Society, and a great collector of broadsides, etc.), "has long been sung in Pendle Forest, Lancashire, and the neighbourhood ; having been handed down by tradition. It was first printed by Mr. Peter Whittle, F.S.A., of Preston, whose copy is said to have been taken from the recitation of a Lancashire fiddler. There are various versions, but the differences between them are unimportant." The ballad carries with it evidence of the date of the events it sings, although Mr. Whittle appears to have made

<sup>1</sup> Bidding to a wedding is inviting. So at a funeral, two or four persons called bidders are sent about to invite the friends, and distribute the mourning.

free with several of the stanzas. The "Bishop Younge" named in the 3d verse, was originally a chorister at St. David's Cathedral, and in 1559 was made bishop of that see, from which he was translated to the archiepiscopal see of York, which he held about ten years (1560-1570), and was also for a considerable period Lord President of the North. In both his high functions, civil and ecclesiastic, he would have the right to summon before him any "obstinate" Catholic recusant who would not attend church, or who otherwise showed his determination not to conform to the sort of Protestantism which was held to be the established religion in the reign of Elizabeth. The Thomas Hoghton, the hero of the ballad, was, in all probability, the son and heir (by his first wife, Alice Assheton) of Sir Richard, who was knight of the shire in 1547. At Sir Richard's death in 1559, Thomas was 40 years of age. He married Catherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Gerard of Brynn, and both families were persecuted for their religion. The only full brother of Thomas was Alexander, who was twice married, but died without issue. Thomas had, however, three half-brothers, sons of his father's second wife, Alice Morley, of whom the eldest was the Thomas who was Sheriff of Lancashire in 1563, and who was slain at Lea in a tumult brought against him by Thomas Langton, Baron of Newton, in November 1589. The other two were Rowland and Richard; the latter, though only of half blood, being the only real brother in love, if we are to believe the ballad. We take it from a printed copy in eight pages, obligingly forwarded to us for that purpose, by Mr. Whittle, only modernising the spelling.

## I.

Apollo, with his radiant beams,  
Inflamed the air so fair,  
Phaëton with his fiery teams  
The heat of wars did bear.  
The day was hot, the evening cool,  
And pleasures did abound ;  
And meads, with many a crystal pool,  
Did yield a joyful sound.

## 2.

This fragrant time to pleasures prest,  
Myself for to solâce,  
I walkèd forth, as I thought best,  
Into a private place.  
And as I went, myself alone,  
There came to my presènce  
A friend, who seem'd to make great moan,  
And said, "Go, get you hence."

## 3.

"Alas ! good Sir, what is the cause  
You this have said to me ?"  
"Indeed," he said, "the Prince's laws  
Will bear no more with thee :  
For Bishop Younge will summon thee ;  
You must to his presènce ;  
For in this land you cannot live  
And keep your consciènce."

## 4.

"I am too old, I cannot ride,  
What is my best to do ?"

“ Good Sir, here you must not abide,  
Unless to church you go :  
Or else to Preston you must wend,  
For here’s no residence ;  
For in this land you have no friend  
To keep your conscience.”

## 5.

“ Then did I think it was the best  
For me in time provide :  
For Bishop Younge would me molest,  
If here I should abide.  
Then did I cause my men prepare,  
A ship for my defence ;  
For in this land I could not fare,  
And keep my conscience.

## 6.

“ When my ship that it was hired,  
My men return’d again ;  
The time was almost full expired,  
That here I should remain ;  
To Preston town I should have gone  
To make recognizance ;  
For other helps perceived I none,  
To keep my conscience.

## 7.

“ To lovely Lea<sup>1</sup> then I me hied,  
And Hoghton bade farewell :

<sup>1</sup> Lea, a manor and hamlet three miles west of Preston, came to the Hoghtons by the marriage of Sir Richard de Hoghton, about 1308 or 1309, to Sibilla, daughter and heiress of William, son and heir of Henry de Lea. Lea Hall was about three and a half miles from Preston, and it

It was more time for me to ride,  
 Than longer there to dwell.  
 I durst not trust my dearest friend,  
 But secretly stole hence,  
 To take the fortune God should send,  
 And keep my conscience.

## 8.

“When lovely Lea I came until [*i.e.*, unto],  
 And passèd by the gate,  
 My cattle all, with voices shrill,  
 As if they mourn’d my fate,  
 Did leap and roar, as if they had  
 Understood my diligence [*?* intelligence]:  
 It seem’d my cause they understood,  
 Thro’ God’s good providence.

## 9.

“Oh! Hoghton high, which is a bower  
 Of sports and lordly pleasure,  
 I wept, and left that lofty tower  
 Which was my chiefest treasure.<sup>1</sup>  
 To save my soul and lose the rest,  
 It was my true pretence:

was there that Thomas Hoghton (our hero’s half-brother), then sheriff) was slain by Thomas Langton, baron of Newton, in November 1589, a few months before Thomas the elder died in exile.

<sup>1</sup> Hoghton was the ancient seat of the Hoghtons, being held as early as the reign of Henry II. by Adam de Hoc-ton, who married the daughter of Warin de Bussel, baron of Penwortham, shortly after the Conquest. The present Hoghton Tower, now partly in ruins, was built by this Thomas Hoghton (who here laments to leave it) in the reign of Elizabeth. Previously the ancient manor-house stood below the hill on the water-side, but he built the new tower, with a lofty gate-house, on its present elevated and commanding site.



Like frighted bird, I left my nest,  
To keep my conscience.

## 10.

“ Thus took I there my leave at last,  
And rode to the sea-side ;  
Into the ship I hied apace,  
Which did for me abide.  
With sighs I sail'd from merry England,  
I ask'd of none license :  
Wherefore my estate fell from my hand,  
And was forfeit to my Prince.

## 11.

“ Thus merry England have I left,  
And cut the raging sea,  
Whereof the waves have me bereft  
Of my so dear country.  
With sturdy storms and blustering blast  
We were in great suspense ;  
Full sixteen days and nights they last  
And all for my conscience.

## 12.

“ When on the shore I was arrived,  
Through France I took my way ;  
And unto Antwerp I me hied,  
In hope to make my stay.  
When to the city I did come  
I thought that my absence  
Would to my men be cumbersome,  
Though they made me no offence.

## 13.

“ At Hoghton, where I used to rest,  
Of men I had great store,  
Full twenty gentlemen at least,  
Of yeomen good threescore.  
And of them all, I brought but two  
With me, when I came thence ;  
I left them all the world knows how,  
To keep my conscience.

## 14.

“ But when my men came to me still,  
Lord ! how rejoicèd I,  
To see them with so good a will  
To leave their own country !  
Both friends and kin they did forsake,  
And all for my presènce ;  
Alive or dead, amends I’ll make,  
And give them recompense.

## 15.

“ But fortune had me so bereft,  
Of all my goods and lands,  
That for my men was nothing left  
But at my brethren’s hands.  
Then did I think the truth to prove  
Whilst I was in absence,  
That I might try their constant love,  
And keep my conscience.

## 16.

“ When to my brethren I had sent,  
The welcome that they made

Was, false reports me to present,  
Which made my conscience sad.  
My brethren all did thus me cross,  
And little regard my fall,  
Save only one—that rued my loss—  
That is Richard, of Park Hall.

## 17.

“ He was the comfort that I had ;  
I proved his diligence ;  
He was as just, as they were bad,  
Which cheered my conscience.  
When this report of them I heard,  
My heart was sore with grief,  
In that my purpose was so marr’d,  
My men should want relief.

## 18.

“ Good cause I had to love my men,  
And them to recompense ;  
Their lives they ventured, I know when,  
And left their dear parents.  
Then to come home straightway I meant,  
My men for to relieve ;  
My brethren sought this to prevent,  
And sums of gold did give.

## 19.

“ A thousand marks<sup>1</sup> they offered then,  
To hinder my licence ;  
That I should not come home again,  
To keep my conscience.

<sup>1</sup> *ℒ*666:13:4.

But if that day I once had seen,  
My lands to have again,  
And that my Prince had changèd been,  
I would not me have stay'n

“I should my men so well have paid,  
Thro' God's good providence,  
That they should ne'er have been afraid  
To lose their due expense.

## 20.

‘But now my life is at an end,  
And death is at the door ;  
That grisly ghost his bow doth bend,  
And through my body gore ;  
Which nature now must yield to clay,  
And death will take me hence ;  
And now I shall go where I may  
Enjoy my conscience.

## 21.

“Fair England ! now ten times adieu,  
And friends that therein dwell ;  
Farewell my brother Richard true,  
Whom I did love so well.  
Farewell, farewell ! good people all,  
And learn experience ;  
Love not too much the golden ball,  
But keep your conscience !”

## 22.

All you who now this song shall hear,  
Help me for to bewail

The wight, who scarcely had his peer,  
Till death did him assail.  
His life a mirror was to all,  
His death without offence ;  
“Confessor,” then, let us him call,  
O blessed conscience !

In a MS. copy of this ballad, kindly forwarded to the present Editor by J. W. Bone, Esq., B.A., F.S.A., and which has been in the possession of his family for two or three generations, there are several additions to the copy printed in the first edition of this work, and some variations which are worthy of notice. The original title appears to have been, “An Excellent Song, composed on Sir Thomas Hoghton, of Hoghton Tower, Baronet, when he was driven off from his estate at Hoghton Tower since the pretended Reformation.” In the second stanza the two first lines of the MS. are—

“These pastimes had my heart solaced,  
I knowing well my case.”

The first line in the fourth stanza runs thus—

“I am too old, I cannot ride ;”

which is probably a better reading than the line as originally printed.

The last two lines of the sixth stanza are thus given in the MS.:—

“For other helps received I none,  
Whilst I was in absènce.”

Then follows an additional stanza—

“Unto my house there did resort  
Both rich and also poor ;  
Hawks and hounds for my good sport,  
There was no want in store.  
Of meat and drink there was no want,  
Nor music with licence ;  
I left those joys, which were not scant,  
To keep my conscience.”

The fifth and sixth lines of the eighth stanza are better than those previously printed. They are—

“Did leap and roar as they’d been wood [mad],  
Without all dalliance.”

The seventh printed stanza is not in the MS., and the eleventh is given as follows :—

“When on the shore I was arrived,  
Through France I took my way ;  
And unto Antwerp I me hied,  
In hope to make my stay.  
With sturdy storms and blustering blasts  
We were in great suspense ;  
Full sixty days and nights they last,  
And all for my conscience.”

These lines form the first and last halves of the twelfth and eleventh as printed, the rest is not in the MS. After the fourteenth stanza in the printed copy, the following lines occur in the MS. :—

“Then to come home straightway I meant,  
My men for to relieve ;  
My brethren sought me to prevent,  
And sums of gold did give.

A thousand marks they offered then  
To hinder my licènce,  
That I could not come home again  
To keep my consciènce."

These are the last and first halves of the eighteenth and nineteenth stanzas, forming stanza the fourteenth in the MS. In like manner, the first halves of the fifteenth and eighteenth stanzas as printed from the eighteenth stanza of the MS. There are several other transpositions and variations of minor importance, some of which have been adopted in the present text ; but since Mr. Bone may hereafter publish his copy of the ballad *in extenso*, along with several others, they need not be further particularised.

Mr. Bone adds :—"There is a mistake of fact in the title ; the Thomas Hoghton it relates to was neither a baronet nor a knight. He was eldest son and heir of Sir Richard Hoghton, Knight ; and Dodd's *Church History of England* says of him 'that he, being zealous for the old religion, went abroad towards the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and died at Liege, June 3, 1580.' He assisted Cardinal Allen in founding the College of Douay. The first baronet in the family was Sir Richard Hoghton, nephew of this Thomas ; he died in 1630."

THE RADCLIFFE TRAGEDY OF  
"FAIR ELLEN."

AMONGST the common people in the neighbourhood of Radcliffe and Bury, a story is currently believed that the kitchen of Radcliffe Tower was the scene of a cruel tragedy, perpetrated by a menial on the daughter of the lord, to gratify the malice and cupidity of a stepmother ; and a red stain on the floor marked, as it is said, the place where the victim fixed her bloody hand while her murderer perpetrated the atrocity. Although there is nothing in the family history of the Radcliffes to support this tradition, and although for 100 years back, at least, there has been no such relic to be found in Radcliffe Tower, the tradition is not on that account the less firmly believed. A ballad of the murder, under the title of "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy," is printed in Bishop Percy's *Reliques*, with the following introduction :—"This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy, in the Pepys collection, collated with another in the British Museum (H. 263, fol.) It is there entitled 'The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or the Stepmother's Cruelty ; being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murther, committed on the body of the Lady Isabella, the only daughter to a noble Duke,' etc. To the tune of 'The Lady's Fall.' To some copies are annexed eight more modern stanzas, entitled, 'The Duchess's and Cook's Lamentation.'"

The legend runs somewhat thus :—"In times long past, Sir William de Radcliffe possessed Radcliffe Tower. His first wife had died in giving birth to her first child, a girl, who, when she grew up, became



remarkable for her beauty. But, in the meantime, Sir William had married again, and the stepmother, a haughty and ambitious woman, cordially hated the only person who divided her husband's affections with herself. One day, when Ellen was about eighteen years of age, Sir William went out hunting. This seemed to the stepmother a good opportunity for the execution of a nefarious design she had long cherished. Calling her daughter to her, she said, 'Fair daughter, go, I beseech thee, and tell the master-cook that he must dress the white doe for dinner.' The damsel, unconscious of any harm, did as she was requested. When she had delivered her message the cook said, 'You are the white doe my lady means ; and it is you I must kill.' In vain did the unhappy victim implore and intreat, and in vain did a scullion boy offer himself in her place ; the damsel was killed, and made into a *pie*. In the meantime, Sir William's chase had been long and animated ; but he was unable to drive away a foreboding of ill that kept crossing his mind, and at last he felt impelled to order his retinue to return. At dinner he called for his daughter to carve for him, as was her wont, but she appeared not. On asking his wife where she was, she urged as an excuse that she was gone into a nunnery, but the scullion boy exclaimed, 'Tis false ; cut open that pie and there you will find your daughter !' He then related the sad catastrophe, and the cruel stepmother was condemned to be burned at the stake, and the cook to stand in boiling lead. The scullion boy was declared the heir of all his lord's possessions."

Dr. Whitaker, in his *History of Whalley*, says :—

"To this place and family (Radcliffe of Radcliffe Tower) are attached the tradition and ballad given by Dr. Percy under the name of 'Isabella,' but here applied to a Lord Thomas and Fair Ellenor, father and daughter, whose figures are supposed to be graven on a slab in the church,<sup>1</sup> which the common people—concluding, I suppose, from its whiteness that it was meant as an emblem of the innocence it is said to cover—have mutilated, by breaking off small fragments as amulets for the prevention or cure of disorders. Traditions, always erroneous in their circumstances, are yet rarely devoid of foundation; and though the pedigrees of Radcliffe exhibit no failure of the family by the premature death of an heiress; though the last Richard de Radcliffe, who had daughters only,<sup>2</sup> certainly did not make 'a scullion boy the heir of all his land,' when he settled it on Radcliffe, Baron Fitzwalter; though the blood actually pointed out on the kitchen floor, where this Thyestæan banquet is said to have been prepared, deserves no more regard than many of the stories and appearances of the same kind; yet . . . we are not to discard as incredible the tradition of a barbarous age, merely because it asserts the sacri-

<sup>1</sup> This slab Dr. Whitaker describes as "an alabaster slab, north-west of the altar in Radcliffe church, covering the remains of James de Radcliffe, founder of the church. There are, as usual, a male and female figure cumbent, the man in armour, and some remains of children in praying attitudes, beneath. What can be recovered of the inscription round the verge is as follows:—

Orate pr. aiā Jacobi de Radclyff . . . . qu ai . . . . propicieret Deus."

(That is, "Pray for the souls of James de Radcliffe, etc., on whose souls God have mercy.")

<sup>2</sup> He died in 1502, as per inquisition, aged 31, leaving daughters, who are not noticed in the descent.

fice of a young and beautiful heiress to the jealousy or the avarice of a stepmother. When this is granted, the story of the pie, with all its horrors, may safely be ascribed to the inventive genius of a minstrel. On the whole, Radcliffe is a place which, not only from its antiquity and splendour, but from the great families which have branched out from it, and the romantic tradition attached to it, can scarcely be surveyed without enthusiasm, or quitted without regret." Both Radcliffe Tower, and the Hall, have long since been demolished. The ballad is printed both by Roby and Baines ; the latter observing that the story is curious, and deserves to be preserved in its original garb, as well for its antiquity as for its poetic merit :—

## FAIR ELLEN OF RADCLIFFE.

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,  
And a hunting he would ride,  
Attended by a noble traine  
Of gentrye by his side.

And while he did in chase remaine  
To see both sport and playe,  
His lady went, as she did feigne,  
Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter deare,  
Whose beauty shone so bright,  
She was beloved both far and neare  
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Ellen was this maiden call'd ;  
A creature faire was she ;

She was her father's only joye,  
As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel stepmothèr  
Did envye her so muche,  
That day by day she sought her life,  
Her malice it was suche.

She bargain'd with the master-cook  
To take her life awaye ;  
And, taking of her daughter's book,  
She thus to her did saye :—

“Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye,  
Go hasten presentliè ;  
And tell unto the master-cook  
These words that I tell thee :

“And bid him dress to dinner streight  
That faire and milk-white doe  
That in the parke doth shine so bright,  
There's none so faire to showe.”

This ladye, fearing of no harme,  
Obey'd her mother's will ;  
And presently she hasted home  
Her pleasure to fulfill.

She streight into the kitchen went  
Her message for to tell ;  
And there she spied the master-cook,  
Who did with malice swell.

"Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,  
Do that which I thee tell ;  
You needs must dresse the milk-white doe,  
Which you do knowe full well."

Then streight his cruell, bloody hands  
He on the ladye laid,  
Who quivering and shaking stands,  
While thus to her he sayd :—

"Thou art the doe that I must dresse ;  
See here, behold my knife ;  
For it is pointed, presentlye  
To ridd thee of thy life."

O then cried out the scullion-boye,  
As loud as loud might bee,—  
"O, save her life, good master-cook,  
And make your pyes of mee !

"For pitye's sake do not destroye  
My ladye with your knife ;  
You knowe shee is her father's joye ;  
For Christe's sake save her life."

"I will not save her life," he sayd,  
"Nor make my pyes of thee ;  
Yet, if thou dost this deed bewraye,  
Thy butcher I will bee."

Now when his lord he did come home  
For to sit downe and eat,  
He called for his daughter deare,  
To come and carve his meat.

“Nowe sit you downe,” his ladye said,  
“O sit you downe to meat ;  
Into some nunnery she is gone :  
Your daughter deare forget.”

Then solemnlye he made a vowe,  
Before the companiè,  
That he would neither eat nor drinke  
Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boye  
With a loud voice so hye—  
“If now you will your daughter see,  
My lord, cut up that pye,

“Wherein her flesh is mincèd small,  
And parchèd with the fire ;  
All causèd by her stepmothèr,  
Who did her death desire.

“And cursèd bee the master-cook,  
O cursèd may he bee !  
I proffer’d him my own heart’s blood,  
From death to set her free.”

Then all in blacke this lorde did mourne,  
And, for his daughter’s sake,  
He judgèd her cruel stepmothèr  
To bee burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judg’d the master-cook  
In boiling lead to stand ;  
And made the simple scullion-boye  
The heire of all his land.

## JAMES I. AND THE LOIN OF BEEF.

DURING the progress in Lancashire of James I. he spent some days at Hoghton Tower, and at dinner there on Sunday, 17th August 1617, his majesty was so much pleased with a fine loin of beef, that in a merry mood he is said to have knighted the joint, which has ever since been called the "Sir-loin." The following lines relating to this event are sometimes sung in the neighbourhood ; and have been communicated by Mr. P. A. Whittle, F.S.A.

## THE SIR LOIN.

Thee the god of plenty bore  
To the king of Britain's shore,  
His fav'rite dish. In James's time  
Plain eating was not deem'd a crime.

The god, in guise of yeoman tall,  
Pass'd along the crowded hall ;  
And with portly mien and bland,  
Gave thee to the monarch's hand.

The well-known dish the King survey'd,  
And then drew forth the shining blade ;  
He waved it thrice, with gentle tap,  
Thrice impos'd the knightly slap.

And worthier thou a king's reward  
Than half the titled bands, I ween,  
At courtly masque or banquet seen.  
Oft in winter at thy side  
May thy loved plum-pudding bide !

Near thee, by the parson wedded,  
 And with nuptial blessings bedded !  
 Preserv'd in Thomson's matchless lay,  
 Sir Loin, thou wilt ne'er decay.

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### WARRIKIN FAIR.

THERE is an old ballad preserved—we believe by Mr. J. O. Halliwell, and communicated by William Beaumont, Esq. of Warrington—describing, in the dialect of the place and time, how Gilbert Scott sold his mare Barry at Warrikin (*i.e.*, Warrington) Fair. It is perhaps the oldest ballad extant in the Lancashire dialect, and its date is fixed by the name “Rondle Shay's” in the fifth verse ; for the name of Sir Thomas Butler's bailiff in the 2d Edward VI. (1548) was Randle Shay or Shaw.

Now, au yo good gentlefoak, an yo won tarry,  
 I'll tell yo how Gilbert Scott soud his mare Barry ;  
 He soud his mare Barry at Warrikin fair,  
 But when he'll be paid, he knaws no', I'll swear.

So when he coom whom, and toud his woife Grace,  
 Hoo stud up o' th' kippo, and swat him o'er th' face,  
 Hoo pick'd him o' th' hillock, and he fawd wi' a  
     whack,  
 That he thowt would welly a brocken his back.

“O woife,” quo' he, “if thou'll le'mme but rise,  
 I'll gi' thee aw' th' leet, wench, imme that lies ;”  
 “Tho udgit,” quo' hoo, “but wheer does he dwell ?”  
 “By lakin,” quo' he, “that I conno' tell.”



“ I tuck him for t’ be some gentlemon’s son,  
For he spent tuppence on me, when he had dun ;  
An’ he gen me a lunchin o’ denty snig poy,  
An’ by th’ hond did he shak’ me most lovingly.”

Then Grace hoo prompted hur neatly and fine,  
An’ to Warrikin went o’ We’nsday betime ;  
An’ theer, too, hoo staid for foive markit days,  
Till th’ mon wi’ th’ mare were cum t’ Rondle Shay’s.

An’ as hoo wer’ resting one day in hur rowm,  
Hoo spoy’d th’ mon a-riding th’ mare into th’ town ;  
Then bounce goos hur heart, an’ hoo were so gloppen,  
That out o’ th’ winder hoo’d like for to lopen.

Hoo stampt an’ hoo stared, an’ down stairs hoo run,  
Wi’ hur heart in hur hont, an’ hur wint welly gone ;  
Her head-gear flew off, an’ so did her snood ;  
Hoo stampt an’ hoo stared, as if hoo’d bin woode.

To Rondle’s hoo hied, an’ hoo hov’ up the latch,  
Afore th’ mon had tied th’ mare gradely to th’ cratch.  
“ My gud mon,” quo’ hoo, “ Gilbert greets you right  
merry,  
And begs that yo’ll send him th’ money for Barry.”

“ Oh, money !” quo’ he, “ that connot I spare :”  
“ Be lakin,” quo’ hoo, “ then I’ll ha’ th’ mare.”  
Hoo poo’d an’ hoo thrumper’d him sham’ to be seen,  
“ Thou hangman,” quo’ hoo, “ I’ll poo’ out thy e’en.

“ I’ll mak’ thee a sompan, I’ll houd thee a groat ;  
I’ll auther ha’ th’ money, or poo’ out thy throat :”  
So between ’em they made sich a wearisom’ din,  
That to mak’ ’em at peace, Rondle Shay did come in.

“Cum, fye, naunty Grace ; cum, fye, an’ ha’ dun ;  
You’st ha’ th’ mare, or th’ money, whether yo’ won.”  
So Grace geet th’ money, an’ whomwards hoo’s gone ;  
But hoo keeps it hursel’ an’ gies Gilbert Scott none.

A few words in this quaint ballad require a glossary. It has evidently been preserved by oral tradition for a time, and then incorrectly dictated by, or taken down from, its singer. The second line of the second verse should read thus—“Hoo tuck up th’ kippo, an’ swat him o’er th’ face ;” that is—She took up the big stick and struck him over the face. The next line reads—She pushed or pitched him upon the hillock, and he fell with a whack, or great force. “Welly” is well-nigh, nearly. The second line of the third verse, in English, is—I will give thee all the light, wench, in me that lies. “Udgit” may mean a soft fool, or a clumsy fellow ; or it may be a form of hedgehog. “By lakin” is a corruption of “By’r lakin,” itself a corruption of “By our lady,” a Roman Catholic expletive often to be met with in old plays. The third line of the fourth verse reads—and he gave me a luncheon of dainty snig (*i.e.* eel) pie. We should be inclined to read the first line of the fifth verse thus—Then Grace she pranked her (*i.e.* dressed, adorned herself) featly and fine. The third and fourth lines of this verse mean that she stayed at Warrington five market-days, till the man with the mare came and put up at Randle Shay’s. “Gloppen” means startled, surprised ; “Loppen,” to have leaped. In the seventh verse are two similar colloquialisms, “her heart in her hand, and her wind (breath) well-nigh gone.” “Snood” is a hair-fillet or band. “Woode” is mad, wild. The two first lines of verse

eight read—To Randle's she went, and she heaved up the latch, before the man had tied the mare properly or completely to the hay-rack. "Poo'd" is pulled; "thrumper'd," thumped, beat. "Sompan" is probably what we still mean by sumph, a foolish, stupid fellow. "I'll hold thee a groat,"—I'll bet thee a wager of a groat. Shakspeare has "to hold a penny," in the sense of to bet a trifle. In the last verse Randle Shay accosts Grace Scott familiarly as "Naunty," or aunt, a common mode of salutation to elderly women.

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#### BRIGADIER MACINTOSH'S ESCAPE AND "FAREWELL."

BRIGADIER MACINTOSH, Laird of Borlum, was an old and experienced officer, who had served in Holland with King James's guards. He was kinsman to the laird styled "The Macintosh," the chief of the powerful clan Cattan or Chattan, who joined the Scottish rebels, to the number of more than 300 well-disciplined men. The Brigadier, who was a brave yet cautious soldier, crossed the Firth of Forth with great skill, in face of the enemy, and had he been commander of the rebel forces they would have made a very much more sturdy resistance at Preston. He despised the incompetency of Forster, the so-called "General," who yet was placed over him, and would not follow his suggestions or counsel. The Brigadier planned the defence of Preston, and fought there at the head of the Highland force. Being taken prisoner, he was committed to Newgate, from which prison he, with seven compan-

ions, effected his escape on the night of the 4th May 1716; his trial being fixed for the following day. The old Brigadier, then in his 59th year, and his daring comrades, forced their way out of Newgate, knocking down the keeper and the turnkey, and disarming the sentinel. Though a reward of £1000 was offered for his apprehension he got clear away to the Continent. Notwithstanding that a bill of attainder and outlawry was passed against him, which excluded him from participating in the freedom promised by the general Act of Indemnity, he ventured (probably after the death of George I.) to return to his native country; but he was seized and imprisoned for life in Edinburgh Castle, where he died on the 6th January 1743, aged about 85. He wrote several pieces during his confinement: one entitled "Essays on Ways and Means for inclosing, fallowing, and planting Scotland, etc.," published in 1729, "had the effect of introducing a spirit of improvement into the country, and led to the formation of a society for improving agriculture." On his escape from Newgate, he became, if possible, more celebrated and beloved than ever among the Jacobites, but especially among those of Lancashire. He formed the subject of a very popular English ballad, which (says Dr Hibbert-Ware, in his *Memorials of the Rebellion* in 1715), from the scene being laid in Proud Preston, and from one or two peculiarities of expression, ought to be regarded as a Lancashire Ballad. It is given in the *Memorials* from a copy in the possession of Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh,—a broadside, in double columns, without any date or place of printing:—

BRIGADIER MACINTOSH'S FAREWELL  
TO THE HIGHLANDS.

*(To an excellent new tune).*

Macintosh is a soldier brave,  
And of his friends he took his leave ;  
Unto Northumberland he drew,  
And march'd along with a jovial crew ;  
                    With a fa la la, ra da, ra da.

My Lord Derwentwater<sup>1</sup> he did say,  
Five hundred guineas he would lay  
To fight the Militia, if they would stay ;  
But they all proved cowards, and ran away.

With a fa la, etc.

1 Amongst the various individuals of eminence who entered into the conspiracy [of 1715], James Radcliffe, third Earl of Derwentwater, took the lead. His estate was immense; and as he gave employment to several hundred men among the mines at Alstone Moor it was expected that he would bring a great number of men into the field. His generous and charitable disposition had also rendered him extremely popular among his tenants and dependants. His lordship was a Roman Catholic, and allied by consanguinity to the Chevalier St. George, his mother having been a natural daughter of Charles II. This unfortunate nobleman, with a number of friends and all his servants, well armed, joined the rebels in Northumberland on Thursday, 6th October 1715. His troop of horse was commanded by his brother, Charles Radcliffe, Esq., and Captain John Shaftoe. At General Wills's attack on Preston, the Earl of Derwentwater is said to have headed a body of gentlemen volunteers, drawn up on the north side of the churchyard, in protecting the Church-gate barrier. The Earl and Brigadier Macintosh delivered themselves up as hostages to General Carpenter, and on the 13th November the Earl and his men surrendered as prisoners of war. His lordship, a wealthy English nobleman, complained heavily of his having been villainously used by the High Church party, especially in Lancashire, who

The Earl of Mar<sup>1</sup> did vow and swear,  
 If that Proud Preston he came near,  
 Before the Right should starve, and the Wrong should  
     stand,  
 He would drive them into some foreign land.  
   With a fa la, etc.

My Lord Derwentwater he did say,  
 When he mounted on his dapple gray,  
 "I wish I were at home with speed,  
 For I fear we're all betray'd, indeed."  
   With a fa la, etc.

had engaged him and other Catholics to come in to their support—promising that, on the forces entering the county, they should be joined by a reinforcement of 20,000 men, a promise which they utterly failed to keep—but who, he said, had left them in the lurch. On the 25th November the prisoners were sent under a strong guard from Wigan to Warrington, and on the following day to London, guarded by a strong detachment of Stanhope's dragoons, the Earl of Derwentwater being allowed to travel in a carriage. On arriving at London he was committed to the Tower. On trial, he pleaded guilty, and with Viscount Kenmure and the Earl of Nithsdale received sentence of death. He prayed the royal clemency, urging his youth and inexperience, by which he had been led to engage in the rebellion rashly, and without much previous concert or premeditation, on the assurance that many of his relations and acquaintances would be there. On the 24th February 1716 he was executed on Tower Hill. In his last declaration he confessed himself a Roman Catholic, and avowed his loyalty to him whom he styled "James III., his rightful sovereign."

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Mar had been secretary of state to Queen Anne under a Tory ministry. In August 1715 he called together various chieftains of Highland clans at his seat of Braemar, under pretence of holding a great deer-hunt, and induced many noblemen and chiefs to rise in rebellion, with their clans. He set up the rebel standard at Kirkmichael for the Chevalier St. George, under the name and title of King James VIII., King of Scotland. On the failure of the Jacobite cause in Scotland the Earl, with other leaders, escaped to the continent.

"No, no," says Forster,<sup>1</sup> "never fear,  
The Brunswick army is not near ;  
But if that they come, our valour we'll show,  
And give them a fatal overthrow."

With a fa la, etc.

My Lord Derwentwater, when he found  
That Forster had drawn his left wing round,  
Said, "I wish I were with my dear wife,  
For I fear that I will lose my life."

With a fa la, etc.

Macintosh he shook his head  
To see his soldiers all lie dead ;  
"It was not for the loss of those,  
But I fear we're taken by our foes."

With a fa la, etc.

Macintosh is a valiant soldier,  
He carried a musket on his shoulder ;  
"Cock your pistols, draw your rapier ;  
D——n you, Forster, for you're a traitor !"

With a fa la, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Forster of Etherston, Northumberland, and knight of the shire for the county, was a High Church Tory ; and as it was thought impolitic to offend Protestant prejudices by nominating either the Earl of Derwentwater or Lord Widdrington (both Roman Catholics) to the leadership of the Northumbrian rebels, this honour was assigned to Mr. Forster, who was styled General. A more incompetent leader was probably never known. His incapacity and cowardice mainly contributed to the defeat of the rebels at Preston. He was amongst the prisoners taken to London, and was to have been tried on the 14th April 1716, but on the 10th he contrived, by a false key, to let himself out of Newgate prison, at the same time locking in the governor. A reward of £1000 was offered for the apprehension of Forster, but he contrived to get over to Calais.

My Lord Derwentwater to Forster did say,  
"Thou hast prov'd our ruin this very day :  
Thou promisedst to stand our friend,  
But thou hast prov'd a rogue in the end."

With a fa la, etc.

My Lord Derwentwater to Lichfield did ride,  
With coach and attendants by his side ;  
He swore if he died on the point of the sword,  
He'd drink a good health to the man that he lov'd.

With a fa la, etc.

"Thou, Forster, has brought us from our own home,  
Leaving our estates for others to come.  
Thou treacherous dog, thou hast us betray'd,  
We are all ruin'd," Lord Derwentwater said.

With a fa la, etc.

My Lord Derwentwater he is condemn'd,  
And near unto his latter end :  
His poor lady she did cry,  
"My dear Derwentwater, thou must die."

With a fa la, etc.

My Lord Derwentwater he is dead,  
And from his body they took his head ;  
But Macintosh and others are fled,  
To fit his hat on another man's head.

With a fa la, etc.

We have retained the title, as printed in the old broadside ; but this ballad would much more fitly bear that of "A Lament for the Earl of Derwentwater," than "Brigadier Macintosh's Farewell to the High-



lands." The Brigadier figures in but three or four stanzas ; the Earl in seven or eight. There was an old ballad with the title of "Farewell Manchester" written about the time of the young Pretender being in that city ; but Mr. Chappell, in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time" (ii. 683), states that it is "in all probability irrecoverably lost." We have noted this in the hope that it may lead to a copy being found amongst some of the descendants of old Jacobite families in Lancashire.

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#### LONG PRESTON PEGGY.

DURING the Rebellion of 1745 a buxom, handsome young woman of Long Preston, near Settle, Yorkshire, was very anxious to see Prince Charles Edward Stuart and his army, and came to Preston in Lancashire for that purpose, a distance of 38 miles. Having gratified her curiosity by seeing them, she at once returned to her native village. A song was made, which became famous in Ribblesdale, for every country lad could sing it at that time. Peggy lived to a great age, and used to carol this song at all public meetings held at Rauthmell, Cross Keys Inn, and other places about Clitheroe, to the tune of Chevy Chace.

This song, having apparently been handed down by tradition only, cannot now be recovered entire. How many verses it contained originally we know not ; but the two following are all that survive in the memories of some old persons in and about Long Preston, who were wont to sing the song nearly a century ago.

Long Preston is a township in the parish of that name, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, four and a-half miles south by east from Settle. Proud Preston is of course the central town of Lancashire, celebrated for its Guild.

Long Preston Peg to Proud Preston went ;<sup>1</sup>  
To see the Scotch Rebels it was her intent ;  
A noble Scotch Lord, as he passèd by,  
On this Yorkshire damsel did soon cast an eye.

He call'd to his servant, who on him did wait,  
"Go down to yon girl who stands in the gate [*i.e.*,  
road, street],  
That sings with a voice so soft and so sweet,  
And in my name do her lovingly greet."

Many collectors have endeavoured, but in vain, to find more of this old Lancashire ballad than the two verses given by Dr. Dixon, in his "Songs and Ballads of the English Peasantry." The following version is much more complete than any yet given.

Long Preston Peggy to Proud Preston went,  
To view the Scotch Rebels it was her intent ;  
A noble Scotch lord, as he passed by,  
On this Yorkshire damsel did soon cast an eye.

<sup>1</sup> Another version of this verse is given in "New Tales of the Borders and of the British Isles," under the title of an "Old Yorkshire Ballad—Preston Peggy:"—

From Long Preston, Peggy to proud Preston went,  
To join the bold rebels it was her intent ;  
For in brave deeds of arms did she take much delight,  
And therefore she went for the rebels to fight.

He called to his servant, who on him did wait—  
“Go down to yon maiden who stands in the gate,  
That sings with a voice so soft and so sweet,  
And in my name do her lovingly greet.”

So down from his master away he did hie,  
For to do his bidding, and bear her reply ;  
But ere to this beauteous virgin he came,  
He moved his bonnet, not knowing her name.

“It’s oh ! Mistress Madam, your beauty’s adored,  
By no other person than by a Scotch lord,  
And if with his wishes you will comply,  
All night in his chamber with him you shall lie.”

The two last verses were taken down from the lips  
of an old woman who recently resided near Ulverstone,  
by J. P. Morris, Esq., F.S.A.

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### JEMMY DAWSON.

A BALLAD, BY SHENSTONE.

THIS ballad records one of the many touching episodes connected with Lancashire’s share in the rebellion of 1745. When the Young Pretender was in Manchester in the November of that year, recruiting was carried on with great vigour for what was called the Manchester regiment ; the Prince’s secretary, Lord George Murray, fixing his quarters at the Dog Inn, Deansgate, for the purpose of obtaining recruits, and distributing French commissions to officers. Among those who obtained a commission was Mr. James Dawson, a

gentleman of a respectable family in Lancashire. He had received a liberal education, and was of St. John's College, Cambridge ; which he is said to have quitted, fearing that he should be expelled on account of some irregularities. Regarding this statement some doubt may be entertained, as well as upon the report that he joined the Young Pretender while under the dread, after quitting Cambridge, of not being again received by his father. A letter from the registrar of the University of Cambridge, dated 24th October 1833, states that he matriculated as a pensioner on the 17th December 1737 ; that he never took a degree ; " nor does he appear to have been subjected to any punishment for irregularity in the university courts held by the vice-chancellor." The Manchester regiment surrendered at Carlisle on the 30th December 1745, and its commissioned officers were conveyed in waggons, under a strong guard, to London. In the streets of that city, through which they were led in a sort of triumph, the greatest indignities were offered them. They appear to have expected that, as they had served under French commissions, they would be deemed prisoners of war, and would be regularly exchanged. Their fate, however, was far otherwise. Imprisoned in the cells of Newgate, and afterwards in the New Prison of Southwark, they passed thence to the gallows. Captain Dawson was betrothed to a young lady, who seems to have engaged all his thoughts. He is said to have employed himself in writing verses during his confinement on the subject of his unhappy fate. The trials commenced on the 16th July 1746, in the court-house at St. Margaret's Hill, before the High Commissioners appointed for that purpose. The trials

lasted three days, and all the prisoners arraigned being found guilty, nine, including Captain Dawson, were ordered for execution on the 30th of that month. The interval was passed by most of the prisoners in preparing written declarations of their motives and sentiments in joining the standard of their Prince. Captain Dawson declared that, if he had ten thousand lives, he would devote them all to his king and country sooner than see right overpowered by oppression, or rebellion prevailing. He declared that he died in the tenets of the Church of England. He begged pardon of all whom he had injured, and stated that Ensign Maddock, who had turned evidence for the Crown, had forsworn himself. He said he forgave the partiality of the jury, the fetches of the counsel, and the misguided zeal of the judge. He prayed earnestly for his poor self; begging that the Deity would excuse all his frailties, negligences, and levities. The last leave which took place between Captain Dawson and the lady to whom he was betrothed is described by the poet in the ballad. The nine officers of the Manchester regiment, attended by a strong party of soldiers, were conveyed on three hurdles from the New Gaol of Southwark to the gallows erected at Kennington. A pile of faggots and a block were placed near the gallows; and while the prisoners were in the course of being removed from the sledges into a cart, drawn for that purpose under the "fatal tree," the faggots were set on fire. The guards formed a circle round the place of execution. The prisoners, though unattended by any clergyman, spent nearly an hour in their devotions. They then severally delivered the declarations which they had written to the sheriff, expressive of

their conviction of the right and justice of the glorious cause for which they died. Soon afterwards they were turned off, all of them dying calmly and composedly. At the end of five minutes after suspension had taken place, even before signs of life had ceased, they were successively cut down and stripped. Being laid on the block, the hangman with a cleaver severed each head from the body, and put it in a coffin ; then taking out the bowels and heart, he threw them into the fire. When the heart of the last was thrown into the fire, the executioner cried out, "God save King George !" and was answered by the crowd with a loud shout. Among the numerous spectators of this revolting scene was the plighted fair one of Captain James Dawson. Her fate is pathetically commemorated by Shenstone. He wrote the following ballad shortly after the event, and it was first printed amongst his posthumous works. The copy now given is from Percy's *Reliques*, as taken from a MS. which contained some slight variations from that in the printed works. See also the "Rebels of '45" by W. H. Ainsworth.

COME listen to my mournful tale,  
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear ;  
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,  
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou dear Kitty, peerless maid,  
Do thou a pensive car incline ;  
For thou canst weep at every woe,  
And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,  
A brighter never trod the plain ;

And well he lov'd one charming maid,  
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear ;  
Of gentle blood the damsel came,  
And faultless was her beauteous form,  
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,  
That led the faithful youth astray,  
The day the rebel clans appear'd :  
O had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their sash he wore,  
And in the fatal dress was found ;  
And now he must that death endure,  
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek  
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear !  
For never yet did Alpine snows  
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said :  
" O Dawson, monarch of my heart,  
Think not thy death shall end our loves,  
For thou and I will never part.

" Yet might sweet mercy find a place,  
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,  
O George, without a prayer for thee  
My orisons should never close.

" The gracious prince that gives him life,  
Would crown a never-dying flame,

And every tender babe I bore  
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

“ But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd  
To yonder ignominious tree,  
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend  
To share thy bitter fate with thee.”

O then her mourning coach was call'd,  
The sledge mov'd slowly on before ;  
Though borne in a triumphal car,  
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepared to view  
The terrible behests of law ;  
And the last scene of Jemmy's woe  
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face  
Which she had fondly lov'd so long ;  
And stifled was that tuneful breath  
Which in her praise had sweetly sung ;

And sever'd was that beauteous neck  
Round which her arms had fondly closed ;  
And mangled was that beauteous breast  
On which her love-sick head reposed ;

And ravish'd was that constant heart  
She did to every heart prefer ;  
For though it could its king forget,  
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames  
She bore this constant heart to see ;



But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,  
"Now, now," she cried, "I'll follow thee.

"My death, my death alone can show  
The pure and lasting love I bore :  
Accept, O Heaven, of woes like ours,  
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
The lover's mournful hearse retired ;  
The maid drew back her languid head,  
And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though justice ever must prevail,  
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;  
For seldom shall she hear a tale  
So sad, so tender, and so true.

A communication from Mr. J. F. Beever of Manchester to Barlow's *Historical Collector* states that Jemmy Dawson was the eldest of the four children of William Dawson of Manchester, gentleman, also styled doctor and apothecary, by his first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard, son of John Allen of Redivales, an ancestor of the Byroms of Kersal. He appears to have been born in 1717, so that he was about 29 at his death. He was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge, 21st October 1737, and the register describes him as the elder son of William Dawson of Manchester, "*Pharmacopolæ*." He matriculated on the 27th December following. His only brother, William, was buried in the tomb of the Lady Barbara Fitzroy, in the Manchester Collegiate Church. His eldest sister, Eliza-

beth, married William Broome of Didsbury, gentleman ; his youngest sister, Sarah, died unmarried. As to the heroine of the ballad, it is stated in the "Legends of Lancashire" that the name of this unfortunate young person was Katherine Norton, that she was "an orphan, and that her parents had been of illustrious rank. She had travelled with a maiden aunt, and as they were residing for a few weeks in the vicinity of Cambridge, she had met with young Dawson, and thus commenced an ardent attachment between them." Mr. Robert Chambers, in his *History of the Rebellion of '45*, states that "when it was ascertained that Captain Dawson was to suffer death, the inconsolable young lady determined to witness the execution, and she accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see all the dreadful preparations without betraying any extravagant emotions ; she also succeeded in restraining her feelings during the progress of the bloody tragedy ; but when all was over, and the shouts of the multitude rang in her ears, she drew her head back again into the coach, and crying, 'My dear ! I follow thee, I follow thee ! Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together !' fell upon the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking."

## THE PRESTON PRISONERS

TO THE

LADIES ABOUT COURT AND TOWN.

*By way of Comfort, from C. W. to W. T.*

THE following song, apparently a production of one of the Jacobite prisoners in Preston gaol, after the defeat of the rebels in 1715, is here inserted from a broadside originally "printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick Lane, 1716; price twopence." A copy of this broadside is preserved in the collection of "Proclamations, Ballads," etc., in 32 volumes, presented by Mr. J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S., etc., to the Chetham Library.

YOU fair ones, all at liberty,  
We captive lovers greet;  
Nor slight our tears and sighs, 'cause we  
Can't lay 'em at your feet;  
The fault's not ours, and you may guess  
We can desire no greater bliss.  
With a fa, la, la, etc.

What! though pack'd up in prisons base,  
With bolts and bars restrain'd,  
Think not our bodies love you less,  
Or souls are more confined:  
Each was to 'ts utmost power your slave,  
Nor freedom took, but what you gave.  
With a fa, la, etc.

Thus doubly captive, in this cause  
Your prior title pleads,  
This gaol's high treason 'gainst your laws,  
And property invades :  
Wherefore, since prisons are our due,  
'Tis just we be lock'd up by you.  
With a fa, la, etc.

From hence to those most blissful bowers  
Lest we should miss our way,  
Those beauties that display'd their powers  
The last triumphant day,  
As most expert in Cupid's wars,  
Shall guide us on like grenadiers.  
With a fa, la, etc.

Thus we'll to the innocent and fair,  
That shun indecent sights,  
From purchas'd shouts and noisome air,  
To whispers and delights :  
Then all our pains shall pleasures prove,  
And pinion'd arms be wings of love.  
With a fa, la, etc.

But if our stubborn keepers still  
Should chain us in our dens,  
In disobedience to your will  
And sovereign influence ;  
Spite of their shackles, bolts, and doors,  
Our hearts are free, and they are yours.  
With a fa, la, etc.

Meanwhile, within these walls immur'd,  
Think not our spirit's lost ;

The vilest ale our gaols afford  
Is nectar, with a toast ;  
And if some wine creep in by stealth,  
It has its relish from *your* health.  
With a fa, la, etc.

Our tedious nights and loathsome days,  
With your remembrance bless'd  
At length may some compassion raise  
Within your tender breasts :  
No matter what our juries find,  
We're happy still, if you prove kind.  
With a fa, la, etc.

Nay, should we victims be design'd  
By those that rule the state ;  
Should mercy no admittance find  
To hearts that should be great ;  
What dread can gaols or gibbets show  
To men who've died so oft for you?  
With a fa, la, etc.

If fate must fix th' unworthy doom,  
We'll leave you fresh supplies,  
And from our ashes, in our room,  
Some Phœnixes shall rise,  
Whose vows will more successful prove  
In happier days to win your love.  
With a fa, la, la, etc.

## TOWNLEY'S GHOST.

COLONEL FRANCIS TOWNLEY, a scion of one of the oldest families in Lancashire, served abroad, and in 1745 held a colonel's commission from the king of France. Being recommended by that king to the service of the Pretender, he joined Charles Edward at Carlisle, of which city he was for a time the governor. He took an active part in the rebellion ; was at Manchester, Preston, etc. ; and had the command of the Pretender's " Manchester Regiment," numbering only some 300 rank and file. He surrendered on the 30th December 1745 to the Duke of Cumberland at Carlisle, when the Manchester Regiment had been reduced to only 114, including officers ; or, including non-commissioned officers, drummers, and privates, to 93 men. The commissioned officers were conveyed from Carlisle to London in waggons, under a strong guard, and were lodged in cells in Newgate. The officers generally, who held French commissions, expected to be treated as prisoners of war, and to be exchanged ; and in the list demanded by cartel from France the name of Colonel Townley stood at the head. But it was determined that the full vengeance of the law should fall upon all belonging to the Manchester Regiment. The trials commenced on the 16th July 1746, in the court-house at St. Margaret's Hill, London. Colonel Townley was first arraigned. His counsel pleaded that he had been sixteen years in the service of France, and that during the time in which he took up arms for the Pretender he held a commission from the French king, and consequently was as much in the

service of France as any officer in the French army. It was urged, therefore, that Townley had as just a right to the cartel as any French officer taken by the English during the war between the two kingdoms. But the court was of opinion that evidence to this effect would be against the prisoner ; for that no man who was by birth a liege subject of the king of England, was justifiable in taking up arms and acting in the service of a prince who was actually in war against the king of England. Colonel Townley, who was firm and undaunted through the trial, was found guilty ; and when sentence of death was passed against him he was not in the least discomposed, nor did his countenance undergo any change of colour. On the 30th July the nine officers found guilty were executed on a gallows erected for the purpose on Kennington Common. At the end of five minutes after suspension had taken place, Colonel Townley, even before signs of life had ceased, was cut down and stripped. Being laid on the block, the hangman, with a cleaver, severed his head from his body, and put it into a coffin ; then taking out his bowels and heart, he threw them into a fire of faggots, kindled for the purpose. The remains were allowed to be privately interred by his friends ; and only one head—that of Captain Fletcher—was exposed on Temple Bar. Amongst the various Jacobite effusions of the period to which these executions gave rise, the following ought to have a place. It relates to the supposed breach of faith committed with the prisoners of war after the capitulation at Carlisle, and the promise of William, Duke of Cumberland, against whom the bitterest denunciations of the English and Scottish partisans of the house of Stuart were launched, under

his appellation of "The Curse of Scotland." The author of the ballad is not known. It is copied from a MS. in the handwriting of Mrs. Kenyon, wife of a clergyman of that name, resident a century ago in Salford, and incumbent of Trinity Chapel.

### TOWNLEY'S GHOST.

WHEN Sol in shades of night was lost,  
And all was fast asleep,  
In glided Townley's murder'd ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

"Infernal wretch, away!" he cried,  
"And view the mangled shade,  
Who on thy perjur'd faith relied,  
And basely was betray'd.

"Embrued in bliss, embalm'd in ease,  
Tho' now thou seem'st to lie,  
My injur'd shade shall gall thine ease,  
And make thee beg to die.

"Think on the hellish acts you've done,  
The thousands you've betray'd:  
Nero himself would blush to own  
The slaughter thou hast made.

"Not infants' shrieks, nor parents' tears,  
Could stop thy bloody hand;  
Nor even ravish'd virgins' tears  
Appease thy dire command.



“But oh ! what pangs are set apart  
In hell, thou’lt shortly see ;  
Where even all the damn’d will start  
To view a fiend like thee.”

With speed, affrighted, William rose,  
All trembling, wan, and pale ;  
And to his cruel sire<sup>1</sup> he goes,  
And tells the dreadful tale.

“Cheer up, my dear, my darling son,”  
The bold usurper said ;  
“Never repent of what you’ve done,  
Nor be at all dismay’d.

“If we on Stuart’s throne can dwell,  
And reign securely here,  
My uncle Satan’s king of hell,  
And he’ll protect us there !”

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### THE THREE SISTERS.

THE following Lancashire ballad was contributed to *Notes and Queries* (vi. 102)—whose Editor permits us to reprint it—by a correspondent signing “Seleucus,” who suspects it to be the oldest of several versions. It is supposed to be sung by the second sister :—

<sup>1</sup> William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, was the second son of George II. He was born 15th April 1721, and died in 1765.

THERE was a king of the north countree,  
Bow down, bow down, bow down !  
There was a king of the north countree,  
And he had daughters, one, two, three.  
I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.<sup>1</sup>

To the eldest he gave a beaver hat,  
Bow down, bow down, bow down !  
To the eldest he gave a beaver hat,  
And the youngest she thought much of that.  
I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

To the youngest he gave a gay gold chain,  
Bow down, bow down, bow down !  
To the youngest he gave a gay gold chain,  
And the eldest she thought much of the same.  
I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

These sisters were walking on the bryn,<sup>2</sup>  
Bow down, bow down, bow down !  
These sisters were walking on the bryn,  
And the eldest pushed the younger in.  
I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

Oh, sister ! oh, sister ! oh, lend me your hand !  
Bow down, bow down, bow down !

<sup>1</sup> Probably the original form of this line was, "An [if] my love'll be true to me."

<sup>2</sup> Brink of a river, a craggy slope.

Oh, sister ! oh, sister ! oh, lend me your hand !  
And I will give you both houses and land.

I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

I'll neither give you my hand nor glove,  
Bow down, bow down, bow down !

I'll neither give you my hand nor glove  
Unless you give me your [own] true love.

I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

Away she sank, away she swam,

Bow down, bow down, bow down !

Away she sank, away she swam,

Until she came to a miller's dam.

I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

The miller and daughter stood at the door,

Bow down, bow down, bow down !

The miller and daughter stood at the door,

And watched her floating down the shore.

I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

Oh, father ! oh, father ! I see a white swan,

Bow down, bow down, bow down !

Oh, father ! oh, father ! I see a white swan,

Or else it is a fair wo-man.

I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

The miller he took up his long crook,  
Bow down, bow down, bow down !  
The miller he took up his long crook,  
And the maiden up from the stream he took.  
I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

I'll give to thee this gay gold chain,  
Bow down, bow down, bow down !  
I'll give to thee this gay gold chain,  
If you'll take me back to my father again.  
I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

The miller he took the gay gold chain,  
Bow down, bow down, bow down !  
The miller he took the gay gold chain,  
And he pushed her into the water again.  
I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

The miller was hang'd on his high gate,  
Bow down, bow down, bow down !  
The miller was hang'd on his high gate,  
For drowning our poor sister Kate.  
I'll be true to my love, and my love'll be true  
to me.

The cat's behind the buttery shelf,  
Bow down, bow down, bow down !  
The cat's behind the buttery shelf ;  
If you want any more you may sing it yourself.  
I'll be true to my love, and [an] my love'll be  
true to me.

One of Mr. Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes," beginning—

“John Cook had a little gray mare,” etc.,

ends thus—

“The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf,  
He, haw, hum ;  
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself,  
He, haw, hum !”

Another version of this ballad is given by “G. A. C.” in *Notes and Queries*, where the action seems to commence with “the body of a fair ladye,” which “came floating down the stream ;” stopping “hard by a miller's mill,” when the miller took it out of the water, “to make a melodye.” This form of the ballad thus describes how the lady's body was changed into a viol :—

And what did he do with her fair bodye?

Fal the lal, the lal, lalal loddy,

He made it a case for his melodye,

Fal, etc.

And what did he do with her legs so strong?

Fal, etc.

He made them a stand for his violon,

Fal, etc.

And what did he do with her hair so fine?

Fal, etc.

He made of it strings for his violine,

Fal, etc.

And what did he do with her arms so long?

Fal, etc.

He made of them bows for his violon,

Fal, etc.

And what did he do with her nose so thin?

Fal, etc.

He made it a bridge for his violin,

Fal, etc.

And what did he do with her eyes so bright?

Fal, etc.

He made them spectacles to help his sight,

Fal, etc.

And what did he do with her pretty toes?

Fal, etc.

He made them a nosegay to put to his nose,

Fal, etc.

Again, Dr. Rimbault gives another version of the ballad, evidently earlier than that last cited, and which he states to be the production of James Smith, D.D. (Oxford), born 1604, and died 1667; respecting whom Wood says, "he was much in esteem with the poetical wits of the time, particularly with Philip Massinger, who called him his son." We append this ballad as printed from an old broadside copy of 1656, omitting the burden after the first verse :—

THE MILLER AND THE KING'S  
DAUGHTER.

BY DR. JAMES SMITH.

THERE were two sisters, they went playing,  
With a hie downe, downe, a downe-a,  
To see their father's ships come sailing in,  
With a hy downe, downe, a downe-a.

And when they came unto the sea-brym,  
The elder did push the younger in.

O sister, O sister, take me by the gownd,  
And draw me upon the dry ground.

O sister, O sister, that may not be,  
Till salt and oatmeal grow both on a tree.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,  
Until she came unto the mill-dam.

The miller ran hastily down the cliff,  
And up he betook her withouten her life.

What did he do with her breast-bone?  
He made him a viol to play thereupon.

What did he do with her fingers so small?  
He made him pegs to his viol withall.

What did he do with her nose-ridge?  
Unto his viol he made him a bridge.

What did he do with her veins so blue?  
He made him strings to his viol thereto.

What did he do with her eyes so bright?  
Upon his viol he played at first sight.

What did he do with her tongue so rough?  
Unto the viol it spake enough.

What did he do with her two shins?  
Unto the viol they danced *Moll Symms*.

Then bespake the treble string,  
O yonder is my father the king.

Then bespake the second string,  
O yonder sits my mother the queen.

And then bespake the strings all three,  
O yonder is my sister that drownèd me.

Now pay the miller for his pain,  
And let him be gone in the devil's name.

Dr. Rimbault adds that the viol was the precursor of the violin ; but while the viol was the instrument of the higher classes of society, the "fiddle" served only for the amusement of the lower. The viol was entirely out of use at the beginning of the eighteenth century. *Moll* or *Mall Symms*, mentioned in the 13th stanza, was a celebrated dance tune of the sixteenth century. The three versions of this ballad curiously illustrate each other. That said by "Seleucus" to belong to South Lancashire has the merit of telling consistently a tragedy of sisterly envy and jealousy ; but it lacks the quaint conceit of the transformation into a musical instrument. No apology is needed for giving all three versions,



## LANCASHIRE MAY-SONGS.

ONE evening towards the close of April 1861, says Mr. Harland, I was surprised by a party of waitts who had come into my garden, in the hamlet of Swinton and township of Worsley, and who serenaded the family in a song, the words of which I could not make out from their singing. There were four singers, accompanied by a flute and a clarionet, and they together discoursed most simple and rustic music. I could not at first understand what was evidently a local custom of ancient date, as it was not Easter, or Whitsuntide, or May-day, or any of the old popular festivals. My inquiries on the subject resulted in my obtaining, from the dictation of an old Mayer, the words of two songs, called by the singers themselves "May Songs," though the rule is that they must be sung before May comes in. My chief informant, an elderly man named Job Knight, living in Swinton, told me that he himself "went out" a May-singing for about fourteen years, though he has discontinued the practice for some years. He says the time the Mayers commence is usually about the middle of April, though some parties start as early as the beginning of that month. But the songs cease with the evening of the 30th April. Job says he can remember the custom for about thirty years, and he never heard any other than the two songs which follow. There are usually, he says, five or six men, with a fiddle, and sometimes a flute or clarionet. The songs are printed just as recited by Job Knight; and when I ventured to hint that one line, the 3d in 3d verse of Song II., was too long, he sang it over, to show

that all the words were somehow brought into the strain. The first song bears marks of some antiquity ; first in the double refrain, or 2d and 4th lines in each stanza, which are poetically and musically far superior to the others ; next in the picture of manners conveyed by the worshipful master of the house in his chain of gold, the mistress with gold along her breast, etc. The phrases, "house and harbour," "riches and store," also point to earlier times. The last line of this song appears to convey its object, and to point to a simple superstition, that these songs were to draw, or perhaps drive "these cold winters away." There are various lines in both songs in which the sense seems to have been marred, from the songs having been handed down by oral tradition only ; but I have not ventured to alter these in any way. The second song seems more modern than the first. The refrain, or 4th line of each stanza, is again the most poetical and musical in the whole song.

#### OLD MAY SONG.—I.

ALL in this pleasant evening together come are we,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;  
We'll tell you of a blossom that buds on every tree,  
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up the master of this house, put on your chain of  
gold,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;  
We hope you're not offended, [with] your house we  
make so bold,  
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up the mistress of this house, with gold along  
[upon] your breast,

For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;  
And if your body be asleep, I hope your soul's at rest,  
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up the children of this house, all in your rich  
attire,

For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;  
For every hair upon your head shines like the silver  
wire,  
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

God bless this house and harbour, your riches and  
your store,

For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;  
We hope the Lord will prosper you, both now and  
evermore,  
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

So now we're going to leave you in peace and plenty  
here,

For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;  
We shall not sing you May again until another year,  
For to draw you these cold winters away.

## NEW MAY SONG.—II.

*Called also "The Baisers;" said to have been written  
by a Swinton man.*

COME and listen awhile unto what we shall say  
Concerning the season, the month we call May ;

For the flowers they are springing, and the birds they  
do sing,  
And the basiers<sup>1</sup> are sweet in the morning of May.

When the trees are in bloom and the meadows are  
green,  
The sweet-smelling cowslips are plain to be seen,  
The sweet ties of nature, which we plainly do say,  
For the basiers are sweet in the morning of May.

All creatures are deemed, in their station below,  
Such comforts of love on each other bestow :  
Our flocks they're all folded, and young lambs sweetly  
do play,  
And the basiers are sweet in the morning of May.

So now to conclude with much freedom and love,  
The sweetest of blessings proceeds from above ;  
Let us join in our song, that right happy may we be,  
For we'll bless with contentment in the morning of  
May.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The *basier* is the name given in this part of Lancashire to the auricula, which is usually in full bloom in April. This name for it is not to be found in Gerarde's *History of Plants*, or Culpeper's *British Herbal*, nor in the glossaries of Halliwell, Nares, etc. The auricula was introduced into this country from Switzerland about the year 1567. Can its Lancashire name have any relation to *auricula*,—*q.d.*, little ear? "F. C. H.," in *Notes and Queries* (3d series, ii. 305), after noticing the conjecture as to the derivation of the word *basier*, adds: "It seems more probable that *basier* was originally *bear's ear*, the usual name of the auricula in the eastern counties—certainly a very coarse name for a very beautiful flower, but founded no doubt upon the resemblance of the leaf to an ear, which gave occasion to the botanical name of auricula." Another correspondent concurs as to this derivation, and states that the common French name for the auricula is *oreilles d'ours*.

<sup>2</sup> This last line would read better thus—

"For we're blest with content in the morning of May."

Both these songs have appeared, with musical notation, in Messrs. Chambers's *Book of Days*, and are here reprinted by their permission.

### STRETTFORD AND NORTHEN MAY SONG.

MR. JOHN HIGSON, of Droylsden, in an article entitled "Stretford as we found it and heard of it," which appeared in the *Ashton Reporter* of June 23 and 30, 1860, writes—"We cannot refrain from noticing the custom of singing 'May carols' under the chamber-windows of the drowsy villagers on the eve of the 1st of May. Of course the poet of the gang fits the song to suit each particular case, extemporising lines addressed to the several sons and daughters by name. Here is one version of it." We omit verses 1, 2, 3, 8, and 9, as almost identical with some of those of the Old Swinton May Song :—

#### 4.

Rise up ye little children, and stand all in a row,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;  
We should have call'd you one by one, but your names  
we do not know ;  
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

#### 5.

Rise up the little infant, the flower of the flock,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay  
The cradle that you do lay in, it stands upon a rock ;  
Drawing near to the merry month of May.

## 6.

Rise up, the fair maid of this house, put on your gay  
 gold ring,  
 For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;  
 And bring to us a can of beer—the better we shall  
 sing ;  
 Drawing near to the merry month of May.

## 7.

Fair Flora in her prime, down by yon riverside,  
 Where the fields and the meadows they are green,  
 Where little birds are singing, sweet flowers they are  
 springing,  
 And summer springs so fresh, green, and gay,  
 Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Mr. Higson adds that the air is said to suit the words and the occasion admirably. Though some of the lines are a little too long and prosy, and the 7th verse has both an additional line and a different arrangement, the song is not devoid of merit, and the tune "is made to come in." In the 3d line of the 5th verse a simple pun is perpetrated. In a private communication he writes, "I have met with an elderly woman, who, when a girl, has assisted to sing this May-song at Barnton in Cheshire. The carol also prevails about Northenden."

There is yet another version, printed under the title of "The Cheshire May-song," in Mr. J. O. Halliwell's *Palatine Anthology*, p. 185, which he states was "kindly communicated to him by George Ormerod, Esq., F.S.A., of Sedbury Park, Gloucestershire," the historian of Cheshire. We give the first verse, as showing its similarity as well as its difference :—

All on this pleasant evening together come are we,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;  
To tell you of a blossom that hangs on every tree,  
Drawing near to this morning of May.  
O this is pleasant singing, sweet May-flower [it] is  
springing,  
And summer comes so fresh, green, and gay.

The 3d line of the 2d verse runs—

“And turn unto your loving wife, so comely to behold.”

The 3d line, 3d verse—

“And if your body’s sleeping, we hope your soul has  
rest.”

The next seven verses are provided to suit the age, sex, and condition of members of the particular household addressed. We give these in order to complete the various readings of this curious May-song :—

4.

Oh, rise up, Mr. A. B., all joys to you betide, etc.,  
Your steed stands ready saddled, a-hunting for to ride,  
etc.

5.

Your saddle is of silver, your bridle is of gold, etc.,  
Your bride should ride beside you, so lovely to behold,  
etc.

6.

Oh, rise up, Mr. C. D., and take your pen in hand, etc.,  
For you’re a learned scholar, as we do understand, etc.

## 7.

Oh, rise up, Mrs. E. F., all in your rich attire, etc.,  
You are to have some noble lord, or else some wealthy  
squire, etc.

## 8.

Oh, rise up all the little ones, the flower of all your  
kin, etc.,  
And blessed be the chamber their bodies lie within,  
etc.

## 9.

Oh, rise up, the good housekeeper, all in her gown of  
silk, etc.,  
Oh, may she have a husband good, and twenty cows  
to milk, etc.

## 10.

But where are all those fair maids that usèd here to  
dance? etc.,  
Oh, they are gone abroad from hence, to spend their  
lives in France, etc.

The 11th and last verse is substantially the same as in the Swinton and the Stretford versions. Mr. Halliwell adds that the verses he prints are a selection from a series sent from High Legh, in Cheshire, to Mr. Ormerod, by a lady resident there, in 1827. She mentioned that "the series of stanzas is widely extended to suit all classes of persons that may be required to be addressed, and the rural minstrels occasionally improvise in a style corresponding to what is here given."



## SONGS OF THE MAYERS.

"THIS Mayers' song," says Hone in his *Every Day Book* (i. 567), "is a composition, or rather a medley, of great antiquity, and I was therefore very desirous to procure a copy of it. In accomplishing this, however, I experienced more difficulty than I had anticipated ; but at length succeeded in obtaining it from one of the Mayers." The following is a literal reprint of it :—

## THE MAYERS' SONG.

REMEMBER us poor Mayers all,  
And thus do we begin  
To lead our lives in righteousness,  
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,  
And almost all this day,  
And now returnèd back again  
We've brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,  
And at your door it stands ;  
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out,  
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,  
As green as any leek ;  
Our heavenly Father he watered them  
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,  
Our paths are beaten plain,  
And if a man be not too far gone,  
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,  
He flourishes like a flower ;  
We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,  
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a  
light,  
A little before it is day ;  
So God bless you all, both great and small,  
And send you a joyful May.

#### THE MAYERS' CALL.

COME, lads, with your bills,  
To the wood we'll away,  
We'll gather the boughs,  
And we'll celebrate May.

We'll bring our load home,  
As we've oft done before,  
And leave a green bough  
At each good master's  
good neighbour's  
pretty maid's } door.

To-morrow, when work's done,  
I hold it no wrong,  
If we go round in ribands,  
And sing them a song.

Come, lads, bring your bills,  
To the wood we'll away,  
We'll gather the boughs,  
And we'll celebrate May.

### MAY EVE SONG.

IF we should wake you from your sleep,  
Good people, listen now ;  
Our yearly festival we keep,  
And bring a May-thorn bough.

An emblem of the world it grows ;  
The flowers its pleasures are ;  
But many a thorn bespeaks its woes,  
Its sorrow and its care.

Oh ! sleep you then, and take your rest,  
And, when the day shall dawn,  
May you awake in all things blest,  
A May without a thorn.

And when to-morrow we shall come,  
Oh ! treat us not with scorn ;  
From out your bounty give us some—  
Be May without a thorn.

May He who makes the May to blow,  
On earth his riches shed,  
Protect thee [you] against every woe,  
Shower blessings on thy [your] head.

After "bringing home the May," there is another ditty :—

## MAYERS' MAY-DAY SONG.

ON the Mayers deign to smile,  
Master, mistress, hear our song ;  
Listen but a little while,  
We will not detain you long.

Life with us is in its spring,  
We enjoy a blooming May,  
Summer will its labour bring,  
Winter has its pinching day.

Yet the blessing we would use  
Wisely—it is reason's part—  
Those who youth and health abuse  
Fail not in the end to smart.

Mirth we love : the proverb says,  
“ Be ye merry, but be wise ;”  
We will walk in wisdom's ways—  
There alone true pleasure lies.

May that now is in its bloom,  
All so fragrant and so fair,  
When autumn and when winter come,  
Shall its useful berries bear.

We would taste your home-brew'd beer—  
Give not, if we've had enough—  
May it strengthen, may it cheer ;  
Waste not e'er the precious stuff.

We of money something crave,  
For ourselves we ask no share ;

John and Jane the whole shall have,  
They're the last new-married pair.

May it comfort to them prove,  
And a blessing bring to you ;  
Blessings of connubial love  
Light on all like morning dew.

So shall May, with blessings crown'd,  
Welcomed be by old and young ;  
Often as the year comes round,  
Shall the May-day song be sung.

Fare ye well, good people all,  
Sweet to-night may be your rest ;  
Every blessing you befall,  
Blessing others, you are blest.

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### WASSAIL SONG.

THE following Christmas song of Wassail is taken from a small chap-book, printed at Manchester, called "A Selection of Christmas Hymns," and there entitled "Wessel Cup Hymn." It is obviously a corrupted version of a much older ditty, but well deserves to be preserved as a song of the season.

HERE we come a-wassailing  
Among the leaves so green ;  
Here we come a-wandering,  
So fair to be seen.

*Chorus.*—Love and joy come to you,  
And to your wassail too,  
And God send you a happy new year—new year,  
And God send you a happy new year.  
Our wassail cup is made of the rosemary tree,  
So is your beer of the best barley.

We are not daily beggars  
That beg from door to door,  
But we are neighbours' children,  
Whom you have seen before.

Call up the butler of this house ;  
Put on his golden ring ;  
Let him bring us up a glass of beer,  
And the better we shall sing.

We have got a little purse,  
Made of stretching leather skin ;  
We want a little of your money,  
To line it well within.

Bring us out a table,  
And spread it with a cloth ;  
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,  
And some of your Christmas loaf.

God bless the master of this house,  
Likewise the mistress too ;  
And all the little children,  
That round the table go.

Good master and good mistress,  
While you're sitting by the fire,

Pray think of us poor children,  
Who are wand'ring in the mire.

*Chorus.*—Love and joy come to you,  
And to your wassail too,

And God send you a happy new year—new year,  
And God send you a happy new year.  
Our wassail cup is made of the rosemary tree,  
So is your beer of the best barley.

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### THE LIVERPOOL TRAGEDY:

*Or, A Warning to Disobedient Children and Covetous Parents; showing how one John Fuller left his father's house to go to sea against his will, and was shipwrecked, but was preserved on a rock; how he was fetched by the ship's boat, and put ashore at Bengal, where he married; how he returned home, when he, not informing his parents who he was, they murdered him for the sake of his gold; with their tragical end.*<sup>1</sup>

#### PART I.

YOU tender parents that have children dear,  
Be pleased to wait awhile, and you shall hear  
A dismal accident befel of late,  
Which ought to bear an everlasting date.

<sup>1</sup> This doggerel ballad has been frequently issued both in broadside and as a chap-book. It was popular so recently as the beginning of the present century, and finds ready sale in 1874.

At famous Liverpool, in Lancashire,  
One Mr. Robert Fuller liv'd, we hear ;  
A grazier, who liv'd in a happy state,  
He being not too poor, nor yet too great.

He had three daughters, charming beauties bright,  
And but one son, which was his heart's delight ;  
His father doated on him, and in truth  
He was a dutiful and sober youth.

He bound him 'prentice to one Mr. Brown,  
A noted surgeon who liv'd in the town ;  
With whom he stay'd the term of seven years,  
And serv'd him faithfully, as it appears.

And afterwards sometime did with him dwell,  
And as a servant pleas'd his master well ;  
He got acquainted with a surgeon's mate,  
Who was going a voyage up the Strait.

He did persuade him for to go to sea,  
And said, in time he might promoted be ;  
This so much wrought upon the young man's mind,  
That he to go with him seem'd much inclin'd.

He went and told his father his design,  
That he would go to sea in a little time,—  
“ For I to the East Indies now will go ;  
Therefore, dear father, do not say me No.”

To hear these words his father was surpris'd,  
It soon fetch'd tears from his aged eyes ;  
“ Can you, my son,” said he, “ from me depart,  
And leave me here behind with aching heart ?



"Because I plac'd in you my chief delight,  
Do you my tender care this way requite?  
You my consent to go shall never have ;  
'Twill bring me down with sorrow to the grave.

"Go, wilful youth ! Perhaps the time may come  
That you may wish you'd stay'd with me at home."  
But all these arguments would not prevail ;  
He was resolv'd the raging main to sail.

His mother cried, "I thought I had a son  
Would be my comfort for the time to come."  
His sisters cried, "Dear brother, do not go,  
And leave our father thus oppress'd with woe."

His father said, "My son, let reason rule ;  
Take my advice, and do not play the fool.  
What is the meaning of this sudden change?  
What makes you fancy at this time to range?"

"Father ! all these persuasions are in vain ;  
I am resolv'd to cross the raging main ;  
Therefore, give me your blessing ere I go,  
For I'll be gone, whether you will or no."

His father cry'd, "Since you don't me regard,  
God justly will your wickedness reward ;  
God's heavy judgments will upon you come,  
For being such a disobedient son.

"So you must go without what you now crave ;  
Mine nor God's blessing you will never have."  
What courses now this stubborn youth doth steer,  
You in the second part shall quickly hear.

## PART II.

He went with speed unto the surgeon's mate  
And goes with him a voyage up the Strait ;  
But with that voyage he was not content ;  
Further to go his rambling mind was bent.

He came to London, and a ship he found,  
Which lay at Deptford, for the Indies bound ;  
And straight he orderèd his matters so  
As surgeon's mate on board of her to go.

The very next day, as he set sail, we hear,  
He sent a letter to his father dear ;  
" Father," he wrote, " I am alive and well,  
" But when I shall return I cannot tell.

" I am on board a noble ship of fame,  
For the Indies bound, the Prince by name ;  
I will come home when my wild frolic's run ;  
So this is all at present from your son."

His aged father read the letter strait,  
And said, " My son is gone in spite of fate ;  
All I can do, I'll act a father's part,  
And beg of God to turn his stubborn heart."

Where now his aged father we will leave,  
And turn unto his son, which made him grieve,  
Who then was sailing on the ocean wide ;  
But mark what in short time did him betide.

As by the coast of Brazil they did sail,  
Boreas began to blow a blustering gale ;

The captain then, with deep concern, did say,  
“ If this storm holds, we shall be cast away.”

He scarce had spoke these words, when on a rock  
The ship was drove with such a mighty shock ;  
She stuck so fast she could not get away ;  
So they in sorrow were there forced to stay.

The captain cried, “ Let’s beg of God that He  
May from this shocking danger set us free :  
Next let all hands help to heave out the boat,  
That o’er the rolling billows we may float.”

He gave command ; the thing as soon were done,  
And overboard with speed the boat was flung ;  
Each one to save his life got in with speed,  
Until the boat would hold no more indeed.

The boat it were so full it could not swim,  
So some were forced to get out again ;  
The surgeon’s mate, the grazier’s stubborn son,  
As fortune ordered, chancèd to be one.

He was obliged out of the boat to go  
Back to the ship, his heart oppress’d with woe ;  
Fifteen poor souls behind them they did leave,  
Whose piercing cries a stony heart would grieve.

The captain cried, “ My boat will hold no more ;  
But if I should live to get on shore,  
And you remain alive in this sad case,  
I’ll surely come and fetch you from this place.”

## PART III.

The poor distressèd men in great despair,  
Unto the Lord did make their humble pray'r,  
Expecting ev'ry minute for to be  
Sunk to the bottom of the swelling sea.

The grazier's son said, "Here I will not stay,  
But through the foamy billows swim away.  
I can swim well ; the sea does calm appear ;  
So fare you well my brother sailors dear."

He overboard did jump before them all,  
Which made the seamen after him to call :  
"You silly man, you cannot get on shore,  
We think that we shall never see you more."

Thus he went along till almost night,  
When his poor limbs were tirèd quite ;  
But fortune unto him did prove so kind,  
That he by chance a mighty rock did find.

The rock was rugged, high, and very steep ;  
He with much trouble up the side did creep,  
And looking round, no land he could behold ;  
He cry'd, "My sorrow now is manifold.

"My father's words into my mind does come,  
That I do wish I'd stopt with him at home ;  
Also I find it true what he then said ;  
But now my disobedience is repaid.

"He likewise told me if I e'er did slight  
His careful counsel, God would me requite ;  
He told me, though a blessing I did crave,  
His nor God's blessing I should never have."

## PART IV.

He thus lamenting, spent the tedious night  
Until the morning it grew light ;  
Then went to search the rock all round,  
Where for his food some shell-fish he found.

Satan, the first deceiver of mankind,  
Did come to tempt this surgeon, as we find,  
Thinking he would with any terms comply,  
So took advantage of his misery.

While this young surgeon lookèd out to sea,  
At a good distance from him seem'd to be  
A something rowing to him in a boat,  
Which o'er the rolling waves did swiftly float.

This young man thought he'd been a friend at first,  
But next he fear'd that it was something worse ;  
“ For if some wild man-eater it should be,  
He first will kill, then next devour me.”

The young man were soon freed from fear,  
As the devil, like some sailor, did appear ;  
And when he came unto the rock did say,  
“ Young man how came you here this very day ? ”

The surgeon all his whole misfortunes told,  
And while the truth to him he did unfold,  
Three drops of blood down from his nose did fall,  
Which made him think him not a friend withal.

The devil then reply'd “ Young man, if you  
Will be my servant, wholly, just and true,  
And will resign yourself all up to me,  
I from this wretched place will set you free.”

\* The young man found who were with him then,  
And cried, "You grand deceiver of us men,  
O get you gone, your flattery forbear ;  
Why do you try my soul for to ensnare ?

"I now your whole temptations do despise,  
Thou subtle fiend, thou father of all lies ;  
I will resign myself to God alone ;  
Therefore, you vile deceiver, quick, begone !"

The devil then he strait did disappear,  
And left the surgeon trembling with fear ;  
Where now awhile we'll leave him to complain,  
And turn unto his shipmates once again.

The captain in the boat got safe on shore,  
And soon returnèd to the ship once more,  
Where, out of fifteen, nine were left alive ;  
The captain did their drooping hearts revive.

"Where is the rest of you ?" the captain cry'd  
"Alas ! with hunger they have dy'd.  
All but the surgeon, who here would'nt stay,  
And overboard did jump, and swam away."

The captain cry'd, "I hope my dream is right,  
That he were on a rock I dreamt last night ;  
So man the boat, for I the rock do know,  
To save his life I thither now will go.

The boat was mann'd, and to the rock they came,  
Where, to their joy, he did alive remain ;  
They took him in, and then they row'd away,  
Which provèd unto him a happy day.

## PART V.

Their ship from off the rock they soon did get,  
And took great pains in well repairing it ;  
Then for Bengal in India they did sail,  
And soon arrivèd with a prosperous gale.

The surgeon soon got him there a wife,  
And ten years liv'd a very happy life ;  
Six children had, likewise a good estate,  
But he was born to be unfortunate.

About his parents he was troubled so,  
That back to England he would go ;  
He left his wife and children, as 'tis told,  
And with him took ten hundred pounds in gold.

Two of his sisters in that time were dead,  
The other to a glazier marièd ;  
He call'd there first, she was o'erjoy'd to see  
That her own brother yet alive should be.

"How does my parents do?" then he did say,  
She cry'd, "They're well, I saw them yesterday ;  
But they're so covetous grown of late,  
They scarce allow themselves food for to eat."

"This night I'll go and lodge there," he did say ;  
"But they sha'nt know me till you come next day."  
Unto his father's house he then did go,  
Asking if he a lodging could have or no?

They answer'd, "Yes," and bid him strait come in.  
But now, alas ! his sorrows did begin ;

His father said, "Young man, I tell you true,  
I had a son who was very much like you."

A purse of gold he to his mother gave,  
And said, "To-morrow it of you I'll have."  
She cry'd, "You shall." He then went to bed,  
When the devil quickly put it in her head,

To murder her own son, the gold to have,  
For that was all she in this world did crave ;  
"Husband," said she, "When he is dead and gone,  
Then all the gold will surely be our own."

To murder this young man they both did go,  
But that he was their son they did not know ;  
They found him fast asleep, void of all care,  
Then quickly cut his throat from ear to ear.

His sister came, saying, "Father, dear,  
Did there not come my brother here?"  
He answer'd, "No." She said, "There did indeed."  
"Alas !" said they, "we've made our son to bleed."

He strait took up then the bloody knife,  
And instant put a period to his life :  
His wife she sat a little while below,  
At last up stairs did to her husband go,

Where, to her grief, she saw him bleeding lie ;  
She cry'd, "Alas ! I've causèd you to die,  
All by my means, for the sake of cursèd gold :  
My child and husband dead I do behold !

"Now I will make up the number three,  
I cannot live such a sad sight to see."



Saying, "World, farewell! gold, from you I must  
part;"

Then run the knife into her cruel heart.

The daughter, wond'ring at their long delay,  
Did go up stairs to see what made them stay;  
When the dreadful sight she did behold,  
Her dying mother all the story told.

Then did her daughter weep, then went away,  
And raving mad, died on the next day.  
So children all, from disobedience flee,  
And parents, likewise, not too covetous be!

### STONYHURST BUCK-HUNT.

THE present editor, in sending a broadsheet of this ballad to *Notes and Queries* (x. 503), stated that the circumstances occurred about a century ago;<sup>1</sup> that the name of the rhymers is now forgotten;<sup>2</sup> but that

<sup>1</sup> From several circumstances, we imagine that this hunt must have been in the time of Thomas Howard, described by Sir Harris Nicolas in his *Synopsis*, etc., as 10th duke of his family, but by Burke in his *Peerage* as 8th duke. He was born 11th December 1683, and married Mary,—another account calls this lady Maria Winifreda Francisca, probably Englished by Mary Winifred Frances,—only daughter and heiress of Sir Nicholas Shireburne, or Sherburne, of Stonyhurst, created baronet February 4, 1685. This marriage would account for the duke being at the buck-hunt; and Sir Nicholas Shireburne, his father-in-law, who died December 16, 1717, is named, with his daughter the duchess, in the last stanza. The duke died on the 23d December 1732, without issue, and was succeeded by his brother Edward, 9th duke. The above fixes the date of the hunt as earlier than December 1717.

<sup>2</sup> We have since learned that the composer of this ballad was a Mr. Cottam, a schoolmaster at Hurst Green; and that he also wrote a song

the piece is still sung or recited by old residents. It is entitled—

“An Interesting Account of Stonyhurst Buckhunt : detailing the particulars of the chace of that day, which was honoured with the presence of the Duke of Norfolk, his noble brothers, and his kinsman John Talbot ; accompanied by Mr. Waters, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Penketh—all of whom were gentlemen fond of the turf, and who stood at nought in taking a leap when in ‘View Halloo !’”

To Whalley Moor therefore he ran,  
To Clitheroe and Waddington ;  
Yet visits Mitton by the way,  
Although he had no time to stay.

I.

It was one morning, when the sun  
Had gilded all our horizon,  
And seem'd in haste to mount the sky,  
Some new-known pleasures to espy ;  
Whose early rays did me invite  
To walk the downs for my delight.

2.

Serene and calm all did appear ;  
At last this music reach'd my ear—  
The morning's call, one blast of horn ;  
While horses at the ground did spurn

beginning, “Hie away to Rossall Point.” He is also said to have written “The Burnley Haymakers,” in this volume, and a song called “The Five-Barred Gate.” We have sought in vain for the first and third of these songs. Are they irrecoverably lost?

In stately scorn, neighing so high,  
As echoed in the lofty sky.

3.

'Twas my good hap to see his grace  
As he on Twister mounted was ;  
Norfolk's great duke, my muse does mean,  
Whose skill in horsemanship was seen  
So excellent, my fancy swore  
Chiran ne'er taught Achilles more.

4.

With steady countenance he sat,  
While the proud steed did bound and jet,  
Seeming of nature to complain  
That he was made of ought terrene,  
Ready to mount the starry sphere,  
And make a constellation there.

5.

His noble brothers present were,  
Attending on this worthy peer,  
With many a gentleman of worth,  
Greater than here I can set forth ;  
I only should insert each name—  
Learn you the rest from public fame.

6.

Sir Nicholas upon a black,  
Was bravely mounted, show'd no lack ;  
Due commendation, could my muse  
For his great merits words diffuse :  
More gen'rous, just, or good than he,  
No mortal ever yet could be.

## 7.

Joy in his countenance appear'd,  
Wherewith his lovely guests he cheer'd ;  
Brisk, airy, young, to all he'll show—  
And may he evermore be so :  
Great with the honourable sort,  
Yet still the poor man's chief support.

## 8.

His kinsman, Talbot, there I saw,  
A comely youth from top to toe ;  
With many heroes of the same,  
Yet he's the last of that brave name,  
Equipp'd in a most gallant sort,  
To be partaker of the sport.

## 9.

The next rare object I did spy  
Was a brave horseman,—O, thought I,  
That's Pegasus he's mounted on,  
And he's the young Bellerophon ;  
Their motions were so well combin'd,  
You'd think they both had but one mind.

## 10.

“ That's Mr. Waters,” one did say,  
“ Mounted on gallant Northall gray.  
And many more I saw, whose names  
In proper place I shall proclaim,  
Who, to divert themselves, met there,  
In hunting of a fallow deer.

## 11.

Good hounds they had as ever run,  
Braver the sun ne'er shone upon ;

Towler and Tapster, hunters' pride—  
Famous and Juno, proved and tried ;  
The best that ever traced the grounds,  
And glory of all British hounds.

12.

Carver, respected much by Knowls,  
Wonder and Thunder none controls ;  
Nor Ploughman—but they all excel,  
'Tis hard to say which bears the bell ;  
Indifferent praises none should have,  
They're all superlatively brave.

13.

Phillis and Comely, pray you mind,  
Though in the verse they come behind ;  
Their excellence in field is great,  
Their skill in hunting most complete ;  
Countess and Cæsar bravely trace  
The ground, with charming, snuffling face.

14.

The buck, unlodged, began to fear  
At sight of such a concourse there,  
Thinking it was conspiracy  
Against his life, and he must die ;  
Trusting to feel incontinent,  
Which still betray'd him by the scent.

15.

The hounds uncoupled on the plain,  
A mortal war straight did proclaim ;  
With such melodious mouths they cry,  
As make a perfect harmony ;

Whilst Echo, answering in each grove,  
Had quite forgot Narcissus' love.

## 16.

The sound of horn alarm did give  
Unto this silly fugitive ;  
Who was resolvèd in this chace  
To give a prospect to his grace,  
And to all worthy hunters there,  
Of all the country far and near.

## 17.

To Whalley Moor he therefore run,  
To Clitheroe and Waddington ;  
Yet visits Mitton by the way,  
Although he had no time to stay ;  
Then into Bowland Forest goes,  
Still follow'd by his full-mouth'd foes.

## 18.

Robin the groom began to swear—  
“ This is the devil and no deer,”  
So spurs up cheerful Favourite—  
A mare that may a prince delight,  
And coming close in, cried, “ Zounds,  
All Europe cannot show such hounds.”

## 19.

With tedious but well-pleasing steps,  
Our trusty Abraham forward trips ;  
No river, mount, or dale can stay  
His passage, but he finds a way  
Through all obstructions, past compare  
In hunting otter, buck, or hare.

## 20.

Except old Mr. Harris, who  
Did all that any man could do ;  
And Mr. Penketh, who pursued  
As if they both had youth renew'd,  
Equal in skill and in desire,  
Which made the hunters all admire.

## 21.

To Stony Moor this buck then fled,  
Where we did think him almost dead ;  
To Storth and Fowlscales then he hied,  
And then to pleasant Hodder side ;  
But had not Famous labour'd sore,  
We'd hunted all the forest o'er.

## 22.

But when he'd cool'd his limbs awhile,  
And gather'd vigour for new toil,  
To Bosden stoutly he did run,  
The seat of Captain Hodgkinson ;  
And there we saw—O fate to tell !  
He by our hounds at Knowsmoor fell !

## 23.

To Stonyhurst, then, this gallant train,  
As if in triumph turn'd again,  
Mutually asking on the way  
Which dog had best perform'd that day ;—  
But 'twas a riddle none could tell,  
Because they'd all perform'd so well.

## 24.

Therefore, since ended is the chace,  
Let healths go round unto his grace ;

To his illustrious duchess, too,  
 The like devotion let us show ;  
 Next for Sir Nicholas let us pray,  
 And so conclude our hunting-day.

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# AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD,

ENTITLED

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVE OF A LANCASHIRE GENTLE-  
 MAN, AND THE HARD FORTUNE OF A FAIR YOUNG  
 BRIDE.

*Tune.*—"Come, follow my love."

OF this ballad there exists a broadside copy in Mr. J. O. Halliwell's *Collection of Proclamations*, etc., presented by him to the Chetham Library. It is there printed in six columns, with two rude woodcuts at the head, of a lady and gentleman. It is also reprinted in that gentleman's *Palatine Anthology*.

LOOK, ye faithful lovers,  
 On my unhappy state,  
 See my tears distilling,  
 But pourèd out too late,  
 And buy no foolish fancy  
 At too dear a rate.  
 Alack ! for my love I shall die.

My father he's a gentleman,  
 Well known, of high degree,  
 And tender of my welfare  
 Evermore was he.



He sought for reputation,  
But all the worse for me.  
Alack ! etc.

There was a proper maiden,  
Of favour sweet and fair,  
To whom in deep affection  
I closely did repair :  
In heart I dearly lov'd her ;  
Lo ! thus began my care.  
Alack ! etc.

Nothing wanting in her,  
But this, the grief of all,  
Of birth she was but lowly,  
Of substance very small ;  
A simple hirèd servant,  
And subject to each call.  
Alack ! etc.

Yet she was my pleasure,  
My joy and heart's delight,  
More rich than any treasure,  
More precious in my sight !  
At length to one another  
Our promise we did plight.  
Alack ! etc.

And thus unto my father  
The thing I did reveal,  
Desiring of his favour,  
Nothing I did conceal ;  
But he my dear affection  
Regarded ne'er a deal.  
Alack ! etc.

Quoth he, Thou graceless fellow,  
Thou art my only heir,  
And for thy own preferment  
Hast thou no better care,  
Than marry with a beggar,  
That is both poor and bare?  
Alack ! etc.

I charge thee, on my blessing,  
Thou do her right refrain,  
And that into her company  
You never come again ;  
That you should be so married  
I take it in disdain.  
Alack ! etc.

Is there so many gentlemen,  
Of worship and degree,  
That have most honest daughters,  
Of beauty fair and free ;  
And can none but a beggar's brat  
Content and pleasure thee?  
Alack ! etc.

By Him that made all creatures—  
This vow to thee I make—  
If thou do not this beggar  
Refuse and quite forsake,  
From thee thy due inheritance  
I wholly mean to take.  
Alack ! etc.

These, his bitter speeches,  
Did sore torment my mind,

Knowing well how greatly  
He was to wrath inclin'd.  
My heart was slain with sorrow ;  
No comfort could I find.  
Alack ! etc.

Then did I write a letter,  
And send it to my dear,  
Wherein my first affection  
All changèd did appear ;  
Which from her fair eyes forc'd  
The pearly water clear.  
Alack ! etc.

For grief, unto the messenger  
One word she could not speak,  
Those doleful heavy tidings  
Her gentle heart did break ;  
Yet sought not by her speeches  
On me her heart to wreak.  
Alack ! etc.

This deed within my conscience  
Tormented me full sore,  
To think upon the promise  
I made her long before ;  
And for its true performance  
How I most deeply swore.  
Alack ! etc.

I could not be in quiet  
Till I to her did go,  
Who for my sake remainèd  
In sorrow, grief, and woe ;

And unto her in secret  
My full intent to show.  
Alack ! etc.

My sight rejoicèd greatly  
Her sad perplexèd heart ;  
From both her eyes on sudden  
The trickling tears did start,  
And on each other's bosom  
We breathèd forth our smart.  
Alack ! etc.

Unknown unto my father,  
Or any friend beside,  
Ourselves we closely married,  
She was my only bride ;  
Yet still within her service  
I caus'd her to abide.  
Alack ! etc.

But never had two lovers  
More sorrow, care, and grief ;  
No means, in our extremity,  
We found for our relief ;  
And now what further happen'd  
Here followeth in brief.  
Alack ! etc.

Now all ye loyal lovers  
Attend unto the rest,  
See by my secret marriage  
How sore I am opprest ;  
For why, my foul misfortune  
Herein shall be exprest.  
Alack ! etc.

My father came unto me  
    Upon a certain day,  
And with a merry countenance,  
    These words to me did say :  
My son, quoth he, come hither,  
    And mark what I shall say.  
    Alack ! etc.

Seeing you are disposèd  
    To lead a wedded life,  
I have, unto your credit,  
    Provided you a wife,  
Where thou may'st live delightful  
    Without all care and strife.  
    Alack ! etc.

Master Senock's daughter,  
    Most beautiful and wise ;  
Three hundred pounds, her portion,  
    May well thy mind suffice ;  
And by her friends and kindred  
    Thou may'st to credit rise.  
    Alack ! etc.

This is, my son, undoubted,  
    A match for thee most meet ;  
She is a proper maiden,  
    Most delicate and sweet ;  
Go woo her, then, and wed her,  
    I shall rejoice to see't.  
    Alack ! etc.

Her friends and I have talkèd,  
    And thereon have agreed,

Then be not thou abashèd,  
But speedily proceed ;  
Thou shalt be entertainèd,  
And leave no doubt to speed.  
Alack ! etc.

O pardon me, dear father,  
With bashful looks, I said,  
To enter into marriage,  
I sorely am afraid ;  
A single life is lovely ;  
Therein my mind is staid.  
Alack ! etc.

When he had heard my speech,  
His anger did arise ;  
He drove me from his presence ;  
My sight he did despise ;  
And straight to disinherit me  
All means he did devise.  
Alack ! etc.

When I perceiv'd myself  
In that ill case to stand,  
Most lewdly [*i.e.*, wickedly] I consented  
Unto his fond demand,  
And married with the other,  
And all to save my land.  
Alack ! etc.

And at this hapless marriage  
Great cost my friends did keep ;  
They sparèd not their poultry,  
Their oxen, nor their sheep.

Whilst joyfully they danc'd,  
I did in corners weep.  
Alack ! etc.

My conscience was tormented,  
Which did my joys deprive ;  
Yet, for to hide my sorrow,  
My thoughts did always strive ;  
Quoth I, what shame 'twill be  
To have two wives alive.  
Alack ! etc.

O my sweet Margaret !  
I did in sorrow say,  
Thou know'st not, in thy service,  
Of this my marriage day :  
Though here my body resteth,  
With thee my heart doth stay !  
Alack ! etc.

And in my meditations  
Came in my lovely bride,  
With chains and jewels trimmèd  
And silken robes beside ;  
Saying, Why doth my true love  
So sadly here abide ?  
Alack ! etc.

Then twenty loving kisses  
She did on me bestow,  
And forth abroad, a-walking,  
This lovely maid did go ?  
Yea, arm-in-arm most friendly,  
With him that was her foe.  
Alack ! etc.

But when that I had brought her  
Where nobody was near,  
I embrac'd her most falsely,  
With a most feignèd chear,  
Then unto the heart I stabb'd  
This maiden fair and clear.  
Alack ! etc.

Myself in woeful manner,  
I wounded with a knife,  
And laid myself down by her,  
By this my married wife ;  
And said that thieves, to rob us,  
Had wrought this deadly strife.  
Alack ! etc.

Great wailing and great sorrow  
Was then upon each side ;  
In woeful sort they buried  
This fair and comely bride,  
And my dissimulation  
Herein was quickly try'd.  
Alack ! etc.

And for this cruel murder  
To death thus I am brought ;  
For this my aged father  
Did end his days in nought ;  
My Margaret, at these tidings,  
Her own destruction wrought.  
Alack ! etc.

Lo ! here the doleful peril  
Blind fancy brought me in,



And mark what care and sorrow  
Forc'd marriage it doth bring.  
All men by me be warnèd,  
And Lord forgive my sin.  
Alack ! for my love I must die.

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## CARELESS CONTENT.

*Written, in imitation of Sir Philip Sydney,  
by John Byron, M.A., F.R.S.*

WE copy this charmingly quaint piece from the *Miscellaneous Poems* of this pleasing poet, who was born at Manchester in 1691, and died in September 1763, aged 71.

I AM content, I do not care,  
Wag as it will the world for me ;  
When fuss and fret was all my fare,  
It got no ground as I did see :  
So when away my caring went,  
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks, and less of thought,  
I strive to make my matters meet ;  
To seek what ancient sages sought,  
Physic and food in sour and sweet ;  
To take what passes in good part,  
And keep the hiccups from my heart.

With good and gentle humour'd hearts  
I choose to chat where'er I come ;

What'er the subject be that starts ;  
But if I get among the glum,<sup>1</sup>  
I hold my tongue, to tell the troth,  
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change, of peace or pain,  
For Fortune's favour, or her frown,  
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,  
I never dodge, nor up, nor down ;  
But swing what way the ship shall swim,  
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit <sup>2</sup> not where I shall not speed,  
Nor trace the turn of ev'ry tide ;  
If simple sense will not succeed,  
I make no bustling, but abide :  
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,  
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,  
Of "they are wrong," and "we are right,"  
I shun the rancours and the routs,  
And, wishing well to every wight,  
Whatever turn the matter takes,  
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,  
Nor, if the folks should flout me, faint ;  
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,  
I cook no kind of a complaint ;  
With none disposed to disagree,  
But like them best, who best like me.

<sup>1</sup> The sullen.

<sup>2</sup> I follow, or sue, or crave.

Not that I rate myself the rule  
How all my betters should behave ;  
But Fame shall find me no man's fool,  
Nor to a set of men a slave ;  
I love a friendship free and frank,  
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,  
I never loose where'er I link ;  
Though if a business budges by,  
I talk thereon just as I think :  
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,  
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,  
Whatever hap the question hath,  
The point impartially I poise,  
And read or write, but without wrath ;  
For should I burn or break my brains,  
Pray who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,  
Myself like him, too, by his leave ;  
Nor to his pleasure, pow'r, or pelf,  
Came I to crouch, as I conceive :  
Dame Nature doubtless has design'd  
A man—the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,  
Mood it, and brood it, in your breast ;  
Or if you ween, for worldly stirs,  
That man does right to mar his rest ;  
Let me be deft and debonair,<sup>1</sup>  
I am content, I do not care.

<sup>1</sup> Dextrous, or ready ; and gentle, or complaisant.

It would be difficult to find in the whole range of lyric literature a composition containing so many singular qualities. In character and sentiment it is at once vigorous and laconic; in style, antique and quaint, resembling not only Sydney, but in parts Suckling, Withers, and even George Herbert; in diction proverbial and colloquial, yet never vulgar; while it is one of the most happily constructed pieces of alliterative poetry to be found in the English language. Three distinct forms of this alliteration may be seen in it,—the first letters of words throughout a line, or sometimes the like sounds of different letters; this kind, mingled with syllabic alliteration, as—

“The point impartially I poise;”

And lastly, what may be called alliterative antithesis, as in—

“Physic and food in sour and sweet;”

“For chance or change, of peace or pain;”

“For lack or glut, for loss or gain;”

“For shining wealth, or scaring woe,” etc.

### THE FROG AND THE CROW.

WE print this quaint song, by permission, from *Notes and Queries*, where it is given by a correspondent, “T. I.,” who says he has been familiar with it from childhood, but can give no history of it, save that it is tolerably well-known in Lancashire, and that the *point* consists in giving a scream over the last “Oh!” which invariably, if well done, elicits a start, even in those

who are familiar with the rhyme and know what to expect. The present editor has frequently joined in the scream, some fifty years ago. The moral is obvious, and the diction too recent for the song to have any great antiquity.

THERE was a jolly fat frog liv'd in the river Swim, oh,  
And there was a comely black crow liv'd on the river  
brim, oh ;

"Come on shore, come on shore," said the crow to the  
frog, "and then, oh."

"No, you'll bite me ; no, you'll bite me,"—said the  
frog to the crow again, oh.

"But there is sweet music on yonder green hill, oh,  
And you shall be a dancer, a dancer in yellow,  
All in yellow, all in yellow,"—said the crow to the  
frog,—“and then, oh.”

"Sir, I thank you ; Sir, I thank you,"—said the frog  
to the crow again, oh.

"Farewell, ye little fishes, that are in the river Swim,  
oh,

For I am going to be a dancer, a dancer in yellow ;”

"Oh, beware ! Oh, beware !”—said the fish to the  
frog again, oh.

"All in yellow, all in yellow,"—said the frog to the  
fish,—“and then, oh.”

The frog he came a-swimming, a-swimming to land,  
oh ;

And the crow he came hopping, to lend him his hand,  
oh ;

"Sir, I thank you ; Sir, I thank you,"—said the frog to the crow,—and then, oh.

"Sir, you're welcome ; Sir, you're welcome,"—said the crow to the frog again, oh.

"But where is the music on yonder green hill, oh ?  
And where are the dancers, the dancers in yellow ?  
All in yellow, all in yellow?"—said the frog to the crow,—and then, oh.

"Sir, they're here ; Sir, they're here," said the crow to the frog, and eat him all up—*Oh !* [Screamed.]

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### DICK O' STANLEY GREEN.

THIS is a Lancashire version of a song of which many varieties exist, not only in different parts of England, but also in Ireland ; the subject of it being a raw, rustic lover, who offers himself to a lady, is ridiculed, and, deeming her expectations extravagant, retires in dudgeon. Amongst the better known English songs on this text are "Gallop'g Dreary Dun," "Richard of Taunton Dean," "Harry's Courtship," "The Clown's Courtship," etc. Some of these are in the Somersetshire dialect. One is termed "The Wooing Song of a Yeoman of Kent's Son." There is a Yorkshire ballad on this subject ; and the Irish version is entitled "Dicky of Ballyvan." The following version is a great favourite in North Lancashire, and was copied for this work by Mr. John Hill, of Bleasdale :—

## I.

LAST New-'Er's day, as I've heerd say,  
I mounted on my dappled gray,  
My buckskin breeches I put on,  
My country clogs, to save my shoon,  
Besides an owd hat to cover my yed,  
'Twas all hung round wi' ribbins red.

## 2.

Straightway I went unto the hall,  
Aloud for Mistress Jane did call ;  
Some trusty sarvant let me in,  
Thet I my courtship might begin :  
"Why, don't yaw ken me, Mistress Jane?  
I am poor Dick, fro' Stanley Green.

## 3.

"My fayther's sent me here to woo,  
And I con fancy noan but yaw ;  
An yaw loove me, as I loove yaw,<sup>1</sup>  
What need ye mak so muckle to do?

. . . . .

## 4.

"It's I con plough, and I con sow,  
An' I con reap, an' I con mow,  
An' I con to the market go,  
An' sell my daddy's corn and hay,  
An' addle my sixpence ivvery day."

<sup>1</sup> "An yo luv me, as aye luv yue,  
Noa knife shall cut awar luv i' two."

## 5.

"Sixpence a day will never do :  
 I must wear silk an' satin too ;  
 Sixpence a day wain't find us meat."  
 "Ods-ducks !" says Dick, "I've a stack o'  
 wheat,  
 Besides an owd house, as stands close by ;  
 It'll all be mine when my fayther die."

## 6.

"Your compliments, Dick, are so polite ;  
 They mak' the company laugh outright."  
 . . . . .  
 "If yaw have got noah moore to say,  
 I'll bid yaw good neet, an I'll away !"

NOTE BY MR. JOHN HILL.—New-Ers is the pronunciation of New Year's.—*Dud*, a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon *do-ed*, is much used in Amounderness for did.—*Ods-ducks !* is an old exclamation very common in dales bordering on the Pennine chain of hills.—*Thet* is the local pronunciation of that.—*Yaw*, for you, is not the *yo* or the *yeaw* of Lancashire south of Ribble, but has the *au* sound, like the *naw* of Yorkshire, and is almost universal in that county, and north of the Ribble.

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 BLAKELEY COURTSHIP.

THIS is another ballad upon the same favourite theme, and cast in like mould. It is communicated by Mr. John Higson of Droylsden, who states that it was sung by Mrs. Rideal many years ago.

THERE was a young lad in Blakeley did dwell,  
 And he'd go a courting one night by hissel' ;



To borrow th' gray mare it was his intent,  
He took Tinker's gray mare and a courting he went,  
To his own mind,

He rode and he rode till he came to the door,  
And Nell came t' oppen it, as she'd done afore ;  
"Come, geet off thy horse," she to him did say,  
"And put it i' th' stable, and give it some hay,  
To thy own mind."

And when he had done he came into th' house,  
And he was as weet as any drown't mouse ;  
She rought him th' owd cheer,<sup>1</sup> as he'd set in afore,  
"Come sit thee down by me, love ; let's talk it o'er  
To our own mind."

They talk'd it o'er until it was day,  
He said, "Ah'll goo whoam." She said, "Goo thy  
way."

He went into th' stable, to fot his mare out,  
"Now prithee, love, ta'e me to th' bottom o' th' fowt,<sup>2</sup>  
To thy own mind."

When Jamie were mounted, right off he did trig,  
His face was as curlèd as any owd wig ;  
He'd a chin like a churn, and an owd queer hat,  
And he look'd like a monkey a-top o' th' mare's back.

<sup>1</sup> Reached him the old chair.

<sup>2</sup> "Take me to the bottom or entrance of the fold," or cluster of houses round a yard or court—a common mode of grouping cottages in country places in Lancashire—forming the nucleus of many a hamlet or village, as population increases.

MR. HIGSON communicated another version of the same ballad to the present editor, which he obtained from Mr. Samuel Tatton, of Gorton and Manchester. It runs as follows :—

## BLAKELEY COURTSHIP.

THERE were a young lad in Blakeley did dwell,  
And as for his name I darno' yo' tell ;  
He courted Ann Dawson at Bowlee Side,  
And on Tinker's mare a courtin' did ride,  
To his own mind.

Last Seturday neet to Owd Tinker's he went,  
"Win yo' lend me yo'r mare," and he gan him consent,  
He says "Aw know thee—thy name it is Jack,"  
An' away he went trudgin' at top o' th' mare's back,  
To his own mind.

As he was gooin' by Coppy Wood Side,  
It rain'd os hard as e'er it could sigh ;  
His heart it did ache, an' he trembled with fear,  
Unless he couldn't get o'er at Bowlee Side,  
To his own mind.

When he geet theere he knockt at the doore,  
An' Nanny coom eawt, as yo' may be sure ;  
"Put thy horse into th' stable, as theau'st done before,  
An' com sit deawn by me, as we'n done before,  
To my own mind."

"Awve hens an' awve cocks, awve rappits un ducks,  
Beside gowd an' silver, tho' aw haveno' got much ;

Awve as much as five pounds, when aw is made reet,  
Beside aw con wayve hawve a piece in a week,  
To my own mind."

They talk'd it o'er till break of day,  
He said, "Aw'll goo whom ;" hoo said, "Goo thy way ;  
If theau'd done as aw'd had thee, my heart thea'd a  
won ;  
But neww theau'rt as fur off as t'were when begun,  
To my own mind."

He went into th' stable to fotch his mare eawt,  
Sayin' "Neaw, prithee, love, tae me to th' bottom o'  
th' fowt?"  
He'd a chin like a churn, an' an owd scrubby hat,  
He sit like a monkey ut top o' th' mare's back,  
To my own mind.

An' when he geet whom his fayther did say,  
 "What's matter wi' Jack? he's like an eawl sleepin'  
 i' th' day ;  
 Sometimes he doth sigh, an' sometimes he doth cry,  
 An' he says he'll be up to them bye and bye,"  
 To his own mind.

THE LANCASHIRE MILLER.

THIS song has much point, and is a favourite in most parts of North Lancashire.

I.

OWD Jeremy Gigg, a miller was he,  
In Lancashire born and bred ;  
The mill was all he depended upon,  
To earn him his daily bread.

Owd Jeremy he was growing owd,  
His latter end it was near ;  
He had three sons, and it puzzled him sore  
Which of 'em should be his heir.

## 2.

Now he call'd to him his eldest son,—  
“An answer give to me :  
What way would theaw tak thy bread to mak,  
If my mill I left to thee?”  
“Oh, if the mill were mine,” said he,  
“I'll plainly tell to yeaw,  
Out of every seck I'd tak a peck,  
As yeaw've been used to do.”

## 3.

Now he call'd to him his second son,—  
“An answer give to me :  
What way would theaw tak thy bread to mak,  
If the mill were given to thee?”  
“Oh, if the mill were mine,” said he,  
“As sure as my name's Roaf,  
Instead of a peck out of every seck,  
I'm sure I'd tak one-hawf.”

## 4.

Now he call'd to him his youngest son ;  
His youngest son was Will ;  
“On the answer theaw does give to me,  
Depends who gets the mill.”  
“Oh, if the mill were mine,” said he,  
“A living I would mek ;  
Instead o' one-hawf, I'd tek it all,  
And swear 'em out o' th' seck.”

## 5.

Then owd Jeremy he rose up in bed,  
To hear him talk so smart ;  
Saying, "Well done, Will! theaw's won the mill ;  
Theaw'rt the lad o' meh heart !"  
The other two look'd rayther blue,  
And swore it wur too bad ;  
But little Will, he won the mill,  
And the Devil he got his dad.

---

## CONTENTMENT.

## THE HAPPY WORKMAN'S SONG.

*By John Byrom, M.A., F.R.S.*

WE copy this song, by permission, from the *Miscellaneous Poems* of this author.

I AM a poor workman, as rich as a Jew—  
A strange sort of tale, but however 'tis true ;  
Come listen awhile, and I'll prove it to you,  
So as nobody can deny.

I am a poor workman, you'll easily grant,  
Yet I'm rich as a Jew, for there's nothing I want ;  
I have meat, drink, and clothes, and am hearty and  
cant,<sup>1</sup>

Which nobody can deny.

<sup>1</sup> Cheerful.

I live in a cottage, and yonder it stands ;  
And while I can work with these two honest hands,  
I'm as happy as they that have houses and lands,  
Which nobody can deny.

I keep to my workmanship all the day long,  
I sing and I whistle, and this is my song—  
“Thank God, who has made me so lusty and strong,”  
Which nobody can deny.

I never am greedy of delicate fare :  
If God give me enough, though 'tis ever so bare,  
The more is His love, and the less is my care,  
Which nobody can deny.

My clothes on a working-day looken<sup>1</sup> but lean,  
But when I can dress me, on Sundays I mean,  
Though cheap, they are warm ; though coarse, they  
are clean,  
Which nobody can deny.

Folk cry out, “Hard times,” but I never regard,  
For I ne'er did, nor will, set my heart upo' th' ward ;<sup>2</sup>  
So 'tis all one to me, bin<sup>3</sup> they easy or hard,  
Which nobody will deny.

I envy not them that have thousands of pounds,  
That sport o'er the country with horses and hounds ;  
There's nought 'but contentment can keep within  
bounds,  
Which nobody can deny.

<sup>1</sup> The Lancashire plural of look.

<sup>2</sup> Upon the world.

<sup>3</sup> Another Lancashire plural, be.

I ne'er lose my time o'er a pipe or a pot,  
Nor cower in a nook, like a sluggardly sot ;  
But I buy what is wanting with what I have got,  
Which nobody can deny.

And if I have more than I want for to spend,  
I help a poor neighbour or diligent friend ;  
He that gives to the poor, to the Lord he doth lend,  
Which nobody can deny.

I grudge not the gentlefolk dressen so fine ;  
At their gold and their silver I never repine ;  
But I wish all their guts were as hearty as mine,  
Which nobody can deny.

With quarrels o' th' country, and matters of state,  
With Tories and Whigs I ne'er puzzle my pate ;  
There are some that I love, but none that I hate,  
Which nobody can deny.

What though my condition be ever so coarse,  
I strive to embrace it for better or worse,  
And my heart, I thank God, is as light as my purse,  
Which nobody can deny.

Whatever, in short, my condition may be,  
'Tis God that appoints it, as far as I see,  
And I'm sure I can never do better than He,  
Which nobody can deny.

---

#### SIR GUALTER.

##### *A Tradition of Northen Boat-House.*

IN the *Phœnix*, a Manchester literary journal, the following legendary ballad appeared during 1828. It

purported to have been preserved by "one Maister Lovelle;" its writer being really William Rowlinson, a young Manchester poet, who, in his love for poesy in an antique garb, and in other respects, resembled poor Chatterton. Rowlinson was drowned, whilst bathing in the Thames, in June 1829. As the old orthography in which it was written does not improve the ballad, we print it in a modern dress. At Northen, near Manchester, there was, till very recently, an ancient ferry across the river Mersey from Lancashire to Cheshire, called "Northen Boat;" the village of Northen, or Northenden, being in the latter county:—

"Now ferry me o'er, thou good boatmàn !  
I prithee, ferry me o'er !  
That I may see my lady to-night,  
Or I never may see her more."

"The winds blow high, and the stream runs strong,  
And I dare not ferry thee o'er ;  
Thou canst not see thy lady to-night,  
If thou never dost see her more."

"I will see her to-night if my life be spared,  
For I've heard the death-owl's scream ;  
Who has heard it once may not hear it twice,  
She must hear my awful dream."

"My boat is moor'd, and I will not cross ;  
Sir Knight, thou may'st away ;  
Or rest thee to-night till the morning's light,—  
We will o'er at break of day."

"Here's gold in store, and thou shalt have more,  
To venture across with me ;



If we die ere we reach the other bank,  
A mass shall be said for thee."

The boat is unmoor'd, and they both leap in,  
And steer for the other side ;  
Now swim thou swiftly, thou fearless boat,  
Against the rushing tide.

Now, now for thy life, thou boatman, push,  
For the stream runs swifter on ;  
Another boat's length, with all thy strength,  
And the bank ye have safely won.

'Tis past, 'tis past, they have reach'd the side,  
And they both leap on the bank :  
'Tis well ! 'tis well ! with an eddying whirl  
That boat hath swiftly sank.

Sir Gualter hath given the boatman gold,  
Thence hastes to the trysting-tree ;  
What a rueful sight for a gallant knight  
Was there for him to see !

The Lady Isabel blacken'd and scorch'd  
By the lightning blast of heaven ;  
And that stately tree, where they oft had met,  
Was leafless, and blasted, and riven !

He kneel'd him down o'er that lifeless form ;  
And the death-owl o'er him flew,  
And it scream'd as it pass'd on the rushing blast ;  
Then his fate Sir Gualter knew.

Then he gather'd that form within his arms,  
And rush'd to the river's side ;

Then plunged from the bank, and both of them sank  
In the darkly rolling tide.

There is a tradition in the neighbourhood that the spirits of the knight and the lady are still occasionally to be seen at midnight, especially in storms, beneath the aged yew, as if still bent on keeping their tryst, —love stronger than death itself!

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### THE HERMIT OF KERSALL CELL.

*By John Leigh, Esq., M.D., Manchester.*

SIR HUGH LE BIRON of Clayton Hall, near Manchester, after having served the king in his French wars, returned home, and became a monk and the Hermit of Kersall Cell, for the maintenance of which cell he made considerable grants. It was attached to the Priory of Lenton in Nottinghamshire. Some remains of Clayton Hall, surrounded by the ancient moat, are yet extant on the Ashton Road. The old bell-turret, surmounting what appears to be the oldest part of the hall, is very picturesque. Of Kersall Cell nothing is left. It is probable that the very interesting and ancient seat of Miss Atherton, one of the fine timber houses for which Lancashire and Cheshire were once celebrated, and still called Kersall Cell, occupies the site of the older ecclesiastical structure.

A GALLANT knight he sallied forth,  
And none more proud than he,  
And the hall of Clayton rang with mirth  
And shouts of revelrie.

“Down with the bridge,” the knight he cried ;  
“Up with the portcullis,” he said ;  
Sir Hugo le Biron pricked his steed,  
And from Clayton he gaily sped.

And there were with him of lances a score,  
And twenty archers good.  
“Ah ha !” said the knight, “who would not be  
Of merrie English blood ?”

But who is she who sits in her bower,  
Watching the cavalcade ?  
’Tis the lady of Clayton, Sir Hugo’s bride,  
“Ah ! woe is me,” she say’d.

And many a year there passed o’er,  
Sir Hugo he came not again,  
And ever that lady she wept full sore  
As she thought of her true knight slain.

---

They yield, they run, the field is won,  
And shouts now rend the air ;  
The English hotly press their foes,  
The French fly in despair.

Yet one there is in that proud host  
No shout of joy can hear ;  
No smile that warrior’s lips hath crossed  
For many a weary year.

His sword is deeply dyed with gore,  
His shattered lance lies near ;  
Stern and sad is that warrior’s mien,  
And his heart is lone and sear.

No gladness to him doth victory bring,  
His soul is sore opprest,  
Sir Hugo le Biron looks coldly on,  
And fain would be at rest.

There lieth a weight on his guilty soul  
No penance can move away,  
And he ever is found in the deadliest fight,  
And eke in the hottest fray.

The wild wild shriek of that maddening hour  
Still ringeth oft in his ear,  
And he shuddereth now as it sweeps on the gale,  
And his face is blanched with fear.

No human foe doth Sir Hugo dread,  
No sound of the fiercest blast ;  
Save when it sighs o'er the field of the dead  
The wail of a crime long past.

Sir Hugo he turneth his steed away,  
He seeketh no flying foe,  
Death had he braved in the battle's van  
Then e'en let the vanquished go.

He seeketh the shore, where once from his bark  
He had landed blithe and gay,  
But now he returneth a careworn man  
To guilt and remorse a prey.

And over the ocean again he sped,  
Back to the land of his birth,  
Resolved from his home no more to roam,  
But to dwell by his ancient hearth.

Sir Hugo to Clayton hath hastened on,  
And lighter hath felt his heart,  
When a muffled knell from the turret bell,  
Hath caused the knight to start.

And issuing forth from out the gate,  
A train came slowly on ;  
A sable pall on a coffin thrown  
Bore his own escutcheon.

“Who is it ye bring?” said the trembling knight,  
As he neared the sad array ;  
“’Tis the lady of Clayton,” a mourner said,  
“Who pined for her lord away.”

“And who art thou, thou way-worn knight,  
That rideth here all alone ?  
Why come ye to Clayton this doleful day ?  
Why look ye so sad and lone ?”

Sir Hugo le Biron fell from his steed,  
For deadly faint he felt,  
“Why, who is this?” said the wondering host,  
As over the knight they knelt.

“Oh ! I am your lord,” Sir Hugo he said,  
“Bear me within,” cried the knight ;  
“Alas that ever I saw this day,  
Or met this dismal sight.”

To Kersall Cell the knight he fled,  
And a hermit lone was he ;  
And he sought by prayer to expiate  
The deeds of his chivalrie.

A hermit lone that knight was he  
In Kersall whereto he fled,  
And many a year of sorrow was passed  
Ere he slept with the dead.

---

## WARRINGTON ALE.

THE following song, by a deceased author, we believe, has never before been printed. It is a favourite in Warrington, especially with those by whom the beverage it celebrates is preferred.

YOUR doctors may boast of their lotions,  
And ladies may talk of their tea ;  
But I envy them none of their potions :  
A glass of good stingo for me.  
The doctor may sneer if he pleases,  
But my recipe never will fail ;  
For the physic that cures all diseases  
Is a bumper of Warrington ale.

D'ye mind me, I once was a sailor,  
And in different countries I've been ;  
If I lie, may I go for a tailor,  
But a thousand fine sights I have seen.  
I've been cramm'd with good things like a wallet,  
And I've guzzled more drink than a whale ;  
But the very best stuff to my palate  
Is a glass of your Warrington ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean,  
Why, there I got plenty of grog,

And I liked it, because I'd a notion  
It set one's good spirits agog.  
But since upon land I've been steering,  
Experience has alter'd my tale ;  
For nothing on earth is so cheering  
As a bumper of Warrington ale.

Into France I have oftentimes follow'd,  
And once took a trip into Spain ;  
And all kinds of liquor I've swallow'd,  
From spring-water up to champagne.  
But the richest of wines to my thinking,  
Compared with good stingo is stale ;  
For there's nothing in life that's worth drinking,  
Like a bumper of Warrington ale.

---

## DROYLSDEN WAKES SONG.

MR. HIGSON in his *History of Droylsden* gives the following account, under the title of "Threedey-Wheel :"—

"A singular Wakes custom was introduced into Droylsden, about 1814, from Woodhouses, near Fails-worth, where it had been prevalent for more than the third of a century. Chambers, in his *Edinburgh Journal* gives it a notice, as does also Bell, after Dixon, under the title of "The Greenside Wakes Song," in his annotated edition of the English poets. The ceremonial issued from Greenside, a hamlet in Droylsden, and consisted of two male equestrians grotesquely habited. One, John, son of Robert Hulme of Greenside,

personified a man ; the other, James, son of Aaron Etchells of Edge Lane, a woman. They were engaged with spinning-wheels, spinning flax in the olden style, and conducting a rustic dialogue in limping verse, after which they collected contributions from spectators. Latterly, a cart was substituted for a saddle, as being a safer position in case they grew tipsy. Both Bell and Chambers translate the rhyme into "gradely English," and render threedywheel, "tread the wheel;" but it is evidently *thread the wheel*, as will be seen by a perusal of the original idomatic and more spirited version :—

HE.

It's Dreighlsdin wakes, un' wey're comin' to teawn,  
To tell yo o' somethin' o' greet reneawn ;  
Un' if this owd jade ull lem'mi begin,  
Aw'l show yo haew hard un how fast au con spin.

*Chorus.*—So it's threedywheel, threedywheel, dan,  
don, dill, doe.

SHE.

Theaw brags o' thisel'; bur aw dunno' think it's true,  
For aw will uphowd the, thy faurts arn't a few ;  
For when theaw hast done, un' spun very hard,  
O' this aw'm weel sure, thi work is ill marr'd

*Chorus.*—So it's threedywheel, etc.

HE.

Theaw saucy owd jade, theaw'dst best howd thi tung,  
Or else aw'st be thumpin' thi ere it be lung ;  
Un' iv'ot aw do, theaw'rt sure for to rue,  
For aw con ha' monny o' one as good as you.

*Chorus.*—So it's threedywheel, etc.



SHE.

What is it to me whoe yo con hāve?  
Aw shanno' be lung ere aw'm laid i' my grave ;  
Un' when ot aw'm deod, un' have done what aw con,  
Yo may foind one ot'll spin os hard os aw've done.

*Chorus.*—So it's threedywheel, etc.

HE.

Com, com, mi dear woife, aw'll not ha' thè rue,  
Un' this aw will tell yo, un' aw'll tell yo true,  
Neaw iv yo'll forgie me for what aw have said,  
Aw'll do my endāvur to pleos yo instead.

*Chorus.*—So it's threedywheel, etc.

SHE.

Aw'm glad for to yeor 'ot yo win me forgive,  
Un' aw will do by yo os lung os aw live ;  
So let us unite, un' live free fro' o' sin,  
Un' then we shall have nowt to think on but spin.

*Chorus.*—So it's threedywheel, etc.

BOTH.

So now let's conclude, and here undeth eawr sung,  
Aw hope it has pleost this numerous thrung ;  
Bur iv it 'os mist, yo need'nt to fear,  
We'll do eawr endāvur to pleos yo next year.

*Chorus.*—So it's threedywheel, threedywheel, dan,  
don, dill, doe.

Mr Higson informs us that this queer dialogue song, which is sung to a somewhat plaintive tune, has been collected from various persons, and collated with the version of one of the actors and singers, an elderly man, who has often been dressed as the female and taken that

part in the dialogue or duet. On one occasion *her* husband got so tipsy that he fell off his horse in the yard of Cinderland Hall, and *she* had to extemporise and instruct another to take his part. They each bore a small spinning-wheel before them, which was turned lustily during the chorus, which may have been originally "speed the wheel." Amongst the variations, or interpolations, sometimes heard, is one that seems to indicate hemp or flax spinning at an early period :—

"The *tow* that aw spin is five shilling a peawnd,  
Un that yo mun kneaw by mi wheel going reawnd,  
So it's threedwheel," etc.

One brags to the other—

"Aw con o'er-spin thee, by th' mass ;"

And the rejoinder seems to be—

"Aw con o'er-sing thee, by th' mass,"

Another piece of abuse is—

"Theaw cankert owd besom, aw conno' endure  
Ony lunger a temper loike thoine is, aw'm sure."

Altogether, the ballad, as it reaches us, seems but the *débris* of an ancient dialogue-song, in which man and wife quarrel over the domestic manufacture of linen yarn.

## RADCLIFFE OTTER-HUNT.

THE scenes of the following ballad are laid in the Irwell and its banks, from Prestwick to Clifton and Radcliffe. The hunt probably took place in the last century ; for it is long since an otter was seen in the Irwell, though two were captured about 1849 in the Bollin, near Bowdon. The ballad is printed from a MS. copy supplied by Mr. John Higson of Droylsden. The otter tells his own story :—

I AM a bold otter, as you shall hear,  
I've rambled the country all round ;  
I valued no dogs far or near,  
In the water, nor yet on the ground.

I valued no dogs, far or near,  
But I roved through the country so wide,  
Till I came to a river so clear,  
That did Clifton and Prestwich divide.<sup>1</sup>

As through the wild country I rambled,  
I liv'd at extravagant rate ;  
On eels, chubs, and gudgeons I feasted ;  
The fishermen all did me hate.

Yet still up the rivers I went,  
Where the fishes my stomach did cheer,  
Till a challenge from Radcliffe<sup>2</sup> they sent me,  
They quickly would stop my career.

<sup>1</sup> The Irwell forms the boundary between these townships.

<sup>2</sup> Radcliffe is on the bank of the Irwell, and a bridge there spans the river.

Next morning those dogs did assemble ;  
Jack Allen,<sup>1</sup> he swore I must die ;  
It made me full sorely to tremble,  
To hear those stout hounds in full cry.

It was near Agecroft bridge<sup>2</sup> I oft went,  
Where with me they'd had many a round ;  
So closely they stuck to the scent,  
That they forced me to take to fresh ground.

Jack Allen, the darling of hunters,  
And Ploughman, the glory of hounds ;  
You may search all the country over,  
Their equals are not to be found.

Although I my country did leave,  
It was sorely against my own will ;  
They pursued me with courage so brave,  
That they provèd a match for my skill.

Again through the country I rambled ;  
To the Earl of Wilton's<sup>3</sup> I came,  
Where I made bold his fish-pond to enter,  
And there I found plenty of game.

But the Earl being now at his hall,  
He swore that my life they must end ;  
So straight for Tom Thorpe<sup>4</sup> he did call,  
And for Squire Lomas' hounds they did send.

Then the dogs and the huntsmen arrivèd,  
Thinking my poor life for to end ;

<sup>1</sup> The huntsman.

<sup>2</sup> The bridge near Kersal Moor, Higher Broughton.

<sup>3</sup> Heaton Park, in Prestwich.

<sup>4</sup> Then keeper to the Earl.

But to gain my old ground I contrivèd,  
Where I could myself better defend.

It was near Master Douglas's mill,  
Where they swam me three hours or more ;  
And yet I did baffle their skill,  
Till at length they were forced to give o'er.

At length by misfortune I ventured,  
Again up the river to steer,  
When into a tunnel I entered,  
Not thinking my death was so near.

But those dogs from old Radcliffe they came,  
And into my hold did me cry ;  
The hunters they all did the same,  
And they swore they would take me or die.

'Twas on the next morning so early  
They forcèd me from my retreat ;  
Then into the river I divèd,  
Thinking all their sharp schemes to defeat.

But those dogs they did soon force me out,  
Because that my strength it did fail ;  
Tom Dampport,<sup>1</sup> that tailor so stout,  
He quickly laid hold of my tail.

Then into a bag they did put me,  
And up on their backs did me fling ;  
And because that in safety they'd got me,  
They made all the valleys to ring.

<sup>1</sup> The Lancashire and Cheshire pronunciation of Davenport.

Then right for old Radcliffe did steer,  
And soon at Bob Hampson's did call ;  
And hundreds of people were there,  
To drink and rejoice at my fall.

The same afternoon they contrivèd  
With me more diversion to hāve ;  
Put me into a pit, where I divèd,  
Just like a stout otter so brave.

And yet I remainèd so stout,  
Though they swam me for three hours or more,  
The dogs they could not force me out,  
Till with stones they did pelt me full sore.

Thus forcing me out of the water,  
Because that my strength it did fail ;  
And then in a few moments after  
Jack Ogden <sup>1</sup> laid hold of my tail.

And so now they had got me secure,  
They right to the "Anchor" did steer ;  
But my lot was too hard to endure,  
And my death was approaching too near.

Next morning to Whitefield <sup>2</sup> they took me,  
To swim as before I had done ;  
When out of the bag they did put me,  
Alas ! my poor life it was gone.

<sup>1</sup> Another well-known man in his day.

<sup>2</sup> Whitefield is a hamlet in the township of Pilkington, parish of Prestwich, six miles N.N.W. of Manchester.

And so now this old otter you've killed,  
You may go to Bob Hampson's and sing ;  
Drink a health to all true-hearted hunters,  
Success to our country and king.

---

## THE OWDHAM RECRUIT.

THIS song was in much repute about half a century ago, and is still popular as a broadside. It is not devoid of merit, and is also interesting as containing several local phrases and allusions, mixed with a considerable share of racy Lancashire humour. After each verse, in the broadside, there is a portion in prose which is marked as to be "spoken." This peculiarity attaches to many modern compositions. The singers are allowed to extemporise at great length, and frequently cause much laughter by their allusions to passing events.

WHEN i're a young lad, sixteen years ago,  
I lov'd a pretty lass, and followed the plough ;  
But somehow or other I was ne'er content,  
Till I like a *noddy* for a sodger went.  
There were such shouts of mirth and glee,  
For I thowt I should a Captain be.  
Bud ah ! by *gum* ! I wur varra much mista'en,  
And monny a time I wished mysel at t' plough-tail  
again.

So we march'd and march'd abeawt Owdham streets,  
Where they tried to persuade me 'twas my turn to  
treat ;

I treated them all till we geet drunk as *foos*,  
Between serjeant, me, and corporal, there wur nod  
mich to chuse ;

I thowt that my *brass* wod never ha been done,  
Thinks I but we shall live a life of rare fun.  
Bud ah ! by gum ! I wur varra much mista'en,  
And monny a time I wished mysel at t' plough-tail  
again.

Bud when my brass wur o spent and dun,  
They pushed me about for a bit of roaring fun ;  
By gum, they'd like to *throttled* me ; eh what a sin ;  
With a collar stiff as steel just stuck under my chin,  
They cut my hair so close, sure, and gathered such a  
crop,

They made me soon i' th' regiment a real dandy fop.  
Bud ah ! by gum ! I wur varra much mista'en,  
And monny a time I wished mysel at t' plough-tail  
again.

I'st never forget what a fuss of me they made,  
When we went to a *pleck* ut they coed their parade ;  
If I could look to pleeos um theer, may I indeed be  
brunt,

For they wanted all at once my *een*, left, reet, and  
front ;

Then o in a row like fire *potters* we wur stood,  
And my toes would'nt turn in let me do wot I could ;  
I listed for a Captain ; but, by gum, I wur mista'en,  
And monny a time I wished mysel at t' plough-tail  
again.

I wondered wot the *dickins* could ever be the matter,  
For they shut me in the guard-house to live on bread  
and *watter* ;



And when I offered then to quit that ugly place,  
A soldier with his *bagnet* stood staring in my face :  
I began then a thinkin' that my case was varra bad,  
For i're wur off by far than when i' th' awkward squad.  
I listed for a Captain ; but, by gum, I wur mista'en,  
And monny a time I wished mysel at t' plough-tail  
again.

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## THE COCKEY MOOR SNAKE.

THE "Cockey Moor Snake" has had more than one imitation, both in prose and verse. Tim Bobbin's "Man of Heaton and the Flying Dragon" is a composition of the same character, but it is not easy to decide which is the model. Both are intended to ridicule a countryman's ignorance of various articles of dress. We give the satire from a broadside, which lacks the printer's name :—

COME listen to my sportive lay,  
While I relate what people say ;  
About a hunt which happened o'er,  
And on a place called Cockey Moor,  
A lady she walked out one day,  
And had got on a new boä ;  
She through the fields her way did steer,  
In the summer season of the year :  
But as the day was rather warm,  
She hung her boa upon her arm ;  
She thought she had it quite secure,  
But dropped it down on Cockey Moor.

The lady on her way did hie,  
And weavers two by chance passed by ;  
They saw it stretched upon the ground,  
Bill cried out " Jack ! What's this we've found ? "  
Just at this time the west wind blew  
And twirled the boa round the two !  
" By gum," said Jack, " I tell thee Bill,  
Its summat *wick*, it waint stand still."  
Then close inspection they did make,  
When Bill cried out " it is a snake ! "  
And from it they did run, and roar  
" A snake ! a snake ! on Cockey Moor."

Now off they ran as quick as thought,  
Their neighbours to a man they brought ;  
They told them all what they had seen  
Twisting and twirling on the green.  
" It's three yerds lung," they each did say,  
" Its colour neither black nor grey ;  
The middle thick, the ends wur small,  
By gum, it hed noa legs at all !  
Yoan oft heerd tell o them there whales,  
That's got no head, but has two tails ;  
Beside its covered o'er wi yure,  
There's noa sich game on Cockey Moor."

When awt folk round had heard the news,  
Some took their spades and some their *shoos* ;  
This took a pike, and that a rake,  
And off they set to hunt the snake.  
Their terrier dogs they also took,  
In case that it might take the brook ;  
And whistled on the hounds that day  
For fear the snake might run away.

With rusty bay'nets not a few,  
That had shone bright at some review,  
The people hied from every door,  
To kill the snake on Cockey Moor.

As they drew nearer to the place,  
Fear and surprise stood in each face ;  
For there the snake lay on the ground,  
Just like a hoop in circle round.  
The bravest then out loudly spoke—  
“ I say my lads this is no joke,  
Keep back your dogs, don't go too near ;  
I wish my gron-feyther wur here ;  
He'd tell us soon before it dies,  
Whether it walks, or swims, or flies ;  
Or if he's seen the like afore,  
For he's th' owdest mon on Cockey Moor.”

To this wise plan they soon agreed,  
And fetched the old man with much speed ;  
For many months he had been sick,  
So in a cart they wheeled him quick ;  
Just as the old man did arrive,  
Jack shouts aloud “ its yet aloive ! ”  
So in his cart the old man bent,  
And eyed it o'er with much intent :  
“ Now wheel me back,” old Roger said,  
“ That is a thing that God ne'er made ;  
Adam ne'er kersun'd this I'm sure,  
The Devil has come to Cockey Moor.”

Now when they heard it was the Devil,  
They vow'd they'd plague that fause old rebel ;

And each one to the other said,  
For once Old Nick shall soon be laid.  
Then all poor Satan they surround,  
When lengthways lying on the ground ;  
They swore they would no pity take  
For thus appearing like a snake ;  
To make sure work they did intend,  
To cut it up from end to end,  
And vow'd they'd either kill or cure,  
That devil-snake on Cockey Moor.

Their dogs ne'er once set up a yell,  
Because they there no blood could smell,  
Some said it was a thing quite rare,  
But thought the Devil had none to spare ;  
His dwelling place being very warm,  
His blood dried up as with a charm ;  
Now wandering through the world so loose,  
They'd catch Old Nick, and "cook his goose."  
So then for Satan dug a hole,  
His body buried without soul,  
And prayed that it might rise no more  
To frighten folks on Cockey Moor.

Now to the church all went next day,  
To hear the parson preach and pray ;  
And as he opened out his book,  
This truly was the text he took—  
"Satan was made—and so was Sin—  
God made a hole to put him in."  
Then crazy Dick stood up and cries,  
"Stop parson, stop ! Tha'art tellin lies ;  
I know quite well the Devil is laid,  
I helped to bury him with my spade ;

We made a hole quite deep I'm sure,  
An tumbled him in on Cockey Moor."

"What was his shape?" his reverence said,  
"Just like a snake th' owd lad wur made ;  
All covered o'er with bristly hair :"  
They laughed to see the parson stare.  
"If this be true, Dick, what you say,  
I'm sure it was my wife's boä ;  
She lost it as she walked about,  
Somewhere between this and Tumfowt ;  
And if the snake you'll bring to me,  
Five shilling I will give to thee.  
You've made a great mistake I'm sure,  
No snakes can crawl on Cockey Moor."

Now off Dick went, and soon he brought  
That which the parson eager sought ;  
He brought him in a bag, alas !  
"Come now," says Dick, "let's have that brass."  
The parson then put down the crown,  
When to his friends Dick turned him round ;  
"Come on my lads, we'll have a spree,  
For each to this his share can be."  
But when the shreds of boa were out,  
"Curse on you all," he loud did shout,  
"I never was so tricked before,  
With devil-snakes from Cockey Moor."

## JONE O' GRINFILT'S RAMBLE.

*The Original Song.*

IN Dr. Dixon's *Songs and Ballads of the English Peasantry*, one of the various versions of this song is printed, and it is there stated to be a production of the 18th century. But Samuel Bamford, in his *Walks through South Lancashire*, observes that the celebrated song of Jone o' Grinfilt, beginning,

“Sed Jone to his wife on a whot summer's day,

of which, perhaps, more copies have been sold among the rural population of Lancashire than of any other song known, has been generally ascribed to the pen of James Butterworth, the author of a poem called “Rochervale, and other productions of creditable literary merit. Mr. Bamford long held the common opinion as to the origin of Jone. The song took amazingly. It was war time; volunteering was all in vogue then; and he remembers standing at the bottom of Miller Street, in Manchester, with a cockade in his hat, and viewing with surprise the almost rage with which the very indifferent verses were purchased by a crowd that stood around a little old-fashioned fellow, with a withered leg, who, leaning on a crutch, with a countenance full of quaint humour, and a speech of the perfect dialect of the county, sang the song, and collected the halfpence as quickly as he could distribute it. Some years ago the writer fell in with this same personage at Ashton-under-Lyne, and took the opportunity for acquiring further information respecting the origin of a song once so much in repute. He accord-

ingly invited the minstrel to a little rest and chat at a neighbouring tavern, where, over a pipe and a pot or two of ale, he learned all he wished to know on the subject, which he noted down in short-hand as the narrator gave it. It was a cold and rainy day in winter ; the door was accordingly shut, the fire stirred up to a warm glow. The cripple sat basking before the fire, with his lame leg thrown across his crutch, his other foot on the fender, when, after putting a quid of tobacco into his mouth, and taking a swig of the ale, he went on gaily with his narrative for some minutes, until glancing towards the paper, and seeing uncouth figures multiplying upon it, he sprang on his one foot, and, with a look of astonishment not unmixed with concern, he exclaimed, "Heigh ! heigh ! theer, I say ! Wot mack o' letters art 'o settin deawn ? Theer, I say ! Wot dust 'o ko [call] thoose lett-ters ? Dust 'o think 'at nobody knows wot theaw 'rt dooin' ? Busithe [but see thee], I'd ha' the to know 'at I know wot theaw 'rt doin' az well az theaw duz thisel. Theaw pretends to rule th' plannits, dust 'o ? Busithe I con rule um as weel az theaw con, an' that I'll let-te know, iv theaw awses [attempts] to put ony o' thi tricks o' me." A hearty laugh, a brief explanation, and, more than both, a kindly invitation to the drink and tobacco, soon brought the guest to his seat again, and to his wonted jovial humour. He then said there were thirteen "Jones o' Grinfilt" produced within a short time ; but the original one—that above mentioned—was composed by Joseph Lees, a weaver residing at Glodwick, near Oldham, and himself—Joseph Coupe—who at the time of its composition, was a barber, tooth-drawer, blood-letter, warper, spinner, carder, twiner, stubber, and

rhymester, residing at Oldham. He said they were both in a terrible predicament, without drink, or money to procure any, after having been drinking all night. They had been at Manchester to see the play, and were returning to Oldham the day following ; when, in order to raise the wind, they agreed to compose a song, to be sung at certain public-houses on the road where they supposed it would be likely to take, and procure them what they wanted, the means for prolonging their dissipation. A storm came on, and they sheltered under a hedge, and the first verse of the song was composed by him [Coupe] in that situation. Lees composed the next verse ; and they continued composing verse and verse until the song was finished as afterwards printed. But it took them three days to complete it. They then "put it i' th' press ;" and he said, "We met ha' bin worth mony a hunthert peawnd, iv widdin ha' sense to ta' care o' th' brass."—Mr. John Higson states that formerly an Oldham man used to come every year to Gorton wakes, in order to sing this song, which he did in turn at the three public-houses then existing in the village. He was known, not only there but in all the villages round, as "Owd Jone o' Grinfilt," from his being a regular visitor at their annual wakes, and singing this favourite ballad. The Jacobins issued a polite parody of this song, which never became popular, and is supposed to be almost wholly forgotten. In it some paviours on the road point out Jone to one another, saying—

"Sithee that's mon as con nouter walk nor ride."

Jone hears them and detects them :—



"But aw fin' by their jeers, un' comical sneers,  
They'rne akin to th' owd makker o' stays."<sup>1</sup>

### JONE O' GRINFILT.

SAYS Jone to his woife on a whot summer's day,  
"Aw'm resolv't i' Grinfilt no longer to stay ;  
For aw'll goo to Owdham os fast os aw can,  
So fare thee weel Grinfilt, an' fare thee weel Nan ;  
For a sodger aw'll be, an' brave Owdham aw'll see,  
An' aw'll ha'e a battle wi' th' French."

"Dear Jone," said eaw'r Nan, un' hoo bitterly cried,  
"Wilt be one o' th' foote, or theaw meons for t' ride?"  
"Ods cawns ! wench, aw'll ride oather ass or a mule,  
Ere aw'll keawer i' Grinfilt os black os th' owd dule,  
Booath clemmin',<sup>2</sup> un' starvin', un' never a fardin',  
It 'ud welly drive ony mon mad."

"Ay, Jone, sin' we coom i' Grinfilt for t' dwell,  
Wey'n had mony a bare meal, aw con vara weel tell."  
"Bare meal, ecod ! ay, that aw vara weel know,  
There's bin two days this wick 'ot wey'n had nowt at o' :  
Aw'm vara near sided, afore aw'll abide it,  
Aw'll feight oather Spanish or French."

Then says my Noant Marget, "Ah ! Jone, theaw'rt so  
whot,  
Aw'd ne'er go to Owdham, boh i' Englond aw'd stop."

<sup>1</sup> Tom Paine was a staymaker.

<sup>2</sup> "Clemming" is hungering or famishing. The editor of *Songs of the Peasantry* says that turning the termination *ing* into *ink* is one of the most striking peculiarities of the [South] Lancashire dialect. On the other hand, Samuel Bamford says it is not Lancashire at all, but Cheshire. This peculiarity is found on both sides of the division between the two counties ; but not in other parts of Lancashire.

“ It matters nowt, Madge, for to Owdham aw’ll goo,  
 Aw’st ne’er clem to decooth, both sumbry [somebody]  
 shall know :

Furst Frenchmon aw find, aw’ll tell him meh mind,  
 Un’ if he’ll naw feight, he shall run.”

Then deawn th’ broo aw coom, for weh livent at top,  
 Aw thowt aw’d raich Owdham ere ever aw stop ;  
 Ecod ! heaw they staret when aw getten to th’ Mumps,  
 Meh owd hat i’ my hont, un’ meh clogs full o’ stumps ;  
 Boh aw soon tow’d ’um, aw’re gooin’ to Owdham,  
 Un’ aw’d ha’e a battle wi’ th’ French.

Aw kept eendway thro’ th’ lone, un’ to Owdham aw  
 went,

Aw ax’d a recruit if they’d made up their keawnt ?  
 “ Nowe, nowe, honest lad ” (for he tawked like a king),  
 “ Goo wi’ meh thro’ th’ street, un’ thee aw will bring  
 Where, if theaw’rt willin’, theaw may ha’e a shillin’.”  
 Ecod ! aw thowt this wur rare news.

He browt meh to th’ pleck, where they measurn their  
 height,  
 Un’ if they bin reight, there’s nowt said abeawt weight ;  
 Aw ratched meh un’ stretch’d meh, un’ never did flinch :  
 Says th’ mon, “ Aw believe theaw’rt meh lad to an  
 inch.”

Aw thowt this’ll do ; aw’st ha’e guineas enoo’.  
 Ecod ! Owdham, brave Owdham for me.

So fare thee weel, Grinfilt, a soger aw’m made :  
 Aw getten new shoon, un’ a rare cockade ;  
 Aw’ll feight for Owd Englund os hard os aw con,  
 Oather French, Dutch, or Spanish, to me it’s o’ one ;

Aw'll mak' 'em to stare, like a new started hare,  
Un' aw'll tell 'em fro' Owdham aw coom.

In several copies, both in print and MS., the song ends here, but in others several stanzas are added, of which the following will serve as a sample :—

When aw went for a soger, aw ment for to ride,  
Soa they brought meh a tit, un' aw gat on at wrang  
side,

Aw geet at wrang side, boh aw soon tumbled o'er ;  
Meh officer said aw should niver ride more.

Aw thowt, that's quite reet, aw con goo o' meh feet  
As fur as aw wish for to goo.

Soa they browt meh a gun, and caw'd lift an' reet,  
Theaw mun howd up thy yed, and keep slippin' thy feet ;  
Oh ! they wheelt me abeawt till aw leant to one side,  
An meh officer said aw could noather walk nor ride.

Peace is proclaimed, and John goes home again :—

Soa neaw aw'm at whoam, an' th' loom's set agate,  
Wee'n plenty o' praties, an' dumplins to ate ;  
And now peace is made, th' weyvers may laugh  
At Billy's brown loaf, made o' bran an' o' chaff.  
Etc. etc.

The song has had many imitations. The following may be given as specimens :—

#### JONE O' GRINFILT'S RETURN.

Aw'm Jone o' Marget's, fro' Grinfilt aw went,  
To conquer th' Frenchmen aw were fully bent ;

Ot Owdham aw' 'listud, un went to the wars,  
Aw feort noather dangers, nur battles, nur scars ;  
To conquer or die, aw resolv'd fur to try,  
Un' humble the proide o' th' French.

Wi' my kit on my back, aw fro' Owdham did go ;  
Aw thowt if aw fun' 'em, aw'd soon ler 'em know  
That Jone eawt o' Grinfilt no quarter would give,  
Boh would feight fur Owd Englund os lung as he lived.  
Oather French, Dutch, or Spanish, aw think aw con  
manage,  
Aw think aw'm the lad 'ot can crack.

Aw met an owd freend as aw're gooin' up th' lone,  
He stopt me, un said, "Wheere neaw, honest Jone?"  
"Mon, aw'm gooin' a feightin' o' th' French."  
"Bur theaw mun goo whoam,  
For aich body says 'ot they darno' coom."  
Ecod ! aw'll uphowd 'em 'ot sumbry's towld 'em,  
That aw're upo' th' road fur to feight.

"Heawever," said Dick, "theaw had better go see,  
Un if theaw conno' mon 'em, be sure send fur me."  
"O Dick, never mind me, aw'll do whot aw con ;  
Remember my love to booath Marget and Nan ;  
Un' tell 'em naw fret, some money aw'll get,  
Un aw'll coom to Grinfilt again."

When aw was hardly begun o' my trade,  
My officers towld me 'ot peeoce wur made.  
"If there be no feightin', whoam lemmi goo,  
Un' if they'll no' be quiet, be sure t' let me know.  
If to Grinfilt yoan come, yo'll foind me a-whoam,  
Next dur to Noant Marget's aw live."

As aw're gooin' up th' broo', fur we livent o't top,  
 Aw said aw'd raich Grinfilt 'fore ever aw'd stop,  
 The're such peepin' un' whisp'rin' as aw wenten by th'  
     Mumps,  
 "That's Jone, 'ot went up wi' his clogs full o' stumps,  
     Wi' his cap and his fither, he looks very cliver,  
     Noant Marget 'ull wonder whoa's coom."

When aw geet into Grinfilt eawr Nan were a-whoam,  
 Hoo run to Noant Marget's, un' tow'd her aw'd coom,  
 "What ! is he coom back? Ecod it's quoite reet,  
 If he's byetten th' French, wey'll ha'e one merry neet ;  
     Eawr Jone, it's no deawt, has browt things abeawt ;  
     He is true to booath country and king."

### JONE O' GRINFILT JUNIOR.

MR. HIGSON informs us that the following was once a very popular song, and was taken down from the singing of an old hand-loom weaver at Droylsden. It was written just after the battle of Waterloo, when times were bad, and hand-loom weavers' wages fell from about £3 to a guinea or 25s. a week—*i.e.*, for three or four days' work, for then weavers could seldom be induced to work on Monday, Tuesday, or often on Wednesday, these days being devoted to recreations procured with high wages.

AW'M a poor cotton-wayver, as mony a one knaws,  
 Aw've nowt t' ate i' th' heawse, un' aw've worn eawt  
     my cloas,  
 Yo'd hardly gie sixpence fur o' aw've got on,  
 Meh clogs ur' booath baws'n, un' stockins aw've none ;

Yo'd think it wur hard, to be sent into th' ward<sup>1</sup>  
 To clem<sup>2</sup> un' do best 'ot yo' con.

Eawr parish-church pa'son's kept tellin' us lung,  
 We'st see better toimes, if aw'd but howd my tung ;  
 Aw've howden my tung, till aw con hardly draw breath  
 Aw think i' my heart he meons t' clem me to deoth ;  
 Aw know he lives weel, wi' backbitin' the de'il,  
 Bur he never *pick'd o'er*<sup>3</sup> in his loife.

Wey tooart on six week, thinkin' aich day wur th' last,  
 Wey tarried un' shifted, till neaw wey're quite fast ;  
 Wey liv't upo' nettles, whoile nettles were good,  
 Un' Wayterloo porritch wur' th' best o' us food ;  
 Aw'm tellin' yo' true, aw con foind foak enoo,  
 That're livin' no better nur me.

Neaw, owd Bill o' Dan's sent bailies one day,  
 Fur t' shop scoar aw'd ow'd him, 'ot aw' couldn't pay ;  
 Bur he're just to lat, fur owd Bill o' Bent,  
 Had sent tit un' cart, un' ta'en t' goods fur t' rent ;  
 They laft nowt bur a stoo' 'ot're secots for two ;  
 Un' on it keawrt Marget un' me.

The bailies sceawlt reawnd os sly os a meawse,  
 When they seedn o' th' things wur ta'en cawt o' th  
 heawse ;  
 Un t' one says to th' tother, "O's gone, theaw may  
 see."  
 Aw said, "Never fret lads, you're welcome ta'e me :"  
 They made no moor ado, bur nipt up th' owd stoo',  
 Un' wey booath leeten swack upo' th' flags.

<sup>1</sup> World.<sup>2</sup> Starve, hunger.<sup>3</sup> Threw the shuttle, wove.

Aw geet howd o' eawr Marget, for hoo're strucken  
sick,

Hoo said, hoo'd ne'er had sich a bang sin' hoo're wick,  
The bailies sceawrt off, wi' th' owd stoo' on their back,  
Un they wouldn't ha'e caret if they'd brokken her  
neck.

They'rn so mad at owd Bent, 'cos he'd ta'en goods  
fur rent,

Till they'rn ready to flee us alive.

Aw said to eawr Marget, as wey lien upo th' floor,  
"Wey ne'er shall be lower i' this wo'ald, aw'm sure,  
Fur if wey mun alter, aw'm sure wey mun mend,  
Fur aw think i' my heart wey're booath at fur end,  
Fur mayt wey han none, nur no looms to wayve on,  
Ecod ! th' looms are as well lost as fun."

My piece wur cheeont off, un' aw took it him back ;  
Aw hardly durst spake, mester lookèd so black ;  
He said, "Yo're o'erpaid last toime 'ot yo coom."  
Aw said, "If aw' wur', 'twur wi' wayving beawt loom ;  
Un i' t' moind 'ot aw'm in, aw'st ne'er pick o'er  
again,  
For aw've wooven mysel' to th' fur end."

So aw coom eawt o' th' wareheawse, un' laft him chew  
that,  
When aw thowt 'ot o' things, aw're so vext that aw  
swat ;  
Fur to think aw mun warch, to keep him un' o' th' set,  
O' th' days o' my loife, un' then dee i' the'r debt :  
But aw'll give o'er this trade, un work wi' a spade,  
Or goo un' break stone upo' th' road.

Eawr Marget declares, if hoo'd clooas to put on,  
 Hoo'd go up to Lunnun to see the great mon ;  
 Un' if things did no' awter, when theere hoo had been,  
 Hoo says hoo'd begin, un' feight blood up to th' e'en,  
     Hoo's nout agen th' king, bur hoo loikes a fair thing,  
 Un' hoo says hoo con tell when hoo's hurt.

This ballad is still a favourite in many parts of Lancashire ; and the three last lines have become "household words."

### JONE O' GREENFEELT'S RAMBLE IN SEARCH OF TH' GREEN BAG.<sup>1</sup>

SAYS Jone to his wife, I've great news for t' tell,  
 I've bin t' Lunnun fowt, aw th' road by mysel :  
 I geet up won morning afore break o' day,  
 I thowt I should meet th' green bag i' my way,  
     I'd no' porritch enow, so I run like a foo,  
 And ne'er stopt till I seed Lunnun fowt.

And when I geet there I walk'd up and deawn,  
 Kept looking abeawt me like some country cleawn ;  
 They wanted for t' know what I had i' my rag,  
 I said it wur meal for t' put i' th' green bag.  
     I begun for to swagger, and said he's a beggar,  
 That mon that keeps stuffing th' green bag.

<sup>1</sup> To those of our readers who are not old enough to remember the circumstances of the memorable trial of Queen Caroline, the consort of George IV., it may be necessary to explain that much of the documentary evidence produced on that occasion in the House of Lords came from a certain green bag, which, in the state of public feeling at that time, became an object of popular indignation, if not of contempt, like the celebrated "*Non mi ricordo*" ("I do not recollect") of an Italian witness against the Queen, on that trial.



I think by my troth I mun write to cawr Nan,  
 For t' tell her t' come here as hard as hoo con,  
 Becose hoo's so brazent and fears no face,  
 And I want for t' see that mon 'ot mays brass,  
     I'll tie up my lugs, and run i' my clogs,  
     And doff off my hat to th' green bag.

There is more of this ; but enough has been given  
 to show its character.

JONE O' GRINFILT GOING TO TH'  
 ROOSHAN WAR :—

' Is another of the many imitations of this favourite  
 song, but very far short of the spirit of the original.  
 We take a specimen of it from a printed ballad-sheet,  
 or broadside :—

Yo Lankyshire lads, coom listen awhoile,  
 Aw'll sing yo a sung, 'ot 'ull mak yo o' smoile,  
 Of owd Jone o' Grinfilt, yo've often year'd tell,  
 Fur at Grinfilt near Owdham lung toime aw did dwell.

. . . . .

Aw're at Wayterloo, wheere aw fowt loike a mon,  
 Bur me age 'ot that toime it wur scarce twenty-one,  
 So aw geet me discharge when th' peace it wur made,  
 Un' aw went back to Grinfilt to start i' th' owd trade,  
     Bur weyving un me, we shan never agree,  
     So aw'll goo for a sodger again.

Aw'm tow'd as owd Alexander the Czar  
 Is fully detarmint to keep on the war ;

So aw'll goo to Rushar beawt ony fear,  
Un' help my brave countrymen in the Crimear.

. . . . .

So fare thee weel, Englont ! aw'm bound o'er t' main,  
Bur if aw're t' good luck fur to coom back again,  
Aw'll tell yo a teal, 'ot'll mak yo o' stare,  
About Alexander th' greet Rushan bear.

Un if aw chance catch him, to Englont aw'll fetch  
him,

Un shaw him at tuppence apiece.

### JONE O' GRINFILT'S VISIT TO MR. FIELDEN,

*With a Petition to the Queen to fill every hungry  
belly :—*

Is another imitation, with reference to the late Mr. John Fielden of Todmorden, M.P. for Oldham, who was a great opponent of the new Poor Law. The extracts we take from a printed ballad broadside :—

SAYS Jone cawt o' Grinfilt, "Aw'll tell yo what, Nan,  
Aw'll see Mester Fielden, as aw am a mon."

. . . . .

Says Nan o' meh Gronny's, "This is meh belief,  
Aw think Mester Fielden con banish this grief,  
To Lunnun aw'll walk, wi' meh clogs on meh feet,  
To ax Bob and Nosey<sup>1</sup> if they cawn it reet.  
Aw'll tell cawr young queen, aw'm asheamt to be seen  
Fur aw've hardly a smock to meh back.

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington.

Jone talks of going to Ireland to consult Father Matthew ; and of asking the Tory for meat, the Whig for a plate, and the Chartist for a glass of pop. Then—

When aw coom back fro' Irelont, to Lunnun aw'll goo,  
Un' o' abeawt Grinfilt aw'll let him to know,  
Un' if they should caw meh a country cleawn,  
Aw'll say aw'm a felly fro' Saddleworth teawn,  
Wi' meh hat i' meh hont, aw'll tell 'em aw want  
Some porritch fur Marget and Nan.

Aw'll say aw'm so clemm'd 'ot aw connot aboide,  
Un' meh guts are as bare as a jackass's hoide,  
Aw'll tell Bob and Nosey these toimes are so hard,  
They're o' empty heawses welly in eawr ward ;  
Now money's so scant, they mun o' drop their rent,  
Or th' landlords 'ull very soon break.

---

### THE BURNLEY HAYMAKERS.

THE present editor contributed this Lancashire song. It was hawked and sung about Burnley and the neighbourhood more than a century ago by a noted Burnley ballad-singer called "Robin O'Green," whose portrait was painted, and was afterwards engraved by, or for, one of the Towneleys of Towneley. He was still living in 1790. The song is a satire on some weather-prophet of his day, whose name has not been preserved, but whose astrological jargon and prophecies of fine weather are ridiculed in somewhat learned phraseology for a ballad. There are yet left in the neighbourhood a few astrologers, or, as they are termed, "wise men,"

who are said to make large incomes by casting nativities, giving advice respecting stolen property, telling fortunes by means of cards, etc. This song is supposed to have been written by Mr. Cottam, the schoolmaster previously mentioned.

## 1.

HELP goddess-muse to sing of revelation,  
Fanatic dreams or news from the stars,  
Knowledge refined, mysterious speculation,  
Secondary causes of peace or wars :  
See how the plotting heavens  
In a summer's even  
Together make weather at their own dispose,  
And to the sons of art,  
Their secrets do impart,  
And all their consultations most willingly disclose.

## 2.

Sol went down clear one evening to the ocean,  
And gentle breezes perfumed the air,  
Up to a mount as if to pay devotion  
For such a blessing, this artist did repair,  
Telescopes and glasses,  
Fitting for such asses,  
He took and thro' them did look up to the flattering  
sky,  
And Aquarius spy,  
Laying his pitcher by,  
And nothing but fair weather appeared to his eye.

## 3.

Just when the sun took lodging with the lion,  
Or near that time, if I do not mistake,

More weeping weather we mortals ne'er set eye on ;  
 The sky wore a mantle for many days of black,  
     The Twins disputed,  
     Would not be confuted,  
 They'd power that time to show'r down all their influence,  
     The moist triplicity,  
     Within their powers might be,  
 But mark how they deceived a man of mighty sense.

## 4.

Venus had dried her ———,  
 Which caused the wet ; Orion had put on  
 His girdle close ; thinks he, I cannot miss it,  
 Now, now, for hay-time, and so he marched home,  
     Crying, mow your meadows,  
     Husbands, wives, and widows,  
 Cut down throughout the town, and you may take  
     your rest ;  
     The hay itself will make ;  
     Hang me if I mistake,  
 For prejudicing any is not my intent.

## 5.

I with Molly, Peggy, Sue, and Betty,  
 But five in number, dare well undertake,  
 The planets smile and th' evening looks so pretty,  
 Half of the hay in this town ourselves to make,  
     No opposition,  
     To change condition,  
 I spy throughout the sky, fair weather to prevent ;  
     Then cut your meadows down,  
     And if the heavens frown,  
 Or rain while *Sol's* in *Leo*, I'll burn my instrument.

## 6.

Credulous fools gave ear to this imposter,  
Cheats find acceptance above their deserts,  
Down go the meadows, each strove which could  
mow faster,  
Merely confiding in this rare son of arts :  
He himself did bluster,  
And his train did muster,  
With rake and fork to make what he had underta'en ;  
But coming to the field,  
He to his grief beheld,  
The sky enveloped with clouds that threatened rain.

## 7.

Yet confident, he called it "pride of the weather,"  
And was assured that it was no rain :  
Æolus lets loose his wings with moistened feathers,  
Dipp'd in the ocean to cast 'em here again,  
Astroëus puffs and blusters,  
Drove the clouds in clusters,  
Here rushing, there crushing, till they pour'd down  
Such mighty clouds of rain,  
As if they strove again,  
By force of a new deluge this lower globe to drown.

## 8.

For many days continued such foul weather,  
That all the hay cut down at that time was spoiled ;  
The bubbled farmers they all met together,  
Blaming their folly to be so much beguiled ;  
But this lying prophet  
Made no matter of it,

His book he had mistook, or taken a wrong text ;  
 His tubes and telescopes  
 Had quite deceived his hopes ;  
 But he would be more certain when he predicted next.

## 9.

His book is only a lying errapater,  
 His telescope is a poor hollow bark ;  
 Yet with such tools this fool himself doth flatter  
 To be Heaven's counsellor, or the planets' clerk.  
 We have law for witches,  
 That studies mischief,  
 Some burning, others turning in a hempen string ;  
 And can there any be,  
 Deserves more than he,  
 Who did such an inconveniency upon his neighbours  
 bring?

---

## THE PRAISE OF LANCASHIRE MEN :

## OR

*A few lines which here is penn'd  
 Wherein they Lancashire lads commend.*

*Tune.*—"A Job for a Journeyman Shoemaker."

YOU Muses all assist my pen,  
 I earnestly require,  
 To write the praise of the young men  
 Born in Lancashire :  
 They are both comely, stout, and tall,  
 And of most mild behaviour ;  
 Fair maids, I do intreat you all  
 To yield to them your favour.

When a Lancashire lad doth feel the dart  
Of Cupid's bow and quiver,  
And aim to take a fair maid's part,  
I'm sure he'll not deceive her :  
Unto their promise they will stand,  
Which they to you propounded ;  
They will not break for house or land,  
If love their hearts have wounded.

. . . . .

There is knights' sons and gentlemen,  
That's born in Lancashire,  
That will be merry now and then,  
If need it do require :  
The plowman likewise is our friend,  
Who doth use plow and harrow ;  
He freely will his money spend  
When he meets with his marrow.<sup>1</sup>

In Lancashire there's brisk young lads  
As are within our nation,  
Most of them of several trades,  
Or of some occupation ;  
That their wives they can well maintain,  
And bring them store of treasure ;  
All by their labour and their pain,  
They live with joy and pleasure :

It is a most delightful thing,  
And pleasure for to hear,  
These boys their songs and catches sing  
When they drink their ale and beer :

<sup>1</sup> Mate, companion, lover, match, equal.



They will be merry, great and small,  
When they do meet together ;  
And freely pay for what they call—  
A fig for wind and weather !

At pleasant sports and football play  
They will be blythe and jolly ;  
Their money they will freely lay,  
And cast off melancholy.  
When Lancashire lads, of several trades,  
They have a jovial meeting,  
Each man a glass unto fair maids  
Will drink unto his sweeting.

Brave Lancashire lads are soldiers stout,  
Whose valour have been tryed  
At sea and land in many a bout,  
When thousands brave men died ;  
And always scornèd for to yield  
Although the foes were plenty ;  
If they're but ten men on the field,  
They surely will fight twenty.

Great James our King<sup>1</sup> they will defend  
As well as any shire ;  
To England they will prove a friend,  
If need it do require.  
They loyal subjects still have been,  
And most of them stout-hearted,  
Who still will fight for king and queen,  
And never from them started.

<sup>1</sup> This fixes the date of the ballad as in the reign of James I. or II.

Now to conclude, and make an end  
 Of this my harmless sonnet :  
 I hope no man I do offend ;  
 Each man put off his bonnet,  
 And drink a health to James our king,  
 And to our English nation ;  
 God us defend in everything,  
 And keep us from invasion !

---

### WILL, THE FERRYMAN :

#### A WATER ECLOGUE.

*Written, to accompany a particular piece of music,  
 by Dr. Fref.*

THE following lines, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1758, seem to have taken their rise from a circumstance still spoken of by tradition in Lancashire, and which is sufficiently evident from the lines themselves.—See *An Account of Runcorn and its Environs by the Rev. John Greswell, Master of the Grammar School in Manchestar.*

PALE shone the moon on Mersey's flood,  
 The midnight silence was profound ;  
 Save that where Elfred's castle<sup>1</sup> stood,  
 The sea-gull sometimes scream'd around :

<sup>1</sup> Ethelfleda, or Elfleda, widow of Eldred, Duke of Mercia, who died about A.D. 912, erected a castle at Runcorn, in the year 916, upon the site which still retains the name of Castle Rock, though no vestige of the castle remains.

And village dog by fits did howl,  
And from the lofty yew, that grows  
Near old Rumcosa's kirk,<sup>1</sup> the owl  
Her hollow note would interpose :

When from a cavern on the strand  
Poor Will the Ferryman appear'd,  
Who late had slept upon the sand,  
And frantic then his head uprear'd.

For to a ship he call'd aloud,  
Whose whitening sail he chanced to spy,  
"I see her hand—I see her shroud—  
O Molly, stay—O stay—'tis I !

"What though within the churchyard near  
Thy lifeless body low was laid ;  
Thy roving spirit will be here,  
For ever here thy restless shade.

"For in this chamber of the rock,<sup>2</sup>  
Which tides have worn, and time hath eat,  
I gave thy virtue first the shock  
Which made thy future woe complete.

"From Liverpool then full blythe we came ;  
Here on the beach the boat we moor'd ;  
Thou lost thy life by loss of fame :  
And fame once lost is ne'er restor'd.

<sup>1</sup> Runcorn was called in the Saxon annals *Runcofan* ; by Huntingdon, *Runcoven* ; by other writers, *Runcoven* or *Runcofan* ; and in the king's books, *Ronchestorn*.

<sup>2</sup> Probably that adjoining to the Bathing-house, below the Lovers' Walk.

“Then pale the rose grew on thy cheek,  
 And yellow what was lily-white ;  
 Then sunk thy heart and spirit meek,  
 And eye that sparkled with delight.

“O com'st thou near?” he said ; “then come !”  
 (For now the sails did nearer show) ;  
 “O reach thy hand, and take me home.”—  
 But billows whelm'd him far below.

The ebbing waters soon return'd  
 To Castle Rock his floating corse ;—  
 They rung his knell—the village mourn'd—  
 And his new sweetheart deck'd his hearse.

---

### THE LOVER'S LEAP.

THE following song, by an anonymous writer, is reprinted from *Elegant Extracts*.

HARD by the hall our master's house,  
 Where Mersey flows to meet the main,  
 Where woods, and winds, and waves dispose  
 A lover to complain ;

With arms across, along the strand  
 Poor Lycon walk'd, and hung his head ;  
 Viewing the footsteps in the sand  
 Which a bright nymph had made.

The tide, said he, will soon erase,  
 The marks so lightly here imprest ;  
 But time or tide will ne'er deface  
 Her image in my breast.

Am I some savage beast of prey?  
Am I some horrid monster grown?  
That thus she flies so swift away,  
Or meets me with a frown?

That bosom soft, that lily skin  
(Trust not the fairest outside show)  
Contains a marble heart within—  
A rock hid under snow.

Ah me ! the flints and pebbles wound  
Her tender feet, from whence there fell  
Those crimson drops which stain the ground,  
And beautify each shell.

Ah ! fair one, moderate thy flight,  
I will no more in vain pursue,  
But take my leave for a long night ;  
Adieu, lov'd maid, adieu !

With that he took a running leap,  
He took a lover's leap indeed,  
And plung'd into the sounding deep,  
Where hungry fishes feed.

The melancholy her'n stalks by ;  
Around the squalling sea-gulls yell ;  
Aloft the croaking ravens fly,  
And toll his funeral knell.

The waters roll above his head ;  
The billows toss it o'er and o'er,  
His ivory bones lie scatterèd,  
And whiten all the shore.

## DEATH OF AN OLD HUNTSMAN.

THE following song (communicated by Mr. Higson of Droylsden) is known to have been sung more than fifty years ago. The Gartside named in the first verse is said to have lived near Hartshead Pike. Edmund Freer was huntsman to the Ashton-under-Lyne pack of hounds.

## I.

OF Troy's famed walls, of Iliad's king,  
Of Hector's might, let poets sing,  
And celebrate in strains sublime  
The heroic deeds of ancient time :  
A humbler muse inspires my verse  
Whilst I old Gartside's [Freer's] fate rehearse.

## 2.

Where Greenfield rears her rocks on high,  
O'ertops the clouds and meets the sky,  
And greets the first approach of morn  
This hero of the chase was born ;  
A huntsman he of great renown,  
To many noble sportsmen known.

## 3.

The crafty fox, the timid hare,  
The kite that skims so blythe in air,  
The falcon swift, the grovelling mole,  
The marten sleek, the moping owl ;  
All birds and beasts of every shape,  
None could his wily toil escape.

## 4.

When withering age his nerves unstrung,  
The sportsmen all, both old and young,  
Crowd to his cot their grief to tell,  
And bid their dying friend farewell.  
All, seeing death approach so near,  
They cried, "Alas ! poor Edmund Freer !"

## 5.

When to the churchyard he was borne  
By village hinds, with looks forlorn,  
And herdsmen, too, his corse attend,  
To show their love to their old friend ;  
For death has ended the career  
Of the brave huntsman, Edmund Freer.

## 6.

No more his horn the huntsman hears ;  
No more his voice the village cheers ;  
No more the fox, with artful care,  
Eludes the chase, or fears the snare ;  
Since death has ended the career  
Of that brave huntsman, Edmund Freer.

## 7.

The turf that covers his remains  
Is much revered by rustic swains ;  
And sportsmen all, as they pass by,  
Pay the soft tribute of a sigh,  
Or drop a sympathetic tear,  
Saying, "Alas ! poor Edmund Freer !"

HAND-LOOM *v.* POWER-LOOM.

THIS song of a transitional era in weaving was sung by John Grimshaw, better known by his sobriquet of "Common," of Gorton, near Manchester.

COME all you cotton-weavers, your looms you may pull  
down ;  
You must get employ'd in factories, in country or in  
town,  
For our cotton-masters have found out a wonderful  
new scheme,  
These calico goods now wove by hand they're going to  
weave by steam.

In comes the gruff o'erlooker, or the master will  
attend ;  
It's "You must find another shop, or quickly you must  
mend ;  
For such work as this will never do ; so now I'll tell  
you plain,  
We must have good pincop-spinning, or we ne'er can  
weave by steam."

There's sow-makers and dressers, and some are mak-  
ing warps ;  
These poor pincop-spinners they must mind their flats  
and sharps,  
For if an end slips under, as sometimes perchance it  
may,  
They'll daub you down in black and white, and you've  
a shilling to pay.



In comes the surly winder, her cops they are all  
marr'd ;

“They are all snarls, and soft, bad ends ; for I’ve roved  
off many a yard ;

I’m sure I’ll tell the master, or the joss, when he  
comes in : ”

They’ll daub you down, and you must pay ;—so money  
comes rolling in.

The weavers’ turn will next come on, for they must  
not escape,

To enlarge the master’s fortunes they are fined in  
every shape.

For thin places, or bad edges, a go, or else a float,  
They’ll daub you down, and you must pay threepence,  
or else a groat.

If you go into a loom-shop, where there’s three or four  
pair of looms,

They all are standing empty, incumbrances of the  
rooms ;

And if you ask the reason why, the old mother will tell  
you plain,

My daughters have forsaken them, and gone to weave  
by steam.

So, come all you cotton-weavers, you must rise up  
very soon,

For you must work in factories from morning until  
noon :

You mustn’t walk in your garden for two or three hours  
a-day,

For you must stand at their command, and keep your  
shuttles in play.

## GORTON TOWN.

THIS song was communicated by Mr. John Higson, who says it is "translated from the vernacular." It will be the more intelligible to the non-Lancashire reader. Gorton is a chapelry in the parish of Manchester, and about three miles from that city. This was sung in February 1865, at the naming of a dog "Ringwood," at the Hare and Hounds inn, Abbey Hey, Gorton, by Samuel Beswick, a nephew of the composer of the tune, and author or compiler of the words—the late John Beswick, *alias* "Parish Jack," a singer, fluter, and fiddler, in great request at "stirs" and merry-makings, where his vocal and instrumental services were often paid in kind—in meat, clothes, or liquor. He was also in the choir of Gorton chapel, now St. James's Church, where he was buried a few years ago. It has been printed as a broadside.

GOSH dang it, lads, we're coming again,  
Though many a mile I've been ;  
A Gorton lad I'm bred and born,  
And lots of sights I've seen.

But when I did come back again,  
I nearly fell in fits,  
For times and folks so alter'd look'd,  
I thought I'd lost my wits.

I turn'd me north, I turn'd me south,  
I turn'd me east and west,  
And everything so alter'd look'd,  
And some were none for th' best ;

They'n even altered Goose Green pump,  
They'n turn'd it upside down ;  
And th' well they'n choked with paving-stones,  
Since I left Gorton town.

When I left home some years ago,  
Th' old folks had lots o' trade ;  
Some right good jobs came tumbling in,  
And every one well paid.

We'd good roast-beef and pudding,  
And ale some decent swigs ;  
Egad ! they liv'd like fighting-cocks,  
And got as fat as pigs.

But now, egad ! there's none such things ;  
Poor folks have empty tripes ;  
There's no roast-beef to stuff their hides,  
Its Poor Law soup and swipes.

An honest working-man's no chance ;  
Grim want does on him frown ;  
I ne'er thought things would come to this,  
When I left Gorton town.

In days gone by our fine young men  
Ne'er told such dismal tales ;  
They'd ne'er a man transported then  
As far as New South Wales.

We'd honest men in Parliament,  
Both Tories, Rads, and Whigs ;  
They were never known poor folk to rob,  
But now they've turn'd to prigs.

Our manufact'ers work'd full time,  
Their mills were seldom stopt ;  
No general turn-outs were there then,  
Their wages never dropt.

Those Corn-law folks and Chartist lads  
Might talk till all were brown,  
Without being sent to treading-mills,  
When I left Gorton town.

In days gone by I never thought  
Such days would come as these,  
When lads were all as gay as larks,  
And wenches bright as bees.

Right merrily they jogg'd to th' fairs  
In clogs and light shalloon,  
And every one could sport a face  
Just like a harvest moon.

But now the clogs and light shalloons  
Each one has thrown aside,  
And lasses now are faded moons ;  
They're grown too proud to stride.

The foolish frumps sport mutton pumps,  
And yet, their pride to crown,  
They've bustles tied behind 'em  
Half as large as Gorton town.

But dang it, lads ! aw'st ne'er forget,  
When first I came i' th' town,  
A pretty wench came up to me,  
And says, "Where art thou boun' ?"

. . . . .

But putting all these jokes aside,  
We'll hope these times will mend ;  
There'll come a day yet when the rich  
Will prove the poor man's friend.

When work and honest poverty  
Will meet with due regard ;  
And plotting knaves and creeping slaves  
Will get their just reward.

It's soon or late, as sure as fate,  
Such things will come to pass ;  
And when we all get lots of work,  
We'll soon get lots of brass.

With right good trade, and fairly paid,  
I dare bet thee a crown,  
There'll not be such a place i' th' world  
As merry Gorton town.

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#### THE HAND-LOOM WEAVERS' LAMENT.

MR. JOHN HIGSON also obtained this song from the singing of John Grimshaw.

YOU gentlemen and tradesmen, that ride about at will,  
Look down on these poor people ; it's enough to make  
you crill ;<sup>1</sup>  
Look down on these poor people, as you ride up and  
down,  
I think there is a God above will bring your pride quite  
down.

<sup>1</sup> Chilly, goose-fleshy.

*Chorus.*—You tyrants of England, your race may  
soon be run,  
You may be brought unto account for  
what you've sorely done.

You pull down our wages, shamefully to tell ;  
You go into the markets, and say you cannot sell ;  
And when that we do ask you when these bad times  
will mend,  
You quickly give an answer, "When the wars are at  
an end."

When we look on our poor children, it grieves our  
hearts full sore,  
Their clothing it is worn to rags, while we can get no  
more,  
With little in their bellies, they to their work must go,  
Whilst yours do dress as manky as monkeys in a show.

You go to church on Sundays, I'm sure it's nought but  
pride,  
There can be no religion where humanity's thrown  
aside ;  
If there be a place in heaven, as there is in the Ex-  
change,  
Our poor souls must not come near there ; like lost  
sheep they must range.

With the choicest of strong dainties your tables over-  
spread,  
With good ale and strong brandy, to make your faces  
red ;

You call'd a set of visitors—it is your whole delight—  
And you lay your heads together to make our faces  
white.

You say that Bonyparty he's been the spoil of all,  
And that we have got reason to pray for his downfall;  
Now Bonyparty's dead and gone, and it is plainly  
shown  
That we have bigger tyrants in Boneys of our own.

And now, my lads, for to conclude, it's time to make  
an end;  
Let's see if we can form a plan that these bad times  
may mend;  
Then give us our old prices, as we have had before,  
And we can live in happiness, and rub off the old  
score.

This ballad was sung to the favourite air of "A  
hunting we will go," but better known in and near  
Manchester by a song of the time, of which one verse  
runs—

With Henry Hunt we'll go, we'll go,  
With Henry Hunt we'll go;  
We'll raise the cap of liberty,  
In spite of Nadin Joe.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Nadin was deputy-constable of Manchester for more than twenty years. He resigned in March 1821, and was succeeded by Mr. Stephen Lavender, from London.

### THE MIDDLETON OVERSEER AND THE MADMAN.

THE following ballad is said to be founded on fact. It was taken down by Mr. Higson, as sung by John Grimshaw. Middleton is a market-town and parish, midway between Manchester and Rochdale. We have also seen it in print as an ordinary ballad-sheet.

IT'S of a clever overseer, as crafty as a mouse, sir,  
He brought a man from Middleton to Lancaster mad-  
house, sir ;

The overseer laughed in his sleeve, in view of specula-  
tion,

But little did he think to meet with such a desolation.

Right fal the ral, the raddy oh,

Right fal the looral lido ;

Right fal the ral, the raddy oh,

Right fal the looral lido.

When they arriv'd at Lancaster, says the madman,

"We're at home, sir."

They walk'd about Lancaster streets, like Darby and  
his Joan, sir ;

The madman and the overseer, they went to bed to-  
gether :

Says the overseer to himself, "I'll stick to him like  
leather,"

Right fal, etc.

Then the overseer did lie down, and the madman he  
did creep, sir,

And by his cunning, crafty tricks, got the overseer  
asleep, sir ;



The note out of his pocket drew, which lay behind his  
head, sir ;  
Got up and left the overseer quite fast asleep in bed,  
sir.

Right fal, etc.

By chance he met a gentleman ; says he, " Where are  
you bound, sir ?  
He says, " I'm going to take a view of Lancaster fine  
town, sir."  
Says he, " I'm an overseer, I'm come upon a cruise,  
sir ;  
I've a message that I must take down to Lancaster  
mad-house, sir."

Right fal, etc.

When he got to Lancaster mad-house loudly he rang  
the bell, sir,  
And when the governor did appear, he cut a noble  
swell, sir ;  
Says he, " A madman I have got, I'll show you my  
receipt, sir ;  
I've had him in my custody, struggling all the neet,  
sir."

Right fal, etc.

Says the lunatic, " He is so mad, perhaps he'll form a  
plan, sir,  
And when this morning we do come, he'll swear *I* am  
the man, sir ;  
For he is so obstreperous, that no one can endure him ;  
And when he says that I'm the man, that instant you  
secure him."

Right fal, etc.

He went straight back to th' public-house, and loudly  
he did say, sir,—

“Why, overseer, do you intend to lie in bed all day,  
sir?”

The overseer was so alarm'd with fear beyond relation,  
To see the lunatic awake and free, yet full of conver-  
sation.

Right fal, etc.

Says the overseer, “I will get up; we'll have a little  
meat, sir;

And after that we'll take a walk, and look at my estate,  
sir.”

After they had breakfasted, they kindly did embrace,  
sir :

Says the overseer, “Yonder is a most elegant place, sir.”

Right fal, etc.

Then the overseer his pockets groped, and straight  
began a-crying :

His receipt was gone, he knew not how; it set him  
near a-dying.

Says the overseer, “I must form a plan, all for to get  
him in, sir.”

Says the lunatic unto himself, “I wish you would begin,  
sir.”

Right fal, etc.

Then the overseer he rang the bell, without any further  
thought, sir :

Says the madman to the turnkey, “This is the man  
I've brought, sir.”

They got hold of the overseer, and hauled him into  
the place, sir ;

Pull'd off his clothes, and shaved his head, and then  
they wash'd his face, sir.

Right fal, etc.

Then he was so ungovernable, and kicked up such a  
racket,

That quick they bound him hand and foot, put on him  
a straight-jacket :

When the operation did commence, his mind was filled  
with stitches,

And the overseer looked in their face like one with  
dirty breeches.

Right fal, etc.

Says the lunatic, " I will go home, my sorrows are all  
over ;

I'm as happy now as ever cow was in a field of clover."

"Where have you left the overseer?" "Where they  
will make him civil :

I've left him in Lancaster 'sylum as mad as any devil !"

Right fal, etc.

A note was sent immediately by the coach, the "Volun-  
teer," sir,

To get to Lancaster with speed, to release the overseer,  
sir ;

And now, poor man, at home again, his mind's full of  
reflection,

He'll remember Lancaster mad-house to the day of  
resurrection.

Right fal, etc.

## MARY MELVIN OF THE MERSEY SIDE.

THIS has long been a favourite song. The broadsides are still printed and sold in Liverpool and the neighbourhood.

GIVE ear with patience to my relation,  
All you that ever felt Cupid's dart,  
I'm captivated and ruined  
By a young female that made me smart.  
My mind's tormented, I can't prevent it,  
Her glancing beauty has me destroy'd,  
I speak sincerely, I suffered dearly—  
For Mary Melvin of the Mersey side.

In the month of May, when the lambkins play,  
By the river-side as I chanc'd to rove,  
There I spied Mary, both light and airy,  
And singing sweetly as she did rove.  
I got enchanted, I throbb'd and panted,  
Like one delirious I stood and cried,  
“Ah ! lovely creature, the boast of nature,  
Did Cupid send you to the Mersey side?”

She made this answer, “ It's all romancing  
For you to flatter a simple dame ;  
I'm not so stupid, or dup'd by Cupid,  
So I defy you on me to scheme.  
My habitation is near this plantation,  
I feed my flocks by the river-side ;  
Therefore don't tease me, and you will please me,”  
Said Mary Melvin of the Mersey side.

I said, "My charmer, my soul's alarmer,  
Your glancing beauty did me ensnare ;  
If I've offended, I never intended  
To hurt your feelings, I do declare.  
You sang so sweetly, and so discreetly,  
You cheer'd the woods and valleys wide,  
That fam'd Apollo your voice would follow,  
Should he but hear you near the Mersey side."

"Young man you're dreaming, or you are scheming,  
You're like the serpent that tempted Eve ;  
Your oily speeches do sting like leeches,  
But all your flattery shan't me deceive.  
Your vain delusion is an intrusion ;  
For your misconduct I must you chide ;  
Therefore retire, it is my desire,"  
Said Mary Melvin of the Mersey side.

"Don't be so cruel, my dearest jewel,  
I'm captivated, I really vow ;  
To show I'm loyal, make no denial,  
Here is my hand, and I'll wed you now.  
I want no sporting, nor tedious courting,  
But instantly I'll make you my bride ;  
Therefore surrender, I'm no pretender,  
Sweet Mary Melvin of the Mersey side."

She then consented, and quite contented  
Unto the church we went straightway,  
And quickly hurried, and both got married,  
And join'd our hearts on that very day.  
Her parents bless'd us, and then caress'd us ;  
A handsome portion they did provide ;  
We bless the day that we chanc'd to stray  
By the lonely banks on the Mersey side.

## GRIMSHAW'S FACTORY FIRE.

IN 1790 Mr. Robert Grimshaw, of Gorton House, Gorton, near Manchester, having contracted with the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom, for the privilege of using 500 of his looms, erected, for their reception, a weaving factory at Knott Mill, with steam-power. The mill was finished, and the machinery, including 30 power-looms, had not been many weeks at work before the whole building was burned to the ground. As the proprietor had previously received several anonymous letters threatening destruction to the mill if he persisted to work it, there is every reason to conclude that the fire did not happen without design, but was the work of an incendiary. Mr. Grimshaw was about erecting another mill in Gorton, but this fire not only deterred him, but others, from bringing the invention into use ; and the next attempt to introduce power-looms into Manchester was not made till sixteen years afterwards. About the time of the fire there lived up the Ginnel, near the Chapel-Houses, Gorton, a man named Lucas, a hand-loom weaver and crofter or bleacher. Though very illiterate,—not able to write, and scarcely to read,—he enjoyed considerable local fame as a rhymester. He composed a ditty on the destruction of Grimshaw's mill, which was regularly set to music, printed, and sold by the ballad-dealers of Manchester. The entire song cannot now be recovered, but the following fragment has been orally gleaned from five old men, each of whom well recollects singing it at the time of its currency. It reveals the feelings of the working-classes of that day on

the introduction of machinery and steam-power. For the above particulars we are indebted to the late Mr. John Higson.

COME all ye country gentlemen,  
Come listen to my story ;  
It's of a country gallant  
Who was cropp'd in his glory,  
All by a new invention,  
As all things come by natur',  
Concerning looms from Doncaster<sup>1</sup>  
And weyvin' done by wayter.  
*Chorus.*—Then, eh, the looms from Doncaster  
That lately have come down—  
That they never had been carried  
Into Manchester town.

For coal to work his factory  
He sent unto the Duke,<sup>2</sup> sir ;  
He thought that all the town  
Should be stifled with the smoke, sir ;  
But the Duke sent him an answer,  
Which came so speedily,  
That the poor should have the coal,  
If the Devil took th' machinery.  
Then, eh, etc.

He got all kinds of people  
To work at his invention,  
Both English, Scotch, and Irish,  
And more than I could mention.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Cartwright had erected a mill for power-loom at Doncaster, but with so little success that it was abandoned.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Bridgewater, the great coal-owner.

He kept such order over them,  
Much more than they did choose, sir,  
They left him land for liberty ;  
Please God to spare their shoes, sir.  
Then, eh, etc.

The floor was over shavings,  
Took fire in the night, sir ;  
But now he's sick in bed  
Some say it's with affright, sir.

[The rest wanting.]

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### THE BONNY GRAY.

THIS song celebrated a famous cock-fight in the days of "the old Lord Derby"—Edward, the 12th earl—who was very fond of the sport, and who died in 1834. He was great-grandfather of the present earl. The song appears to indicate that the cock-pit in which the battle was fought was in Liverpool ; and it is clear that the Earl and the Prescott lads backed the cock named "Charcoal Black," while the Liverpool folks supported the "Bonny Gray," which proved the victor. We take this song from a printed ballad-sheet :—

COME all you cock-merchants far and near,  
Did you hear of a cock-fight happening here?  
Those Liverpool lads, I've heard them say,  
'Tween the Charcoal Black and the Bonny Gray.



We went to Jim Ward's,<sup>1</sup> and call'd for a pot,  
Where this grand cock-battle was fought ;  
For twenty guineas a-side these cocks did play,  
The Charcoal Black and the Bonny Gray.

Then Lord Derby came swaggering down ;  
" I'll bet ten guineas to a crown,  
If this Charcoal Black he gets fair play,  
He'll clip the wings of your Bonny Gray."

Now when these cocks came to the sod,  
Cry the Liverpool lads, " How now ? what odds ? "  
The odds, the Prescot lads did say,  
'Tween the Charcoal Black and the Bonny Gray.

This cock-fight was fought hard and fast,  
Till Black Charcoal he lay dead at last,  
The Liverpool lads gave a loud huzza,  
And carried away the Bonny Gray !

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### THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

IN vain I attempt to describe  
The charms of my favourite fair ;  
She's the sweetest of Mother Eve's tribe,  
With her there is none to compare.  
She's a pride of beauty so bright,  
Her image my fancy enriches ;  
My charmer's the village delight,  
And the pride of the Lancashire witches.

<sup>1</sup> The pugilist, who kept an inn in Liverpool.

Then hurrah for the Lancashire witches,  
Whose smile every bosom enriches ;  
    Oh, dearly I prize  
    The pretty blue eyes  
Of the pride of the Lancashire witches.

They may talk of the dark eyes of Spain—  
    'Tis useless to boast as they do—  
They attempt to compare them in vain  
    With the Lancashire ladies of blue.  
Only view the dear heavenly belles,  
    You're soon seized with love's sudden twitches,  
Which none could create but the spells  
    From the eyes of the Lancashire witches.  
    Then hurrah, etc.

The Lancashire witches, believe me,  
    Are beautiful every one ;  
But mine, or my fancy deceives me,  
    Is the prettiest under the sun.  
If the wealth of the Indies, I swear,  
    Were mine, and I wallow'd in riches,  
How gladly my fortune I'd share  
    With the pride of the Lancashire witches.  
    Then hurrah, etc.

MODERN  
SONGS AND BALLADS  
OF  
LANCASHIRE





## MODERN SONGS AND BALLADS OF LANCASHIRE.



### I.

#### Romantic and Legendary Ballads.

AS we approach the present time, we find this class of ballads becoming more rare. The present age is so literal, practical, and matter-of-fact, and withal has brought with it so many material cares and struggles for the people of Lancashire, that it cannot be matter for surprise that old legendary marvels and ballads of the imagination and the fancy have become "few and far between." The flame is, however, still kept alive by the poet; and the few examples we are able to give are almost all derived from some of those who have added lustre to the literary annals of Lancashire.



## THE LAST WOLF :

A LEGEND OF HUMPHREY HEAD.\*

BY "TRISTRAM."

*(Abridged from the "Lonsdale Magazine," Feb. 1821.)*

AT a remote period, a bold and intrepid knight, named Harrington, fixed his residence at Wraysholme Tower, near Humphrey Head, on the northern shore of Morecambe Bay. The remains of the tower, dark and gloomy, are still visible, sheltered by clumps of old trees, with deep green foliage of sombre hue. The knight, in erecting the tower, constructed the walls of stone, cemented with lime and ox-blood, designing them to endure for ages. His strange, wayward fancy is manifest in the shape of the present structure, which is considerably wider at the top than the bottom. In his days a few wolves still remained in the extensive forest of Cartmel, and these he hunted with a determination to exterminate. In one of these excursions, Harrington had ridden away from his companions, and had ascended the summit of Humphrey Head, in order, if possible, to regain a sight of his fellow-sportsmen. While traversing the forest on a fleet horse, he heard shrieks, and on reaching the spot from whence they proceeded, he beheld a young and lovely female, crouching in a cleft of the rock, while an enormous wolf was endeavouring to reach her; barking loudly, and with fierce, flashing eyes. The knight succeeded in transfixing the ferocious

\* The great length of this interesting ballad (seventy-five verses) precludes our giving it entire; but we have preserved the more salient features of the story.

animal with his hunting-spear ; and then, dismounting, he assisted to release the lady from her rough and precarious asylum. The result may be anticipated. Gratitude was quickly succeeded by love ; for the knight was young, handsome, brave, graceful, eloquent, and kind. The neighbouring chapel soon received their exchanged vows. They lived long and happily, and a numerous progeny crowned their union. This wolf, says the tradition, was the last ever seen in England ; on which account the knight assumed it as his crest. The happy pair, when they passed away, were laid together in a niche in Cartmel church. Their effigies were cut in stone, with a figure of the wolf at their feet. A few Runic knots, to mark the descent of the knight, were carved on the walls ; but, without a word of inscription, their monument remains to perplex the modern antiquary. The ballad varies considerably from the tradition.

The sun hath set on Wraysholme's Tower,  
And o'er broad Morecambe's Bay,—  
The moon from out her eastern bower  
Pursues the path of day.

. . . . .

Within those walls may now be seen  
The festive board display'd ;  
And round it many a knight, I ween,  
And many a comely maid.

For know, that on the morrow's dawn,  
With all who list to ride,  
Sir Edgar Harrington hath sworn  
To hunt the country side.

A Wolf,—the last, as rumour saith,  
In England's spacious realm,—  
Is doom'd that day to meet its death,  
And grace the conqueror's helm.

And he hath sworn an oath, beside,  
Whoe'er that wolf shall quell,  
Shall have his fair niece for a bride,  
With half his lands as well.

. . . . .

But two there are who little feel  
The mirth abounding there,  
Yon red-cross knight, Sir John Delisle,  
And Adela the fair.

An orphan maid was Adela,  
Sir Edgar's cherish'd ward,  
For beauty famous wide and far,  
And bounteous deeds adored.

. . . . .

Though oft by neighb'ring swains besought,  
She ne'er had wooed but one,  
Now dead in foreign lands, 'twas thought,  
Whose name was Harrington.

'Tis whisper'd that in happier times  
They plighted mutual troth,  
And then the youth sought other climes,  
Beneath his father's wrath.



But as he scans yon stranger knight,  
 You hear old Hubert vow,  
 That love-lorn wanderer meets his sight,  
 Whate'er his name be now.

Beyond him, by Sir Edgar's side,  
 Sits Layburne at the board,  
 Close suitor for the bonny bride,  
 But from her soul abhorr'd.

With morn comes the great chase—

Full threescore riders mount with speed ;  
 Lo ! Layburne there bestrides  
 A stalwart steed of Flemish breed,  
 That well his weight abides.

Whilst mounted on an Arab white,  
 Of figure lithe and free,  
 Rides young Delisle, the stranger knight,  
 So wrapt in mystery.

[The wolf, scared from his covert on Humphrey Head, leads the hunters a long and weary chase, even reaching and swimming over a part of Windermere ; and then, being headed, makes for his lair on Humphrey Head, which he reaches at even-tide.]

Of all that goodly companie,  
 Rode forth at break of day,  
 But two bold riders now are nigh,  
 Delisle and Layburne they.

And left of all the gallant pack  
That swell'd their lusty cheer,  
Two tireless bloodhounds keep the track,  
As evening's shades appear.

But these, unspent in limb and wind,  
Now press the quarry home ;  
It hears their hollow pants behind,  
And feels its hour is come.

Thus slow they strain o'er Humphrey's height,  
When, lo ! a chasm appears,  
That dips in darkness from the sight,  
And fills the heart with fears.

First Layburne nears the giddy brink,  
With spur and slacken'd rein,  
And then his steed is seen to shrink,  
Nor face the chasm again.

Now, bold Delisle ! ah, well I wot,  
Though manfully thou strive,  
No rider may explore that grot  
And leave its shades alive !

Vain care ! he crests its craggy brow  
And, spurring down amain,  
Cries, "Adela, I'll win thee now,  
Or ne'er wend forth again."

A while from side to side it leapt,  
That steed of mettle true ;  
Then, swiftly to destruction swept,  
Like flashing lightning flew.

The shingles in its headlong course  
 With rattling din give way ;  
 The hazels snap beneath its force,  
 The mountain savins sway.

Meantime, upon her palfrey light  
 The ladye waits beneath ;  
 When lo ! the wild wolf bursts in sight,  
 And bares its glistening teeth.

Her eyes are closed in mortal dread,  
 And ere a look they steal,  
 The wolf and Arab both lie dead,  
 And scatheless stands Delisle.

Full promptly from the slaughter'd prey  
 He plucks his reeking spear,  
 And cries, " O beauteous Adela !  
 Behold thy true love here !

" Rememberest thou thy early vow,  
 Thou ne'er wouldst wed but one ?  
 He comes, I trow, to claim it now,  
 Thine own John Harrington.

" Though many a day hath pass'd away  
 Since those bright times we knew,  
 This heart, though not so light and gay,  
 Is still as warm and true.

" Oh lovely star of auld lang syne !  
 That long hast ruled its core,  
 This day at last hath made thee mine,  
 To part, I ween, no more."

“ Now, by my troth,” Sir Edgar cried,  
“ Right welcome back, my son ;  
Full surely shalt thou wed the bride  
Thou hast so bravely won.”

Even as the sire his son embraced,  
(By chance it so befell,)  
The Prior of St Mary’s pass’d  
To drink the Holy Well.

Sir Edgar straight the priest besought  
To tarry for a while ;  
Who, when the lady’s eye he caught,  
Assented with a smile.

. . . . .

The monk he had a mellow heart,  
And, scrambling to the spot,  
Full blithely there he play’d his part,  
And tied the nuptial knot.

And hence that cave on Humphrey Hill,  
Where these fair deeds befell,  
Is call’d Sir Edgar’s Chapel still,  
As hunters wot full well.

And still that holy fount is there  
To which the prior came ;  
And still it boasts its virtues rare,  
And bears its ancient name.

And long on Wraysholme’s lattice light  
A wolf’s head might be traced,  
In record of the red-cross knight  
Who bore it for a crest.

In Cartmel's church his grave is shown,  
And o'er it, side by side,  
All graved in stone, lie brave Sir John,  
And Adela his bride.

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## THE EVE OF ST JOHN:

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

SHE waiteth by the forest stream,  
She sitteth on the ground ;  
While the moonlight, like a mantle,  
Wraps her tenderly around !  
She sitteth through the cold, cold night,  
But not a step draws near ;  
Though *his* name is on her trembling lips,  
His voice meets not her ear !

Hist ! was 't the haunted stream that spoke ?  
What droning sound swept there ?  
She listens !—Still no human tone  
O'erhears she anywhere !  
Oh ! was 't the forest bough that took  
That sad and spectral mien ?  
She looketh round distractedly,  
But there is nothing seen !

Dark, in the quiet moonlight,  
Her shadowy form is thrown ;  
With a strange and lonely mournfulness,  
*It seems not like her own !*

She glanceth o'er her shoulder fair,  
The moon is gleaming wide ;  
She turneth—Jesu ! what is there  
Pale sitting by her side ?

She pauseth for a single breath—  
She hearkens for a tone ;  
And terror pains her chilling veins,  
For breath or sound is none !  
The silence—oh ! it racks her brain,  
It binds it like a cord ;  
She 'd given worlds, though but to hear  
The chirping of a bird.

The shadow rose before her,  
It stood upon the stream :  
“ O blessed shadow, ease my soul,  
And tell me 'tis a dream !  
Thou tak'st the form of one they vow'd  
Mine eyes should see no more ! ”  
The shadow stood across the stream,  
And beckon'd pale before.

The shadow beckon'd on before,  
Yet deign'd her no reply ;  
The lady rose, and straight the stream  
To its pebbly breast was dry.  
It pass'd the wood, it cross'd the court,  
The gate flew from its chain ;  
The gentle ladye knew she stood  
Within her own domain !

And still the awful shadow glid,  
 Without or breath or tone,  
 Until it came to a sullen sluice,  
 'Mid yellow sand and stone ;  
 But rock and sand disdain'd to stand,  
 The water scorn'd to flow ;  
 Thus blood was seen down the rift between,  
 And the dead reveal'd below.

The dead was seen, in the space between,  
 And the ladye knew it well !  
 She kiss'd its cheek, with a piercing shriek,  
 With a woe no tongue may tell.  
 The gory shadow beckon'd on,  
 And still her steps implored ;  
 But she follow'd not, for on that spot  
 She found a shiver'd sword.

She grasp'd the hilt, its silken thread  
 Her own fair skill had wove ;  
 A brother's hand had struck the dead—  
*His* sword had slain her love !  
 She took the corpse upon her knees,  
 Its cheek lay next her own ;  
 Like sculpture fair, in the moonlight there,  
 Like misery turn'd to stone !

. . . . .

No food to seek for the ravens' beak,  
 The gibbet serves them true,  
 With young and sweet and dainty meat,  
 As e'er the ravens knew ;

And few they see near the gibbet tree,  
For a bleeding form glides on,  
From the haunted stream, in the moon's cold beam  
On the eve of good Saint John !

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THE WILD RIDER.

(A LEGENDARY TALE.)

BY SAMUEL BAMFORD.

PART FIRST.

NOW unto fair Alkrington tidings there came,  
And the gallant young knight he soon heard of the  
same,  
That a gentle young damsel had passèd that morn,  
And was gone up a hunting with hound and with horn ;  
“And oh !” said Sir Ashton, “if that be the case,  
Methinks I would fain join the maid in the chase,  
And so bid my groom-boy, withouten delay,  
Bring forth my white hunter, I'll ride her to-day.”

And soon his white hunter was led to the gate,  
Where, neighing and pacing, she scarcely would wait ;  
She champ'd the steel bit, and she flung her head high,  
As if she would fain snuff the air of the sky,  
And wist not to breathe the low wind of the plain,  
Which spread like a white cloud her tail and her mane ;  
“And oh !” thought the knight, as he view'd her with  
pride,  
“The game should be love when my Arab I ride.”



The knight he rode south, over Blakeley's high land,  
But tidings he heard not of maid or her band ;  
The knight he rode east, towards the uprising sun,  
But the broad heaths of Moston lay silent and dun ;  
And then he sped north, but she did not appear ;  
The cry of the hunter came not to his ear,  
Till o'er lonely Syddall awoke a far strain,  
And he rode till he join'd the fair maid and her train.

And who was the maiden that, plumèd so gay,  
Went forth with the hounds and good hunters that day ?  
And why did the damsel make slight of all heed,  
Or whither she went with her hound and her steed ?  
And why reck'd she little of all that gay band,  
But still cast her long-looking gaze o'er the land ;  
And smiled not, though often she turn'd and sigh'd,  
Till a snowy-white courser afar she espied ?

Sweet Mary, twin rose of the Asshèton line,  
Was she who came forth like a Dian divine ;  
And often the knight and the damsel, of late,  
Had met at the hunting, through love or through fate ;  
And now she bade welcome with maidenly pride—  
The knight waved his hand and rode on by her side ;  
But ere the old woodlands of Bowlee were cross'd,  
Both knight and fair maid to the hunters were lost.

For there, while the chase hurries on like the wind,  
The twain of young lovers have tarried behind ;  
And leaving their steeds, the deep woodlands they pace,  
His arm round the maid, and his looks on her face ;

He whispers sweet words from his heart's inmost core,  
He would love her through life and through death,—  
    could he more ?

And fondly, in tears, she emplighteth her vow,  
“ In life and in death I'll be faithful as thou ! ”

## PART SECOND.

Now unto fair Alkrington tidings there came,  
And soon was the knight made aware of the same,  
That Mary, his loved one, was held in deep thrall,  
Close bolted and barr'd, down at Middleton Hall ;  
And that her old father had sworn by his life,  
His daughter should ne'er to Sir Ashton be wife ;  
And that one Sir Morden,\* a knight from South-land,  
Had come down to claim Lady Mary's fair hand.

Oh ! woe unto true love, when kindred severe  
Would stifle affection and chill its warm tear !  
And woe unto true love, when trials come fast,  
And friendship is found but a shadow at last !  
And woe to the heart that is reft of its own,  
And bidden to languish in sorrow alone !  
But woe beyond weeping is that when we prove  
That one we love dearly hath ceased to love !

Thus mournful the fate of the maid did appear ;  
Her sire, though he loved her, was stern and austere,  
And friends who came round her when bright was her  
    day,  
Were silent, or doubtful, or kept quite away.

\* This is a misnomer, as the monument of the last of the Asshetons in Middleton church testifies. The name should be Harbord.

But Hope, like an angel, bright visions still drew,  
And pictured her knight ever constant and true,  
Till one came and told her he'd ta'en him a bride ;—  
Her young heart then wither'd, her tears were all dried.

How sweet is the music of wedding-day bells,  
On sunny bright uplands, and down the green dells ;  
All gaily melodious it comes in the air,  
As if undying pleasure were carolling there ;  
Like golden-wing'd seraphs all broken astray,  
And playing on cymbals for bright holiday !  
E'en such was the music one gay morning time,  
Which the bells of St Leonards did merrily chime.

And why rang St Leonards that merry-mad tune ?  
And why was the church path with flowers bestrewn ?  
And who was that marble-pale beauty that moved  
As nothing she hoped for, and nothing she loved—  
Who gave her white hand, but 'twas clammy and cold ?  
Who sigh'd when she look'd on her ring of bright gold ?  
O Mary ! lost Mary ! where now is thy vow,  
“ In life and in death I'll be faithful as thou ? ”

PART THIRD.

In a ruinous cottage, at Cambeshire barn,  
An old wither'd crone sat unravelling yarn ;  
A few heap'd embers lay dusty and white ;  
A lamp, green and fetid, cast ominous light ;  
A cat strangely bark'd, as it hutch'd by the hob ;  
A broody hen crow'd from her perch on a cob ;  
The lamp it burn'd pale, and the lamp it burn'd blue,  
And fearfully ghast was the light which it threw.

“ And who cometh here ?” said the mumbling old crone,  
“ And why comes a gentleman riding alone ?  
And why doth he wander areawt\* such a night,  
When the moon is gone down and the stars not alight ;  
When those are abroad would stab a lost child,  
And the wind comes up muttering, fearful and wild,  
And the hen ’gins to crow, and the dog ’gins to mew,  
And my grave-fatted lamp glimmers dimly and blue ?

“ When the dog ’gins to mew, and the cat ’gins to bark,  
And yon musty old skull snaps its teeth in the dark,  
And the toad and the urchin crawl in from the moor,  
And the frightful black adder creeps under the door,  
And the hapless self-murder’d, that died in her sin,  
Comes haunting the house with her dolorous din,  
And stands in the nook like an image of clay,  
With the sad look she wore when her life pass’d away.”

A knocking was heard at the old hovel door,  
And forth stepp’d a dark muffled man on the floor ;  
He threw back his mantle of many a fold,  
And he cross’d the wan palm of the sibyl with gold.  
“ Now Sir Knight of Alkrington, what wouldst thou  
know,  
That, seeking my home, thou entreatest me so ?  
The world-sweeping mower thy heart-wound must cure,  
But she who lies mourning hath more to endure !

“ But warning I give thee, a sign from afar—  
There’s a cloud on thy sun, there’s a spot on thy star.  
Go, climb the wild mountain, or toil on the plain,  
Or be outcast on land, or be wreck’d on the main ,

\* Areawt—out of doors—abroad.

Or seek the red battle, and dare the death-wound,  
Or mine after treasure a mile under ground ;  
For, sleeping or waking, on ocean or strand,  
Thy life is prolong'd, if thou hold thine own hand."

What further was said 'twixt the knight and the crone,  
Was never repeated, and never was known ;  
But when he came back, to remount him again,  
One, fearful and dark, held his stirrup and rein—  
His horse, terror-shaking, stood cover'd with foam ;  
It ran with him miles ere he turn'd it towards home ;  
The gray morning broke, and the battle-cock crew,  
Ere the lorn-hearted knight to his chamber withdrew.

PART FOURTH.

And who hath not heard how the knight, from that day,  
Was alter'd in look, and unwont in his way ;  
And how he sought wonders of every form,  
And things of all lands, from a gem to a worm ;  
And how he divided his father's domain,  
And sold many parts, to the purchasers' gain ;  
And how his poor neighbours with pity were sad,  
And said, Good Sir Ashton, through love, was gone  
mad ?

But strangest of all, on that woe-wedding night,  
A black horse was stabled where erst stood the white ;  
The grooms, when they fed him, in terror quick fled,  
His breath was hot smoke, and his eyes burning red ;  
He beat down a strong wall of mortar and crag ;  
He tore his oak stall, as a dog would a rag,  
And no one durst put forth a hand near that steed,  
Till a priest had read ave, and pater, and creed.

And then he came forth, the strange, beautiful thing,  
With speed that could lead a wild eagle on wing ;  
And raven had never spread plume on the air,  
Whose lustreful darkness with his might compare.  
He bore the young Ashton—none else could him ride—  
O'er flood and o'er fell, and o'er quarry-pit wide ;  
The housewife she bless'd her, and held fast her child,  
And the men swore both horse and his rider were wild.

And then, when the knight to the hunting-field came,  
He rode as he sought rather death than his game ;  
He hallooed through woods where he'd wander'd of yore,  
But the lost Lady Mary he never saw more !  
And no one durst ride in the track where he led,  
So fearful his leaps, and so madly he sped ;  
And in his wild frenzy he gallop'd one day  
Down the church-steps at Rochdale and up the same  
way.

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This story (says Mr Bamford) is mainly founded on traditionary reminiscences, many of which are current amongst the old people of the district. Sir Assheton Lever, of Alkrington, is still represented in these old stories as the accepted lover (accepted by the lady) of Miss Assheton, eldest daughter, and (with her sister Eleanor) co-heiress of Sir Ralphe Assheton, who was lord of all the lands of Middleton, Thornham, Pils-worth, Unsworth, Radcliffe, Great and Little Lever, and Ainsworth. Sir Ashton Lever was the first knight of his name, and the last. He was of a line not as anciently titled as the Asshetons, and consequently,

as is supposed, his attentions were not quite agreeable to the proud old baronet. Some stories impute his rejection to a personal difference betwixt the two families. However it was, the breaking off of the match has always been considered by the residents of the district as unfortunate to both the properties ; that of Middleton might certainly as well have been annexed to Hanover as to Gunton. Sir Ashton Lever, in after years, expended vast sums in forming and establishing the Leverian Museum. He was an excellent bowman, and a fearless rider ; and tradition has handed down stories of feats of horsemanship analogous to those recited in the ballad, accompanied with sage insinuations that no horse could have carried him save one of more than earthly breed or human training. That he performed the daring feat of riding at full gallop down the long and precipitous flight of steps leading from Rochdale churchyard into Packer Street, and up again, is still considered as doubtless as is the existence of the steps which remain there. He latterly sold many farms and plots of land, for sums to be paid yearly during his life ; and, soon after, died suddenly at the Bull's-head Inn in Manchester. Rumour said, at the time, that he died by his own hand. The lady was married to Harbord Harbord, Esq., nephew and heir of Sir William Morden, of Gunton, Norfolk, and afterwards the first Lord Suffield, who took, with her, the estates of Middleton and Thornham. After marriage, the lady seldom visited the hall of her fathers, and the ancient portion of it was levelled with the ground. It was one of the finest old relics of the sort in the county ; built of frame-work and plaster ; with pannels, carvings, and massy black beams, strong

enough for a mill floor. The yard was entered through a low wicket, at a ponderous gate ; the interior was laid with small diamond-shaped flags ; a door on the left led into a large and lofty hall, hung round with matchlocks, steel caps, swords, targets, and hunting-weapons, intermixed with trophies of the battle-field and the chase. But all disappeared before the spirit of vandalism which commanded the annihilation of that most interesting relic of an ancient line. With respect to the other personages and accessories in the story, it may be mentioned that "the withered crone" was in being in the author's days. "Owd Mal o' Cambeshur" was a name of terror to the children, and of questionable import to their elders. The "ruinous cottage" at Cambeshire has fared better than the bride's chamber at the lordly hall. It has been improved, and is now inhabited by the family of a weaver. The place is at Cambeshire, on the top of Bowlee, in the township of Heaton. Sometimes it is called "Katty Green." "The old woodlands of Bowlee" have long since disappeared before the axe ; and all the best timber of the two townships of Middleton and Thornham has shared the same fate : the country has, in fact, been pretty well swept out. [Mr Bamford denies that the "black horse" in the ballad was derived from the horse "Darkness" in the poem of Festus, of which he knew nothing till January 1843.]





A LEGEND OF THE HEART.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

THE lights have vanish'd one by one,  
Till every taper's blaze hath gone ;  
The moonbeams through each casement creep,  
And all seems hush'd in death-like sleep.

Young Imma lists with anxious ear,  
But not a single sound can hear ;  
She leaves the chamber of her rest  
And couch of snowy white unpress'd.

With silent footsteps steals the maid,  
And starteth oft, as though afraid  
The beatings of her heart are heard,  
That flutters like a captive bird.

With cautious step she treads each stair,  
Her light foot dwells a moment there ;  
Around a hurried glance is thrown,  
And then again she glideth on.

Now she hath pass'd the winding stairs,  
And with a quicker pace repairs  
Along the wide and high-roof'd hall,  
Till she hath gain'd the outer wall.

The pale moon shines on dark-green tree,  
The low wind sighs its minstrelsy,  
And, shaken from the shrub and flower,  
The bright dew falls in silver shower.

She hurries on, the lovely one,  
Around her form a mantle thrown ;  
Whilst pours the sweet-voiced nightingale  
Upon her ear its mournful tale.

She passeth, as a star when driven  
Along the cloudless face of heaven ;  
Her fair hair floating in the wind :  
Tree, shrub, and flower are left behind.

A bounding tread is heard, a rush,  
And to her face upsprings the blush ;  
To earth are cast her fawn-like eyes,  
Whilst to her arms a dear one flies.

Yes ! they had chosen that still hour,  
When all was hush'd in hall and bower,  
To meet—no witness to their love,  
Save gleaming moon, that smiled above.

But who is he that meeteth there  
That lady, graceful, proud, and fair ?  
Why doth she leave her father's hall,  
And steal beyond the outer wall ?

The youth is one of low estate,  
The maiden's sire is rich and great ;  
But what cares love for high degree ?  
He laughs at wealth and ancestry.

Ever are secret raptures sweet—  
The youth is at the lady's feet ;  
He poureth forth impassion'd sighs,  
And readeth answers in her eyes.

Oh ! would that you had never met,  
For watchful spies are round you set ;  
The aged sire, in furious mood,  
Is bent upon a deed of blood.

There comes a swift and wingèd dart,  
Which cleaves its way through beating heart,  
And he who lately blest her charms  
Lies dead within the lady's arms !

And shall I tell the maiden's fate ?  
She lived on long, though desolate ;  
Better had she been with the dead,  
For reason's guiding-star had fled.

Though by her kindred guarded well,  
When shades of night around her fell,  
She ever left her father's hall,  
And wander'd round the outer wall.

It is a legend of old date,  
Which ancient gossips oft narrate,  
And some who tell the mournful tale,  
Say they have heard the lady's wail.

They tell that still her form is seen,  
Gliding the moon's white rays between,  
That she may mourn the hapless fate  
Of him who died through love and hate.



## THE CARRION CROW.\*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

THE carrion crow is a sexton bold,  
He raketh the dead from out of the mould ;  
He delveth the ground like a miser old,  
Stealthily hiding his store of gold.

*Caw ! caw !*

The carrion crow hath a coat of black,  
Silky and sleek, like a priest's, to his back ;  
Like a lawyer he grubbeth—no matter what way—  
The fouler the offal, the richer his prey.

*Caw ! caw ! the carrion crow !  
Dig ! dig ! in the ground below !*

The carrion crow hath a dainty maw,  
With savoury pickings he crammeth his crow ;  
Kept meat from the gibbet it pleaseth his whim,  
It never can *hang* too long for him !

*Caw ! caw !*

The carrion crow smelleth powder, 'tis said,  
Like a soldier escheweth the taste of cold lead ;  
No jester or mime hath more marvellous wit,  
For wherever he lighteth he maketh a hit !

*Caw ! caw ! the carrion crow !  
Dig ! dig ! in the ground below !*

\* This song has been set to music by Mr F. Romer.

BALLAD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

WHY leave you thus your father's hall,  
 And hie to the gate so oft ?  
 'Tis only to watch the moonlight fall  
 O'er the waves that sleep so soft.  
 And why do you seek one small blue flower  
 Through every sylvan spot ?  
 Oh, 'tis but a gem for a maiden's bower,  
 A little "forget-me-not !"

Why wear you that wreath so dim and dry,  
 With its leaves all pined and dead ?  
 The maid look'd up with a tearful eye,  
 But never a word she said.  
 And why for every word you speak  
 Have you twenty sighs of late ?  
 The maiden hath hied, with a blushing cheek,  
 Again to the moonlit gate.

Hark ! Is it a sound, indeed, that rings ?  
 A hoof o'er the wild road press'd ?  
 Oh, is it her own true knight that springs  
 And folds her to his breast ?  
 And is it that *wreath* so dark and dry  
 That meets her knight's fond kiss ?  
 Again was a tear in the maiden's eye,  
 But oh ! 'twas a tear of bliss !

## THE MAIDEN'S FATE :

A LEGEND.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

IT was Sir Hugh, the baron bold,  
Rode out at break of morn,  
With hound, as though to chase the deer,  
And glittering bugle horn.

He rode o'er hill, he rode o'er dale,  
He rode o'er barren moor,  
And sprung o'er crags where horse and hound  
Had never been before.

The morn was fair, the sun shone forth,  
The rivers flash'd like gold,  
And all was gay that met the eye  
Of the joyful baron bold.

Oh, it was not so much to chase the deer  
Or to brush the dew away,  
That the baron had left his downy couch,  
And mounted his courser gray.

The baron he loved a maiden bright,  
Yet she was of lowly race,  
And he rode to meet her at break of day,  
As though he had follow'd the chase.

The baron he spurr'd his goodly steed,  
And rode with might and main ;  
And when he had ridden a mile or two,  
A deer sprang o'er the plain.

Then drew the baron his fatal bow,  
 Swift flew the feathery dart ;  
 The arrow it miss'd the bounding deer,  
 But it pierced his true love's heart !

The baron leap'd from his foaming horse,  
 And clasp'd unto his breast  
 The dying form of the lovely maid,  
 And her cold, cold lips he press'd.

“ And must thou die, mine own true love ?  
 And art thou slain by me ?  
 Thou wert my life, my hope, my all,  
 And I have murder'd thee ! ”

The baron return'd unto his hall  
 A changed and sorrowing man ;  
 And never from that hour a smile  
 Pass'd o'er his features wan.



# THE MANDRAKE.\*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

THE mandrake grows 'neath the gallows tree,  
 And rank and green are its leaves to see ;

\* The supposed malignant influence of the mandrake is frequently alluded to by our elder dramatists ; and with one of the greatest of them, Webster, (as might be expected from a muse revelling like a ghoul in graves and sepulchres,) the plant is an especial favourite. But none has plunged so deeply into the subject as Sir Thomas Browne, who tears up the fable root and branch. Concerning the danger arising from

Green and rank as the grass that waves  
 Over the unctuous earth of graves,  
 And though all around it be bleak and bare,  
 Freely the mandrake flourisheth there.

Maranatha—Anathema !

Dread is the curse of Mandragora !

Euthanasy !

At the foot of the gibbet the mandrake springs,  
 Just where the creaking carcase swings ;  
 Some have thought it engenderèd  
 From the fat that drops from the bones of the dead ;  
 Some have thought it a human thing ;  
 But this is a vain imagining.

Maranatha—Anathema !

Dread is the curse of Mandragora !

Euthanasy !

A charnel leaf doth the mandrake wear,  
 A charnel fruit doth the mandrake bear ;  
 Yet none like the mandrake hath such great power,  
 Such virtues reside not in herb or flower ;  
 Aconite, hemlock, or moonshade, I ween,  
 None hath a poison so subtle and keen.

Maranatha—Anathema !

Dread is the curse of Mandragora !

Euthanasy !

And whether the mandrake be create  
 Flesh with the flower incorporate,

eradication of the mandrake he thus writes :—"The last assertion is, that there follows a hazard of life to them that pull it up, that some evil fate pursues them, and that they live not very long thereafter."—*Vulgar Errors*, book ii., chap. vi.



I know not ; yet if from the earth 'tis rent,  
Shrieks and groans from the root are sent ;  
Shrieks and groans, and a sweat like gore,  
Oozes and drops from the clammy core.

Maranatha—Anathema !  
Dread is the curse of Mandragora !  
Euthanasy !

Whoso gathereth the mandrake shall surely die !  
Blood for blood is his destiny.  
Some who have pluck'd it have died with groans,  
Like to the mandrake's expiring moans ;  
Some have died raving, and some beside,  
With penitent prayers—but *all* have died.  
Jesu ! save us, by night and by day !  
From the terrible death of Mandragora !  
Euthanasy !



### THE HUNTER'S SONG.

(A BALLAD SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE  
BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.)

BY THE LATE REV. RICHARD PARKINSON, D.D.

WITH staff in hand, the hunter stood  
On Radholme's dewy lawn ;  
And still he watch'd in anxious mood,  
The first faint streaks of dawn.  
Faintly on Pendle's height they play'd,  
The thrush began to sing,  
The doe forsook the hazel shade,  
The heron left his spring.

He turn'd him east—the Ribble there  
In waves of silver roll'd, \*  
While every cloud that sail'd in air  
Just wore a tinge of gold.  
There Waddow's meads, so bright and green,  
Had caught the early ray,  
And there, through shadow dimly seen,  
Rose Clid'row's Castle gray.

He turn'd him west, and hill o'er hill,  
Fair Bowland Knotts were seen,  
Emerging from the mists that fill  
The winding vales between.  
The thorns that crown'd each verdant crest,  
Look'd greener to the eye,  
While vistas, opening to the west,  
Display'd a crimson sky.

But most he turn'd where, 'neath his feet,  
The Hodder murmur'd by,  
And yon low cot, so trim and neat,  
Still fix'd the hunter's eye.  
He gazed, as lovers wont to gaze,  
Then gaily thus he sang,—  
From Browsholme Heights to Batter Heys  
The mountain echoes rang.

“Fair is my love, as mountain snow,  
All other snows excelling,  
And gentle as the timid roe  
That bounds around her dwelling ;

With other maids I oft have roved,  
 And maids of high degree,  
 But none like her have look'd and loved—  
 My Anna still for me !

“ When at her door she sits to sing  
 Some simple strain of mine,  
 The lark will poise him on the wing  
 To catch the notes divine ;  
 And when she speeds her love to meet  
 Across the broomy lee ;  
 The dew that sparkles round her feet  
 Is not so bright as she.

“ Around the Fairy Oak\* I've seen  
 The gentle fairies dancing,  
 And, mounted light, in robes of green,  
 O'er Radholme gaily prancing ;  
 On moonlit eve I've seen them play  
 Around their crystal well,†  
 But lovelier far than elf or fay  
 Is Anna of the dell !

“ And still, though poor and lowly born,  
 To me she's kind and true ;  
 She flies the Bowman's‡ tassell'd horn,  
 She shuns the bold Buccleugh.§  
 Old Rose|| may rule by word and sigh,  
 By magic art and spell ;  
 But what are all her charms to thine,  
 Sweet Anna of the dell ? ”

\* Now corruptly called Fair oak.

† Parker, of Browsholme.

|| A noted witch of the time.

† The White Well.

§ Chief Forester.

## A BALLAD.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

“CAST the gay robes from off thy form,  
And cease thine hair to braid ;  
Thy love to thee will come no more,  
He wooes another maid ;  
And broken are the many vows  
That he hath pledged to thee—  
He wooes another maid, and this  
His bridal morn will be !”

“False unto me ! Oh, say not so ;  
For if thy tale be true,  
And he I love be lost to me,  
I shall not live to rue ;  
If he do take another mate  
Before the holy shrine ;  
Another ne’er shall have my heart,—  
Death will be mate of mine !”

She cast the gay robes from her form,  
And donn’d a snow-white gown :  
She loosen’d from her locks the braid,  
And let them droop adown ;  
She flung around her lovely head  
The thin shroud of her veil,  
To hide her fast-descending tears,  
And cheek as moon-ray pale.

With feeble, yet with hurried steps,  
Unto the church she hied,  
And there she saw the false of heart  
Receive another bride!  
The bridal pageant swept along  
Till all the train had fled—  
Why stay'd the lone, deserted one?  
She slumber'd with the dead !



### KING FROST.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

KING FROST gallop'd hard from his Palace of Snow,  
To the hills whence the floods dash'd in thunders be-  
low !

But he breathed on the waters that swoon'd at his will,  
And their clamour was o'er, for the torrents stood still !  
“ Ho ! ho ! ” thought the king, as he gallop'd along,  
“ I have stopp'd those mad torrents a while in their  
song.”

With pennons high streaming, in gladness and pride,  
A fair vessel moved o'er the billowy tide ;  
But, whilst bold hearts were deeming their perils all  
past,

King Frost struck the billows, and fetter'd them fast !  
“ Ho ! ho ! ” cried the monarch, “ their homes may  
long wait,  
Ere aught, my fine vessel, be heard of your fate ! ”

Through the forest rode he, and the skeleton trees  
 Groan'd, wither'd and wild, 'gainst the desolate breeze ;  
 And shook their hoar locks, as the Frost King flew by,  
 Whilst the hail rattled round, like a volley from high !  
 " Ho ! ho !" shouted he, " my old Sylvans, ye 're bare ;  
 But my minister Snow shall find robes for your wear !"

By the convent sped he—by the lone, ruin'd fane,  
 Where the castle frown'd wild o'er its rocky domain ;  
 And the warder grew pallid, and shook as in fear,  
 As the monarch swept by, with his icicle spear !  
 Whilst his herald, the Blast, breathed defiance below,  
 And hurrah'd for King Frost and his Palace of Snow !



## CLAYTON HALL.

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

CLAYTON HALL is an old moated edifice, in the township of Droylsden, once the residence of the baronial Byrons, and afterwards a favourite home of Humphrey Chetham. It is a quaint, half-timbered house, with bell-turret and bell, and in the olden time was duly provided, like most old halls of Lancashire, with its ghost, which was so regular in its visitations that it gave rise to the proverbial saying, " Here aw come agen, loike Clayton Ho Boggart."

The bell doth call, in Clayton Hall,  
 The labourer from his bed ;  
 The day hath dawn'd, blithe Hodge hath yawn'd,  
 And from his cot hath sped ;

With pick and spade on shoulder laid,  
With rustic smockfrock gray,  
With hardy face and homely grace,  
To work he hies away.

Hath sentinel of old Cromwell  
E'er watch'd thine ancient hall ?  
Thine olden bower hath seen the hour  
Of royal Charles's fall ;  
O'er thy threshold hath warrior bold  
E'er pass'd with manly tread ?  
Have drums e'er beat around thy seat,  
Or martial banners spread ?

Let fancy float around thy moat,  
Which since his day hath been ;  
Thy looks are gray, to time a prey,  
A melancholy scene ;  
Thy ruin'd tower, thy lonely bower,  
To thoughtful minds recall  
The civil wars, rebellion's jars,  
O venerable Hall !

Those days are gone, but their dread tone  
Reviveth at my call,  
And doth mingle in the dingle  
That blooms around the Hall,  
With the loud songs of feather'd throngs,  
Whose varied wonders fall  
In all their powers o'er my lone hours,  
O ancient Clayton Hall !

With grateful grace may I retrace  
The merchant prince,\* whose name  
And pious, charitable face,  
Are dedicate to fame ;  
While there is either book or stone  
To tell that he hath been,  
His venerable name alone  
Shall consecrate this scene.



## THE WANDERER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THREE dreary years in peril tost,  
Three years upon a polar sea,  
Ice-wreck'd, and half his comrades lost,  
Once more his native land treads he.

While westward from the sandy height,  
He views where, far, his cottage lies,  
A father's transport fills his sight,  
A husband's joy o'erflows his eyes.

He speeds by each remember'd way,  
Each turning brings him still more near ;  
He sees his first-born child at play,  
And calls, but cannot make him hear.

\* Humphrey Chetham, Esq., founder of the Hospital, School, and Library in Manchester which bear his name. He resided at Clayton Hall, about three miles east of Manchester, and closed his useful life there in 1653.



Fast as he speeds, his child appears  
Still distant as it was before ;  
At length, with bursting, grateful tears,  
He sees his young wife at the door.

She takes the sweet child by the hand,  
She kisses him with loving joy ;  
The gazer deems in all the land  
There's no such other wife or boy.

She lifts him fondly to her cheek,  
Then leaves the narrow wicket gate ;  
The Wanderer thinks he will not speak,  
But gaze and wait—if love can wait.

But from that gate, to open view,  
Come never more those feet so light ;  
There grew no covert, that he knew,  
Whose leaves might hide them from his sight.

A sudden terror fills his veins,  
And chills the rapture in his eyes ;  
With eager spring the gate he gains,  
And calls, but not a voice replies.

The door, it does not stand ajar,  
The casement, too, is closed and dark ;  
Across the path is thrown a bar,  
And all wears Desolation's mark.

He shrieks in fear each name so dear—  
The garden plot is waste and wild ;  
O God ! why doth his wife not hear ?  
O Love ! why cometh not his child ?

He strains to catch the slightest trace  
Of form or raiment ; nought is seen,  
As with a wild and spectral face,  
The gray boughs groan and intervene.

The leaves bend trembling to their root,  
The frail grass mutters to the flower ;  
With ghost-like wing the long rays shoot,  
While tolls the bell the vesper hour.

He turns, bewilder'd at the sound—  
Again his wife, his child, appear ;  
They move across the churchyard ground,  
And beckon the pale Wanderer near.

A few more steps and he may hold  
The twain within his trembling arms ;  
Why seems his sinking heart so cold ?  
What chokes him with those dread alarms ?

Pale, in the dreary moonlight, gleams  
Each mound and monumental stone ;  
He stands distraught, as one that dreams—  
Was he again alone—alone ?

Alone—they've pass'd, yet nothing stirr'd !  
He thought that through the spectral air  
There rose one low, one little word,  
Faint echo of some infant prayer.

He thought that name which erst had moved  
His pulses with a parent's joy,  
Came softly, as in hours beloved,  
When on his glad knee sat his boy.

Yet all had fled ; and on the stone,  
 Beneath his feet, two lines were read,  
 Sad lines, that to the eyes once shown,  
 Do break the heart that 's better dead.

He press'd his hot lips to each name,  
 He kiss'd each letter o'er and o'er ;  
 They scorch'd his sight, as if with flame,  
 They sear'd his worn heart to the core.

"For this," he cried, "for this was won  
 My way through tempests—this to bear ;  
 Still, still, O God ! Thy will be done !  
 Yet one—not one !—not one to spare !"

. . . . .

Morn stepp'd from out the mists of heaven,  
 And coldly lit each hallow'd spot ;  
 Another morn to him was given,  
 Another world where death was not !



# THE BILLMEN OF BOWLAND.

FROM "NED OF THE FELL"—A LANCASHIRE ROMANCE.

AGAINST tenfold his numbers on Agincourt's plain,  
 The gallant King Henry the fight must maintain ;  
 No knight like young Harry had England e'er known,  
 A pillar of fire to his army he shone ;  
 His troops throng'd around him, they darken'd the  
 field,  
 And the Billmen of Bowland swore never to yield.

His red-hair'd Northumbrian vassals were there,  
And Durham and Cumberland brandish'd the spear ;  
The Londoners, too, in their trimmest array,  
And the yeomen of Kent, who delight in a fray ;  
But from father to son old tradition hath told  
That the Billmen of Bowland were best of the bold.

There Yorkshire and Durham did courage evince,  
And the men of old Monmouth defended their prince ;  
The archers of Nottingham bent the long bow,  
And their arrows were dyed in the blood of the foe ;  
But with axes uplifted, that gleam'd in the light,  
The Billmen of Bowland were first in the fight.

From the banks of Sabrina they rush'd to the plain,  
And Devon's proud heroes were found midst the  
    slain ;  
And the children of Cornwall, as rude as their soil,  
Exultingly shared in the glory and spoil ;  
But the Billmen of Bowland, old Lancashire's pride,  
Stood firm as the hills, and the foemen defied.

Resistance was vain ; neither falchion nor mail,  
Nor helmet, nor shield-cover'd arm could avail ;  
When our foresters struck, death follow'd each wound,  
The steed and his rider alike bit the ground.  
There was glory for England on Agincourt's day,  
But the Billmen of Bowland the palm bore away.



BLACK BESS.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.\*

LET the lover his mistress's beauty rehearse,  
And laud her attractions in languishing verse ;  
Be it mine in rude strains, but with *truth* to express  
The love that I bear to my bonny Black Bess.

From the West was her dam, from the East was her  
sire,  
From the one came her swiftness, the other her fire ;  
No peer of the realm better blood can possess,  
Than flows in the veins of my bonny Black Bess.

Look ! look ! how that eyeball glows bright as a brand !  
That neck proudly arches, those nostrils expand !  
Mark that wide-flowing mane ! of which each silky  
tress  
Might adorn prouder beauties — though none like  
Black Bess.

Mark that skin sleek as velvet, and dusky as night,  
With its jet undisfigured by one lock of white ;  
That throat branch'd with veins, prompt to charge or  
caress ;  
Now is she not beautiful ? bonny Black Bess !

Over highway and byway, in rough and smooth  
weather,  
Some thousands of miles have we journey'd together ;

\* Set to music by Mr F. Romer.

Our couch the same straw, and our meal the same  
mess,  
No couple more constant than I and Black Bess !

By moonlight, in darkness, by night, or by day,  
Her headlong career there is nothing to stay ;  
She cares not for distance, she knows not distress :  
Can you show me a courser to match with Black Bess ?

Once it happen'd in Cheshire, near Dunham, I popp'd  
On a horseman alone, whom I suddenly stopp'd ;  
That I lighten'd his pockets you 'll readily guess—  
Quick work makes Dick Turpin when mounted on  
Bess.

Now it seems the man knew me ; “Dick Turpin,” said  
he  
“You shall swing for this job, as you live, d'ye see.”  
I laugh'd at his threats and his vows of redress,  
I was sure of an alibi then with Black Bess.

The road was a hollow, a sunken ravine,\*  
Overshadow'd completely by wood like a screen ;

\* The exact spot where Turpin committed this robbery, which has often been pointed out to me, (writes Mr Harrison Ainsworth,) lies in what is now a woody hollow, though once the old road from Altrincham to Knutsford, skirting Dunham Park, and descending the hill that brings you to the bridge crossing the river Bollin. With some difficulty I penetrated this ravine. It is just the place for an adventure of the kind. A small brook wells through it, and the steep banks are overhung with timber, and were, when I last visited the place, in April 1834, a perfect nest of primroses and wild-flowers. Hough (pronounced *Hoo*) Green lies about three miles across the country—the way Turpin rode. The old Bowling-green used to be one of the pleasantest inns in Cheshire.

I clamber'd the bank, and I needs must confess,  
That one touch of the spur grazed the side of Black  
Bess.

Brake, brook, meadow, and plough'd field, Bess fleetly  
bestrode,  
As the crow wings her flight, we selected our road ;  
We arrived at Hough Green in five minutes, or less—  
My neck it was saved by the speed of Black Bess.

Stepping carelessly forward, I lounge on the green,  
Taking excellent care that by all I am seen ;  
Some remarks on Time's flight to the squires I address ;  
But I say not a word of the flight of Black Bess.

I mention the hour—it was just about four—  
Play a rubber at bowls—think the danger is o'er ;  
When athwart my next game, like a checkmate at  
chess,  
Comes the horseman in search of the rider of Bess.

What matter details ? Off with triumph I came ;  
He swears to the hour, and the squires swear the  
same ;  
I had robb'd him at *four* !—while at four *they* profess,  
I was quietly bowling—all thanks to Black Bess !

Then one halloo, boys, one loud cheering halloo !  
To the swiftest of coursers, the gallant, the true !  
For the sportsman unborn shall the memory bless  
Of the horse of the highwayman—bonny Black Bess !

## GYPSY BALLAD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

WHAT care we for earth's renown !  
We to greenwood pleasures born :  
Tinsel makes an easier crown  
Than the proudest kings have worn.  
Though our royal sword of state  
Be a feeble willow wand ;  
Courtiers have been glad to wait  
For the pretty Gypsy's hand !  
Underneath the old oak tree,  
Soon as sets the summer day,  
Gypsy lads and lasses we,  
Dance and sing the night away.

Many bind their hours with care,  
Labour through the anxious day,  
Just to gain enough to bear  
Corpse and coffin to the clay !  
Though but little we may claim,  
Still that little we enjoy ;  
Wealth is often but a name ;  
Title but a gilded toy !  
Underneath the old oak tree, &c.





OLD GRINDROD'S GHOST.

AT the end of Cross Lane, formerly called Pendleton Moor, a woolcomber in Salford, named John Grindrod (or Grindret) was gibbeted in March 1759, (Baines dates the deed in 1753,) for poisoning his wife and two children with brimstone and treacle in the preceding September. Connected with this man there is a ghostly legend, telling of a boastful traveller, who lost a foolish wager on a tempestuous night ; and of an eccentric skeleton that was in the habit of taking midnight walks, for the purpose of dispelling the wetness and weariness occasioned by long suspension. "Of this legend, which I have often heard narrated in our shop," says Mr Procter, (in "Our Turf, Stage, and Ring,") "and which has been rendered in familiar ballad measure by Mr William Harrison Ainsworth, we may, of course, believe just so much as pleases us." [It is copied from Ainsworth's tale of "The Flich of Bacon ; or the Custom of Dunmow"]:—

Old Grindrod was hang'd on a gibbet high,  
On a spot where the dark deed was done ;  
'Twas a desolate place, on the edge of a moor,  
A place for the timid to shun.

Chains round his middle, and chains round his neck,  
And chains round his ankles were hung ;  
And there in all weathers, in sunshine and rain,  
Old Grindrod the murderer swung.

Old Grindrod had long been the banquet of crows,  
Who flock'd on his carcase to batten ;  
And the unctuous morsels that fell from their feast.  
Served the rank weeds beneath him to fatten.

All that's now left of him is a skeleton grim,  
The stoutest to strike with dismay ;  
So ghastly the sight, that no urchin, at night,  
Who can help it, will pass by that way.

All such as had dared, had sadly been scared,  
And soon 'twas the general talk,  
That the wretch in his chains, each night took the  
pains,  
To come down from the gibbet—*and walk !*

The story was told to a traveller bold,  
At an inn near the moor, by the host ;  
He appeals to each guest, and its truth they attest,  
But the traveller laughs at the ghost.

“ Now to show you,” quoth he, “ how afraid I must be,  
A rump and a dozen I'll lay,  
That before it strikes one, I will go forth alone,  
Old Grindrod a visit to pay.

“ To the gibbet I'll go, and this I will do,  
As sure as I stand in my shoes ;  
Some address I'll devise, and if Grinny replies,  
My wager of course I shall lose.”

“ Accepted the bet ; but the night it is wet,”  
Quoth the host. “ Never mind,” says the guest ;  
“ From darkness and rain the adventure will gain  
To my mind an additional zest.”

Now midnight had toll'd, and the traveller bold  
Set out from the inn all alone ;  
'Twas a night black as ink, and our friend 'gan to think  
That uncommonly cold it had grown.

But of nothing afraid, and by nothing delay'd,  
Plunging onward through bog and through wood,  
Wind and rain in his face, he ne'er slacken'd his pace,  
Till under the gibbet he stood.

Though dark as could be, yet he thought he could see  
The skeleton hanging on high ;  
The gibbet it creaked, and the rusty chains squeaked,  
And a screech-owl flew solemnly by.

The heavy rain patter'd, the hollow bones clatter'd,  
The traveller's teeth chatter'd—with cold—not with  
fright ;  
The wind it blew lustily, piercingly, gustily ;  
Certainly not an agreeable night !

“ Ho ! Grindrod, old fellow ! ” thus loudly did bellow  
The traveller mellow,—“ How are you, my blade ? ”  
“ I 'm cold and I 'm dreary ; I 'm wet and I 'm weary ;  
But soon I 'll be near ye ! ” the skeleton said.

The grisly bones rattled, and with the chains battled ;  
The gibbet appallingly shook ;  
On the ground something stirr'd, but no more the man  
heard—  
To his heels on the instant he took.

Over moorland he dash'd, and through quagmire he  
plash'd ;

His pace never daring to slack ;  
Till the hostel he near'd, for greatly he fear'd,  
Old Grindrod would leap on his back.

His wager he lost, and a trifle it cost ;  
But that which annoy'd him the most,  
Was to find out too late, that certain as fate,  
The landlord had acted the ghost.

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We learn on the authority of the writer, that the incidents above described constituted one of the very best stories of the late Mr Gilbert Winter, of Stocks, Cheetham, an old and valued friend of Mr Harrison Ainsworth, whose benevolent character he has immortalised under the name of "Cuthbert Spring," in his tale of "Mervyn Clitheroe." The ballad has been translated into French under the title of "*Le Spectre du Vieux Grindrod*," a specimen of which we subjoin :—

"Grindrod, le vieux Grindrod, fut pendu court et net,  
Il fut, dis-je, pendu sur le lieu de son crime.  
C'était un lieu désert, qu'une lande bornait,  
Où le frisson vous serre, où l'effroi vous opprime.

Là, sous le haut gibet, à bout de tours savanes,  
Tous les temps que Dieu fait le larron les essuie ;  
Le meurtrier Grindrod oscille à tous les vents,  
Dévoré du soleil, ou criblé par la pluie."

Then, here is the wager :—

“Sachez combien j'ai peur, je vous gage un *bifteck*  
Que vers minuit j'orai, sans escorte et sans suite,  
Le voir. Je veux, pardieu ! lui parler bec-à-bec,  
Grindrod, le vieux Grindrod, recevra ma visite.”



### THE YOUNG CID.

(FROM “ANCIENT BALLADS FROM THE SPANISH.”)

BY ROBERT ROCKLIFF, of Liverpool.

The Cid, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, surnamed El Campeador, whose exploits are so prominent in Spanish chronicle and romance, is supposed to have been born in 1206. While he was still a mere stripling, his aged and infirm father, Diego Laynez, who had been struck in the royal presence by Don Lozano Gomez, the Count of Gormas, determined to commit the vindication of his honour to one of his three sons, and, after subjecting them to a trial, which is detailed in the ballad, selected the youngest, Rodrigo, as the worthiest. Giving him his sword and his blessing, he sent him forth on the perilous enterprise of executing vengeance on his haughty and powerful foe.

Diego Laynez sate at home,  
A solitary man,  
And grimly brooded o'er the blow,  
Inflicted by Lozan.  
That blow ! alas, he lack'd the strength  
To wipe its stains away ;  
For he was old, and years will bring  
The stoutest to decay.

His eyes were fix'd upon the floor  
In melancholy mood ;  
He could not sleep by night, he took  
No pleasure in his food ;  
He question'd none, he answer'd none,  
But turn'd away his face,  
As if his very breath would taint  
His friends with his disgrace.

For three long days and nights he sate  
Sad, silent, and alone,  
As if he were some image carved  
In monumental stone ;  
But on the fourth a sudden change  
Across his spirit came,  
That gave new lustre to his eye,  
New vigour to his frame.

Like one arisen from the dead,  
He stood within the hall,  
And summon'd to his side his sons,  
Three comely youths, and tall ;  
And one by one, as if his hands  
Were clench'd in gloves of mail,  
He wrung their fingers, till he forced  
The blood-drop from each nail.

No chiromantic scheme had he ;  
For witchcraft's hellish skill  
Was then unknown in happy Spain—  
I would it were so still !

But with such craft, as well became  
A Christian knight, he press'd  
The striplings' hands, that he might put  
Their courage to the test.

The eldest and the second son,  
They wept for very pain,  
And pitifully pray'd their sire  
To loose his iron strain ;  
And when at length he dropp'd their hands,  
And let the pair depart,  
They slunk away like beaten hounds,  
Still whining from the smart.

And turning to Rodrigo then,  
The youngest of the three,  
The old man's spirits sank apace,  
And little hope had he ;  
But still resolved to try the test,  
Though it had fail'd him twice,  
He seized the youngster's hand in his,  
And griped it like a vice.

"Hold off! unhand me! or, by Heaven!"  
Rodrigo cried, with ire,  
"I shall be tempted to forget  
My duty to my sire ;  
For if I were assaulted thus  
By any wight but thee,  
I'd tear the caitiff limb from limb,  
And quickly set me free."

“Nay, strike me, curse me, an thou wilt,”  
Diego cried, with joy,  
“My blessing on each curse of thine !  
My loved, my gallant boy !  
My youngest and my favourite son,  
And worthiest of the three,  
The honour of thy father’s name  
Shall be restored in thee.”

Then with his blessing and his sword,  
He bade the stripling go,  
And for the wrong which had been done,  
Avenge him on his foe.  
The Cid that day his long career  
Of victory began,  
And bravely flesh’d his maiden sword  
Upon the Count Lozan.



### THE KEEPER’S SON.

BY R. R. BEALEY.

No braver lad e’er walk’d the wood,  
No fairer lad could be,  
Than Johnny Brown, the Keeper’s son,  
Who lived at Walker Lea.  
Shouldering gun he forth would go,  
Nor tire the longest day,  
With faithful “Don” close up “to heel,”  
His work was always play.



They'd wander through the wooded glen,  
Or climb the mountain high,  
They'd cross the stubble fields, and walk  
As softly as a sigh ;  
And if a bird should chance to rise,  
Or rabbit dare to run,  
'Twould surely fall beneath the shot  
Of Johnny's fatal gun.

One morn with faithful "Don" he went,  
( 'Twas in October chill,)   
To have a little early sport  
Beneath the western hill ;  
When, firing at a brace of birds,  
And thinking all was well,  
The gun it burst, and on the ground  
The bleeding sportsman fell.

All senseless on the ground he lay,  
But "Don" was by his side,  
And when he saw his master bleed,  
The faithful dog, he cried ;  
He lick'd the wounds with tender care,  
Then by his side he lay,  
To keep his master's body warm  
On that October day.

'Twas very sad, for on that night,  
At dusk, John did agree  
To meet the miller's daughter Jane  
Beneath the chestnut tree.

She went and waited, but, alas !  
She waited all in vain ;  
And tears were falling down her cheeks,  
As home she walk'd again.

The wound was fatal, and poor John,  
He never breathèd more ;  
And Jane, she could not love again,  
But widow's weeds she wore.  
The dog and she together live,  
And day by day they go  
To see the spot where Johnny Brown,  
The Keeper's son, lies low !



### THE BALLAD OF JAMES AND JANE.\*

BY HENRY KIRK.

SAD was Scotland's king !  
He saw no hope in the morrow ;  
Not a tone from his harp could he bring  
That spoke not language of sorrow.

He gazed from his latticed room ;  
Nought in the scene before him  
Had power to lighten the gloom  
His dreary fate threw o'er him.

\* James I. of Scotland—the youthful poet of “The King's Quhair”—was long a prisoner in Windsor Castle. He was deeply enamoured of the Lady Jane Beaufort, a daughter of the Earl of Somerset, who afterwards became his queen. This king was assassinated at Perth in 1437.

The moon sinking westerly,  
The stars from the zenith beaming,  
Silver'd each turret and tree,  
But brighten'd not his dreaming.

Cut off in his youth for life,  
Bright spirit of chivalry! Never  
In the tourney's mimic strife  
To contend for a lady's favour.

The thought of the state, bereft him ;  
He fear'd for his people's woe ;  
He wept the chance that had left him  
The thrall of a jealous foe.\*

Full of high ambition,  
In prison to live and die !  
Despair foreshadow'd perdition  
From his deep lustreless eye.

As calm, after tempest howling,  
To mariners out at sea,  
As sunshine, after the scowling  
Of clouds on a summer lea,—

Came a change o'er the minstrel king ;  
No more did he pine and languish,  
Or from his wild harp wring  
Accents of doleful anguish.

Now full of a tender pleasure,  
His happy harp and tongue ;  
For love had blest his measure  
With the richest charm of song.

\* Henry IV. of England.

Often his sweet lay pouring  
Through the twilight's stilly haze,  
Men thought to be angels adoring  
Their God in anthems of praise.

And ever his pleasant fancies  
Dwelt on his promised queen,  
With blue eyes and passionate glances,  
And hair of a golden sheen.

In visions of night and day,  
A glorious future gathers,  
Where he wields with princely sway  
The sceptred might of his fathers.

And now Love's gentle hand  
Hath freed the fetters that bound him ;  
He is king in his own wild land,  
With its mountains and heather around him.

With love ever true and tender,  
Never was monarch so blest ;  
It was sweet from state's thorny splendour  
To repose on his fond queen's breast.

When he fell from the cruel wounds  
Of Graham, traitor disloyal !  
In the convent's holy bounds,  
By Perth's proud city royal,—

Thrice did the dagger pierce her ;  
Faster the fond queen clung  
To shield her lover, fiercer  
Than lioness shields her young.

Ever while love and song  
The sons of Scotland cherish,  
James shall be first among  
The names that may not perish !

Ever, while Windsor's towers  
A pilgrim's steps detain,  
He shall seek the moated bowers  
Of the stately and gentle Jane !



## DERWENTWATER'S FATE :

A BALLAD.

IN the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1825, (page 489,) is a letter from a correspondent, signing G. H., accompanied by what he calls "An old song on the death of Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded as a traitor on Tower Hill, February 24, 1716. It was one of the most popular in its day in the north of England, for a long period after the event which it records had taken place. I took it down (says this correspondent) from the dictation of an old person, who had learned it from her father. In its oral descent from generation to generation, it had got a little corrupted. But a poetical friend of mine has assisted me in restoring it to something like poetical propriety. My dictator could not go further than the seventeenth verse, and supposed it ended there ; but it seemed defective. The last four verses are now added to give a finish. There is a pathetic simplicity in the song at

once affecting and interesting, and which renders it, I think, deserving of preservation."

King George he did a letter write,  
And seal'd it up with gold,  
And sent it to Lord Derwentwater  
To read it, if he could.

He sent his letter by no post,  
He sent it by no page ;  
But sent it by a gallant knight,  
As e'er did combat wage.

The first line that my lord look'd on,  
Struck him with strong surprise ;  
The second, more alarming still,  
Made tears fall from his eyes.

He callèd up his stable-groom,  
Saying, "Saddle me well my steed ;  
For I must up to London go,—  
Of me there seems great need."

His lady, hearing what he said,  
As she in childbed lay,  
Cried, "My dear lord, pray make your will,  
Before you go away."

"I'll leave to thee, my eldest son,  
My houses and my land ;  
I'll leave to thee, my younger son,  
Ten thousand pounds in hand.

“ I’ll leave to thee, my lady gay,  
My lawful married wife,  
A third part of my whole estate,  
To keep thee a lady’s life.”

He knelt him down by her bedside,  
And kiss’d her lips so sweet ;  
The words that pass’d, alas ! presaged  
They never more should meet !

Again he call’d his stable-groom,  
Saying, “ Bring me out my steed,  
For I must up to London go,  
With instant haste and speed.”

He took the reins into his hand,  
Which shook with fear and dread ;  
The rings from off his fingers dropp’d ;  
His nose gush’d out and bled.

He had but ridden miles two or three,  
When, stumbling, fell his steed ;  
“ Ill omens these,” Derwentwater said,  
“ That I for James must bleed.”

As he rode up Westminster Street,  
In sight of the White Hall,  
The lords and ladies of London town  
A traitor they did him call.

“ A traitor !” Lord Derwentwater said,  
“ A traitor ! How can I be,  
Unless for keeping five hundred men,  
Fighting for King Jemmy ?”

Then started forth a grave old man,  
With a broad-mouth'd axe in hand,  
"Thy head, thy head, Lord Derwentwater,  
Thy head 's at my command."

"My head, my head, thou grave old man,  
My head I will give thee ;  
Here 's a coat of velvet on my back  
Will surely pay thy fee ;

"But give me leave," Derwentwater said,  
"To speak words two or three ;  
Ye lords and ladies of London town,  
Be kind to my lady.

"Here 's a purse of fifty sterling pounds,  
Pray give it to the poor ;  
Here 's one of forty-five beside,  
You may dole from door to door."

He laid his head upon the block ;  
The axe was sharp and strong ;  
The stroke that cut his sufferings short,  
His memory cherish'd long.

Thus fell proud Derwent's ancient lord,  
Dread victim to the laws ;  
His lands fell forfeit to the crown,  
Lost in the Stuarts' cause.

His weeping widow's drooping heart  
With sorrow burst in twain ;  
His orphan children, outcast, spurn'd,  
Deep felt th' attainted stain.



The Derwent's far-famed lake alone  
Its noble name retains ;  
And of the title, thence extinct,  
Sole monument remains.





## II.

### Lobe Songs and Praises of the Fair.

IT would be an easy thing to fill a volume with songs of this class ; for the subject has ever been a prime favourite with readers of all ranks and almost of all ages. “ Love rules the court, the camp, the grove ;” and love-ditties have ever been, and will ever be, trolled, trilled, and warbled, in palace and cottage, in drawing-room and street, at sea and on shore, in the busy city’s hum and in the green nooks of the quiet hamlet, so long as humanity endures. A selection of Lancashire songs of this class has been made, due regard being had to varieties of sentiment, feeling, style, and diction.



## LOVE'S EVIL CHOICE.

Dr Whittaker, in his *Whalley*, speaking of the Habergham Hall and Estate, says:—"This estate sunk all at once under the follies of its last owner; for from the time that he entered into possession scarcely a year elapsed without the sale of a farm, till at last the mansion-house and demesne were swallowed up by the foreclosure of a mortgage in 1689, and this improvident man was driven from the house of his ancestors to a cottage, in the 39th year of his age. . . . The principal and accumulated interest which devoured this demesne was little more than £900; the land was then valued at £30 per annum; the coal-mine about the same; yet in a single century or more, I have heard of £7000 being offered for this very estate; and the coal-mine alone now bears a rent of £300. . . . Mrs Fleetwood Habergham, [of Habergham, near Padiham,] undone by the extravagance, and disgraced by the vices of her husband, soothed her sorrows by some stanzas, yet in remembrance among the old people of the neighbourhood, in which the allusions to the triumphs of her early days and the successive offers she had rejected, under the emblem of flowers, are simple and not inelegant." Mrs Habergham died in 703, and was buried at Padiham. Dr Whittaker prints only part of this song, which has also been published in broadsides; sung in the musical piece of "*The Loan of a Lover*;" and copied into Bell's "*Ancient Ballads, Songs, &c., of the Peasantry of England*." The following is the version in the broadsides:—

I sow'd the seeds of love, it was all in the spring,  
In April, May, and June likewise, when small birds  
they do sing ;  
My garden 's well planted with flowers everywhere,  
Yet I had not liberty to choose for myself the flower I  
loved so dear.

My gardener he stood by, I ask'd him to choose for me :  
He chose me the violet, the lily, and pink, but these I  
refused all three :  
The violet I forsook, because it fades so soon ;  
The lily and pink I did o'erlook, and I vow'd I'd stay  
till June.

In June there 's a red rose-bud, and that 's the flower  
for me !  
But oft have I pluck'd at the red rose-bud, till I gain'd  
the willow-tree ;  
The willow-tree will twist, and the willow-tree will twine,  
Oh ! I wish I was in the dear youth's arms that once  
had this heart of mine.

My gardener he stood by, he told me to take great care,  
For in the middle of a red rose-bud there grows a  
sharp thorn there ;  
I told him I'd take no care till I did feel the smart,  
And often I pluck'd at the red rose-bud till I pierced  
it to the heart.

I'll make me a posy of hyssop,—no other I can touch,  
That all the world may plainly see I love one flower  
too much ;

My garden is run wild !—where shall I plant anew ?  
For my bed, that once was cover'd with thyme, is all  
overrun with rue.

Dr Whittaker gives a traditional version of part of this song, which, as far as it goes, is superior to the broadside copy :—

The gardener standing by, proffer'd to choose for me  
The pink, the primrose, and the rose ; but I refused  
the three ;  
The primrose I forsook, because it came too soon ;  
The violet I overlook'd, and vow'd to wait till June.

In June the red rose sprung, but was no flower for me ;  
I pluck'd it up, lo ! by the stalk, and planted the wil-  
low-tree.  
The willow I now must wear, with sorrows twined  
among,  
That all the world may know I falsehood loved too long.



### THE SPRIG OF THYME.

(FROM A BROADSIDE IN THE GREAVES COLLECTION.)

THIS is a song of the same character as “Love’s Evil Choice.” We copy it from a broadside in the Collection of Ballads made by the late John Greaves, Esq. of Irlam Hall. It will be seen that the last stanza but one is very similar to the first stanza of the fragment printed by Dr Whittaker.

You virgins far and near,  
That are just in your prime,  
I'd have you keep your gardens clear,  
Let no one steal your thyme.

Once I had a sprig of thyme,  
And it flourish'd night and day,  
Until there came a false young man,  
And he stole my thyme away.

But now my thyme's all gone,  
No more I can it see ;  
The man who stole my thyme away,  
He did prove false to me.

Since now my thyme's all gone,  
And I can plant no new,  
In the very place where grew my thyme,  
It's overrun with rue.

Rue, rue, runs over all ;  
But so it shall not seem,  
For I'll plant again in the same place,  
And call it the willow green.

Willow, willow, I must wear,  
Willow, willow, is my doom,  
Since my false love's forsaken me,  
And left me here to moan.

A gardener standing by,  
Three flowers he offer'd me,  
The lily, pink, and red rose-bud,  
But I refused all three.

The pink it is a flower that 's sweet,  
So is the rose in June ;  
The lily is the virgin flower,  
Alas ! oft cropp'd too soon.



COLIN AND PHEBE.

A PASTORAL.

BY JOHN BYROM, M.A., F.R.S.

THIS pastoral song was written while its author was a student at Trinity College, Cambridge. It was first printed in 1714 as No. 603 of the *Spectator*. The lady in whose praise it was written was Joanna, the youngest daughter of the celebrated Dr Bentley, Master of Trinity College. She was married to Dr Dennison Cumberland, Bishop of Clonfert, Ireland, and was mother of Richard Cumberland the dramatist. John Byrom was born at Manchester in 1691, and died September 28, 1763.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,  
When Phebe went with me wherever I went ;  
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast ;  
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest !  
But now she has gone and has left me behind,  
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find !  
When things seem'd as fine as could possibly be,  
I thought 'twas the spring ; but alas ! it was she

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,  
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,  
So good-humour'd made me, so cheerful and gay,  
My heart was as light as a feather all day.  
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,  
So strangely uneasy as never was known.  
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd ;  
And my heart, I am sure, weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,  
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,  
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,  
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear.  
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,  
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide ;  
" Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain ?  
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain."

When round me my lambkins would oftentimes play,  
And Phebe and I were as joyful as they,  
How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time  
When spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime !  
But now in their frolics, when by me they pass,  
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass ;  
" Be still !" then I cry, " for it makes me quite mad  
To see you so merry while I am so sad."

My dog I was ever well pleasèd to see  
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;  
Phebe likewise was pleased, and to my dog said,  
" Come hither, poor fellow !" and patted his head.



But now when he's fawning, I, with a sour look,  
Cry "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my crook.  
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray  
Be as dull as his master when Phebe's away.

When walking with Phebe what sights have I seen!  
How fair were the flowers, how fresh was the green!  
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,  
The corn-fields, the hedges, and everything made!  
But now she has left me, they all are in tears,  
Not one of them half so delightful appears;  
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes  
That made all those beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music attended us all the wood through,  
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;  
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,  
And "chirp" went the grasshopper under our feet.  
Now, since she is absent, though still they sing on,  
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;  
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,  
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?  
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?  
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?  
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?  
Ah! rivals, I see what it was, that you drest  
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast;  
You put on your colours to please her fine eye,  
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How shortly time creeps ! Till my Phebe return,  
Amid the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn !  
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,  
I could breathe on his wings, it would melt down the  
lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,  
And for it rest longer when she shall be here.  
Ah ! Colin, old Time is too full of delay,  
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,  
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?  
To be cured thou must, Colin, thy passion remove ;  
Yet what swain is so silly to live without love ?  
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return ;  
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.  
Ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair !  
Take heed all ye swains how ye part with your fair !



S O N G S.

BY WILLIAM ROWLINSON of Manchester.

THIS rhymester was for some time a clerk in the employ of Messrs Cardwell & Co., in their cotton warehouse, Newmarket Buildings, Manchester, which employment he left about the end of 1828, and became a travelling canvasser for Pigot & Co.'s Manchester Directories. He was drowned while bathing in the river Thames, near Great Marlow, Bucks, on the 22d June 1829. He wrote "The Autobiography of William Charles Lovell," (himself,) and many poetical pieces in the local periodicals of the time, of Manchester, Liverpool, Whitby, &c. We select four of his songs from what he called the "Lyrics of the Heart."



THE MOON IS BRIGHT.

AIR—"Row gently here, my Gondolier."

THE moon is bright, the soft starlight  
 Has gemm'd the silver stream ;  
 The silent flight of stars to-night,  
 How beautiful they seem ;—  
 And all around is flung a power  
 To charm the silent heart ;  
 The moon, stars, stream, dew, leaf, and flower,  
 Proclaim how dear thou art.

The stream glides on, the moonlight's gone,  
The stars have died away ;  
The leaves are strewn, flowers, one by one,  
Fade, wither, and decay.  
But yet my love for thee is such,  
Time alters not my heart ;  
And every change wrought by his touch  
But tells how dear thou art.



## MARGARET.

ARTIST'S chisel could not trace  
Such a form, with so much grace ;  
Never in Italian skies  
Dwells such light as in her eyes.  
Sweeter music ne'er was sung  
Than hangs ever on her tongue ;  
Roses have not such a glow  
As that upon her brilliant brow.  
All that's bright and fair are met  
In lovely, charming Margaret.

O'er her forehead, brightly fair,  
Loosely floats her auburn hair,  
Curl'd in ringlets with a flow,  
Round a neck as white as snow ;  
Wild her eye as the gazelle's,  
Where lurk love's ten thousand spells ;  
Fleet her step as woodland fawn,  
Skipping o'er the dewy lawn ;  
In her every grace is met,  
None may rival Margaret.

I will love her whilst her mind  
Is pure and holy, good, refined,  
Whilst such lovely glances fly  
From the heaven of her eye ;  
Or pure feeling's ardent glow  
Shines upon her open brow ;  
I should not be won unless  
Her virtues match'd her loveliness.  
On my heart a seal is set,  
And on it graven—*Margaret*.



### REMEMBER ME.

REMEMBER me ! remember me, when in the sapphire  
heaven  
The stars have glanced, like ladies' eyes, upon the  
dews of even ;  
And glistening on each silver flower the dew has hung  
a gem,  
Which dazzles like the diamonds in a kingly diadem.

Remember me ! remember me, when in the western  
sky  
Sunset has woven, of bright clouds, a crimson canopy,  
And all her thousand golden hues sleep on the ocean's  
breast,  
As slow and calm he sinks to sleep, like a monarch to  
his rest.

Remember me ! remember me, when with the summer  
flowers  
Thy fairy fingers form a wreath in beauty's brightest  
bowers ;  
And lingering round thy ruby lips is pleasure's brightest  
ray,  
Oh ! think how I would kiss those lips, if I were not  
away.

. . . . .

Remember me ! remember me, when in thy prayers to  
Heaven,  
Thy form just like a sculptured saint—thou pray'st to  
be forgiven ;  
Oh, mingle then my name with thine, as I shall do for  
thee ;  
At all these times—in all these things—lady, remem-  
ber me !



### THE INVITATION.

OH, come when the stars of heaven  
Are bright in their glorious home ;  
When the lingering stars of even  
Through gardens of emerald roam ;  
When the music that 's flung from fountains  
Has a soft and magic tone,  
And the moonlight sleeps on the mountains,  
Like dreams of flowers that are gone.

Oh, come when the night-dews glisten,  
 And the star-beams glide on the sea,  
 And look from their thrones to listen  
 The wave rolling joyous and free ;  
 When on her rich couch beauty slumbers,  
 Within her loveliest bower,  
 And music's wild thrilling numbers  
 Float over each silvery flower.

Oh, come with thy beauty glowing,  
 Thy bright dazzling eyes of blue,  
 Thy radiant locks wildly flowing,  
 Round a neck of the purest hue ;  
 With the noiseless foot of a fairy,  
 Thine eyes sparkling wild with glee,  
 And thy form so light and airy,  
 I pray thee, love, come to me.



# KITTY AN' ROBIN.

SONG IN THE EAST LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCARSDALE."

"WHEAR hast teh been roäming, Kitty?"

"Oi'n nobbut been to th' well."

"Whear didst get yon posy, Kitty?"

"Oi'n met wi' Robin Bell ;

He wur sittin' top o' th' stele,

Reet i' th' setting sun ;

The dazzlin' glare it made me reel,

Oi dropt my pail, an' run."

"An' what did Robin, Kitty?"

"He chased me through the corn."

"Whear didst teh flee to, Kitty?"

"Oi fell into a thorn.

Then Robin help'd me fro' the grund,

He wur some koind fur sure ;

An' nowt 'ud fit him till he fund

This posy for my hure."

"What is gone wi' t' weyter, Kitty?"

"Oh, Robin fill'd my pail."

"An' did he bring it whoam then, Kitty?"

"Oh ay, how could he fail ?

He said he 'd fot it every neet,

If yo 'd bur let him come ;

His wark is over whoile it 's leet,

An' he 's noan far fro' whoam."

"How lang hast known o' Robin, Kitty?"

"He 's allus on yon stele."

"Whoi didst na tell thi mother, Kitty?"

"Oi thowt yo 'd known it weel.

He says he 's addled fifty pund,

An' bowt a kist an' clock ;

He 's ta'en a farm wi' gradely grund,

His feyther 'll foind the stock."





THE LOVER'S CALL.

(FROM "MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.")

BY J. C. PRINCE.

OH ! when will the sweet spring come,  
With its sunshine, odours, and flowers,  
And bring my beloved one home,  
To brighten the vernal hours ?  
Like a worthless weed or a stone  
On the verge of the surging sea,  
I am silent, and sad, and lone,  
Bereft of thy smiles and thee.

To the haunts where we used to rove,  
My loitering footsteps go,  
Where I heard thy confession of love  
So tremulous, sweet, and low ;  
But the rivulet seems to moan  
That thou art not also there,  
And the trees send a plaintive tone,  
Like a sigh on the evening air.

I can find no charm in the day,  
No calm in the sombre night ;  
Thou hast ta'en my repose away,  
And clouded the cheerful light :  
To the heart that can love thee best  
Return, if still loyal to me ;  
Come back, that my soul may rest,—  
I am weary waiting for thee.

## MEG OR JENNY?

SONG IN THE EAST LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCARSDALE."

WOE betoide the evil eye  
 As smote eawr honest Jim,  
 He does nowt bur poine an' soigh;  
 So what's amiss wi' him?  
 Alone thro' cloof and moor he'll roam,  
 As tho' he were na' reet;  
 And oft he'll ma'e the heath his whoam  
 Thro' all the starless neet.

Is it Meg, or is it Jenny?  
 Shall we brun owd Meg?  
 Or, oh! wilt wed meh, Jenny?

Meg's hook-nosed, toothless, skinny,  
 She's crook-back'd, hobbling, shrill;  
 What gowden hair has Jenny,  
 Sweet rose o' Pendle Hill!  
 Her step is loike a roe's, that floies  
 Up Sabden's sharpest pitch,  
 But beware her fatal eyes,  
 The forest's pretty witch.  
 Who's the witch, or Meg or Jenny?  
 Shall we brun owd Meg?  
 Or, oh! wilt wed meh, Jenny?

No forest hag with arts of hell,  
 Had power like Jenny's eye,  
 To hold the heart as in a spell,  
 Of love an' mystery.

Her dower is beauty, truth, an' grace,  
In gifts of nature rich,  
There is no sorcery loike the face  
Of Pendle's latest witch.

Who's the witch, or Meg or Jenny ?  
Shall we brun owd Meg ?  
Or, oh ! wilt wed meh, Jenny ?

Meet wi' bowder face her charm ;  
Tell her yo' con match her art ;  
Smoiles an' beauty work no harm ;  
Nowt win boind bur heart wi' heart.  
The spell 'at howds a soul whoile deäth,  
Firm in danger's straitest hitch,  
Is troth for troth wi' honour's breath,  
Of Pendle's sweetest witch !  
Thae'rt the witch, moi dearest Jenny,  
Never brun owd Meg,  
For theau wilt wed meh, Jenny.



## OH, WELL I LOVE MY GENTLE MAID

BY J. B. ROGERSON.

OH, well I love my gentle maid,  
For she is young and fair ;  
Her eye is as the summer sky,  
Like moon-clouds is her hair ;  
Her voice is tuneful as a bird's,  
Her step is light and free,  
And better far than all besides,  
She dearly loveth me.

I chose my love from out the crowd  
Of beauty and of youth ;  
I chose her for her loveliness,  
I chose her for her truth ;  
I never cease to bless that hour,  
When first I chanced to see  
The graceful and the beauteous one  
Who dearly loveth me.

'Tis not amid a festive group  
My love doth seem most fair ;  
She best becomes the cheerful hearth,  
And well I love her there ;  
For, oh, 'twas in her quiet home—  
A maid's sweet sanctuary—  
That first I won her sinless heart,  
And knew her love for me.

It may be wrong—I cannot brook  
That each rude eye should greet  
The brightness of her fawn-like glance,  
Her form and features sweet ;  
Oh, no ! I would that her dear charms  
Should all mine own charms be,  
I would not lose one glance of hers  
Who dearly loveth me.

I do not think a wish of hers  
To others e'er can stray—  
I know I am her dream by night,  
Her thought throughout the day ;

But as the miser hides his gold,  
His soul's divinity,  
So would I hide from eyes of man  
The maid who loveth me.

'Tis sweet to know a treasure mine,  
Which none besides can share ;  
'Tis sweet to think that beauty's lips  
Are moved for me in prayer ;  
'Tis sweet when she doth soothe my woe,  
Or light my hours of glee—  
Oh, well I love the gentle maid,  
Who dearly loveth me.



### MY WYNDER.\*

TUNE—*The rose-tree in full bearing.*

(FROM "HOMELY RHYMES," ETC.)

BY SAMUEL BAMFORD.

WHERE Gerrard's stream, with pearly gleam,  
Runs down in gay meander,  
A weaver boy, bereft of joy,  
Upon a time did wander.  
"Ah ! well-a-day !" the youth did say,  
" I wish I did not mind her ;  
I 'm sure had she regarded me,  
I ne'er had lost my wynder.

\* Each weaver in a silk or a cotton mill needs the aid of a winder, usually a girl or young woman.

“ Her ready hand was white as milk,  
 Her fingers finely moulded,  
 And when she touch'd a thread of silk,  
 Like magic it was folded.  
 She turn'd her wheel, she sang her song,  
 And sometimes I have join'd\* her :  
 Oh, that one strain would wake again  
 From thee, my lovely wynder !

“ And when the worsted hank she wound,  
 Her skill was further proved ;  
 No thread uneven there was found,  
 Her bobbins never roved.  
 With sweet content, to work she went,  
 And never look'd behind her,  
 With fretful eye, for ills to spy ;  
 But now I 've lost my wynder.

“ And never would she let me wait  
 When downing † on a Friday ;  
 Her wheel went at a merry rate,  
 Her person always tidy.  
 But she is gone, and I 'm alone ;  
 I know not where to find her ;  
 I 've sought the hill, the wood and rill ;  
 No tidings of my wynder.

“ I 've sought her at the dawn of day,  
 I 've sought her at the noonin' ;  
 I 've sought her when the evening gray  
 Had brought the hollow moon in.

\* In Lancashire pronounced *jined*; consequently a true rhyme to *wynder*.

† Finishing the weaving of a “cut,” web, or piece.

I've call'd her on the darkest night,  
With wizard spells to bind her ;  
And when the stars arose in light,  
I've wander'd forth to find her.

“ Her hair was like the raven's plume,  
And hung in tresses bonny ;  
Her cheeks so fair did roses bear,  
That blush'd as sweet as ony.  
With slender waist, and carriage chaste.  
Her looks were daily kinder,  
I mourn and rave, and cannot weave,\*  
Since I have lost my wynder.



## CANZONETTE.

BY J. B. ROGERSON.

THERE is a place where the forest boughs  
Bend down to a quiet stream,  
And so lovely it looks in its bright repose,  
That it seems as 'twere wrapt in a dream ;  
The water-lily uplifts its head  
In that sweet and pleasant home,  
Like a living pearl in a silver bed,  
Or a bell of the wave's white foam ;  
There comes not a sound on the passing air,  
Save the young birds' cheerful call—  
Beloved one ! wilt thou meet me there,  
When the shadows of even fall ?

\* Pronounced *wayve*.

There is a bower on that peaceful spot,  
Which some fond hand hath wrought,  
Where the feet of the worldling enter not,  
Sacred to love and thought ;  
Full many fair flowers beside it sigh,  
And the myrtle around it creeps,  
The breeze becomes sweet as it floateth by,  
And the bee in its roses sleeps ;  
The stars alone will our secrets share,  
Unseen and unheard by all—  
Beloved one ! wilt thou meet me there  
When the shadows of even fall ?



## PEGGY DILL.

BY HENRY KIRK, of Goosnargh.

THE world has not a shyer nook,  
For bashful Love to stray,  
Than the hollow by the winding brook,  
When whin-shrubs blossom gay :  
There lingering oft with Peggy Dill,  
We found sweet music in  
The jogging of the distant mill,  
And the roaring of the linn.

'Twas there, in that delightful hour  
The twilight gathers o'er,  
When the heart is open to the power  
Of Love's insidious lore,



I bound my faith with Peggy Dill,  
Lone list'ning to the din  
Of the jogging of the distant mill,  
And the roaring of the linn.

I never hear a brawling brook,  
Or old mills "pick-a-peck,"  
Or see, within some dell, a nook,  
Which yellow whin-shrubs deck,  
But to tell sweet tales of Peggy Dill  
Old memories begin,  
With the jogging of the distant mill,  
And the roaring of the linn.



### SHE'S NOT SO FAIR.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

SHE'S not so fair as many there,  
But she's as loved as any,  
And few you'll find with such a mind,  
Or such a heart, as Nannie :  
A maiden grace, a modest face,  
A smile to win us ever ;  
And she has sense, without pretence—  
She's good as she is clever !

She's not so fine as some may shine,  
With feathers, pearls, and laces ;  
But oh, she's got, what they have not,  
With all their borrow'd graces,—

Eyes blue and bright with heaven's light,  
That kindle with devotion ;  
A cheek of rose, a heart that glows  
With every sweet emotion !  
She's not so fair, &c.



## BERTHA.

BY HENRY KIRK, of Goosnargh.

Low, by Ribble's scaury side,  
Swept the soft, autumnal breeze ;  
Faint its whisp'ring murmurs died,  
High in Tonbrook's crowded trees.  
Sad, at intervals, the grove  
Shook beneath a fitful blast ;  
Like a heart that vainly strove  
Back to crush some sorrow past !

Bertha came not to the seat  
Of our fonder, earlier faith ;  
False the heart that was to beat  
Constant, truthful, e'en to death !  
Bertha, little did I deem  
Thou couldst thus inconstant be,  
Warm as still thy vows would seem,  
Plighted in that grove to me !

## MY JOHNNY.

BY R. R. BEALEY.

MY Johnny is the bonniest lad  
    'Ut lives i' Rachda' town—  
His een are blue, his cheeks are red,  
    His curly yure is brown.  
He walks just like a gentleman—  
    And that's just what he'll be ;  
Aw like to walk about wi' him,  
    An' let o th' neighbours see.

An' then he's gettin' larnt i' books,  
    An' reads o th' pappers too ;  
And when he comes a courtin' me  
    He tells me all 'ut's new.  
He sends a letter now and then,  
    An' writes outside it—" Miss ;"  
An' as it comes instead of John,  
    It allus gets a kiss.

He warks i' the factory, an' if those  
    'Ut wear his wark but knew  
What sort o' chap the weyver wur,  
    They'd love it same's aw do.  
They'd nobbut wear't in better days,  
    Then lay it nicely by ;  
John mixes love wi' everything,  
    An' ma'es bread taste like pie.

On Sunday when aw goo to church,  
An' get set nicely down,  
Aw never know what th' parson says,  
My heart's i' Rachda' town.  
But Johnny comes i' th' afternoon,  
An' never speaks in vain ;  
Aw swallow every word he says,  
Like thirsty flowers drink rain.

Aw like to yer at th' cookoo sing,  
I' weepin' April's days ;  
Aw like to look at the layrock rise,  
An' scatter down his praise.  
Aw like to stand i' th' quiet lone,  
While dayleet passes by ;  
But more by the hauce nor these, aw like  
To yer my Johnny sigh.

Oh happy me, oh lucky me,  
To have a chap like John ;  
He says aw'm th' nicest lass i' th' world,  
Aw'm sure he's th' finest mon.  
He hasn't got a single fau't,  
An's fur too good for me ;  
But since my Johnny loves me so,  
My very best aw'll be.

He says he's puttin' money by,  
To get a heawse for me ;  
An' when he's gotten brass enough,  
He says we wed mun be.

Aw dunnot like to think o' that,  
An' yet it's gradely true :  
To be John's sweetheart o my life  
Aw think 'ud hardly do.

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TO MARY.

BY THE EDITOR.

As the thirsty desert-wanderer seeks the oasis green  
and fair ;  
As for pardon seeks the penitent, with tears and fervent prayer ;  
As youth seeks fame, and age seeks rest, and the life-sick look above ;  
As all in hope seek happiness,—so have I sought thy love.

With blushes mantling on thy cheek, with modesty and grace,  
With tears and smiles alternating upon thy lovely face ;  
With murmurings soft and sweeter far than music of the grove,  
With faith and trust and purity,—thou gavest me thy love.

As misers guard their golden god—as maidens prize their fame—  
As honest men would keep through life a pure and spotless name—

As hope is held to wretched hearts—as pity shields the  
dove—

So I guard, I prize, I hold, I keep, thy pure and price-  
less love.

Than radiant light more lustrous, than life itself more  
dear ;

Richer than all the riches of this transitory sphere ;  
Outliving change and death, in eternity above—

This has been—Mary! this is now,—this e'er shall be,  
our love.



### COME, LOVE, AND SING.

BY J. B. ROGERSON.

COME, love, and sing, in thy tones sweet and low,  
The song which I heard from thy lips long ago,  
When thine eyes were as bright, and thy cheeks were  
as fair

As the hues which the skies and the summer flowers  
wear,

And vainly I strove with my kisses to chase  
The pure stream of blushes that rush'd o'er thy face.

Come, sing me that song, love, 'twill bring back the day,  
When my heart was lit up by Affection's first ray ;  
When thy name to mine ears was a sound of delight,  
And I gazed on thine image in dreams of the night,  
And arose, when the sky wore the morning's bright  
beam,

But to muse on the eyes that had shone in my dream

Then sing me that song, love ; for oh, with each tone  
There will come back the thoughts of the hours that  
are gone—

Of the love that had birth amid blushes and fears,  
Yet hath lived through the tempest of trouble and  
tears ;

Oh ! that time will come back of deep rapture and  
pride,

When I woo'd thee and won thee, my beautiful bride !



### ENGLAND'S MAIDENS.

BY HENRY KIRK, of Goosnargh.

I 'VE seen the lovely spring-time pass,  
Where Rhine's blue waters flow ;  
I 've seen the flowers of summer glass  
Their beauties in the Po ;

I 've seen the fruits of autumn gleam  
On Cintra's pregnant soil ;  
I 've seen the stars of winter beam  
On Albion's humid isle.

And much I love the Rhenish spring—  
Italia's summer flowers,  
And sunny grapes, which clust'ring string  
Oporto's vine-hung bowers ;—

But more I love the beaming stars,  
On English winter nights,  
Our bright coals flashing in the bars—  
Red lips that lips invite.

Then take your beauties of the Rhine—  
Italia's, Cintra's, shades ;  
The holly-branch shall be my vine—  
My flowers, our blooming maids !



## DECEIVED !

BY MRS G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

ON the shore of a tranquil lake  
A maiden reclined and dream'd  
Of the hearts she would win and break  
While that summer sunlight beam'd ;  
She mused o'er her victories past,  
Of her captives yet to be ;  
And the spells she would round them cast  
To bring them down to her knee.

On the shore of a troubled lake  
A maiden wander'd alone,  
'Mong the hearts she had vow'd to break  
She had not counted her own ;  
But a brighter eye than her own,  
A tongue as false and as fair,  
Won her soul with a look and a tone,  
Then left her to love and despair.



SERENADE.

BY WILLIAM MORT.

I WILL come to thee, love, when the bright stars are  
    shining,  
And the weary old moon in her course is declining,—  
With a fond mother's thought slowly stealing away,  
That her children may join unrestrain'd in their play!  
    I will come.

I will come to thee, love, when night's mantle is spread  
O'er the earth, like a shroud that envelops the dead—  
Making hallow'd a scene which might else from thy  
    breast  
Scare the innocent thoughts that had there taken rest!  
    I will come.

I will come to thee, love, when the birds are all sleep-  
    ing,  
And silence barefooted o'er nature is creeping;  
When the trees are quite still, and the winds hold  
    their breath,  
Lest a leaflet disturb the hush'd quiet beneath!  
    I will come.

I will come to thee, love, and the morrow shall find us  
In a world of our own, where no shackles may bind us;  
I will come, love, ere yet the stars shrink from the skies,  
And my guerdon shall be the sweet thanks of thine eyes!  
    I will come—I will come!

## CANZONETTE.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

I KNOW a star, whose gentle beams  
Shine with a pure and constant ray,  
Inspire me with delicious dreams,  
And cheer me on my lonely way ;  
I gaze upon its tender light,  
And to it bow the adoring knee ;  
But, oh ! how dreary were my night  
Were it to shine no more for me !

I know a flower of beauteous form,  
Whose sweetness is beyond compare ;  
I fain would shield it from the storm,  
And keep it ever young and fair :  
It glads my eyes, it soothes my heart,  
It is a daily charm to see ;  
But, oh ! how bitter were my smart  
Were it to bloom no more for me !

Thou art the star, thou art the flower,  
My precious, peerless maiden, mine !  
And from our first fond meeting-hour  
My love, my life, were wholly thine :  
But wert thou call'd beyond the spheres,  
How joyless would the wide world be !  
How sad my sighs, how true my tears,  
Wert thou to live no more for me !

MALLY.

BY R. R. BEALEY.

WHEN fust aw seed thee, Mally, lass,  
Theaw knows 'twur near th' owd ho',  
I' Weshbruck-lone, tort Witches-neest,  
Where th' cloof runs deawn below :  
'Twur summer toime, an' th' honey bees  
Could sing, but dar' no' play,  
An' th' breezes mixt a theawsand smells  
O' fleaw'rs an' leaves wi' hay.

Th' corn had reicht its youthfu' days,  
An' stood booath strung an' hee,  
Whoile th' cattle grazed, i' meadows green,  
Wi' new shorn sheep just nee ;  
An' th' swallows leetly skim'd o'er th' ponds,  
Then derted quick away,  
While th' layruck, fairly eawt o' sect,  
Wur singin' o th' lung day ;

An' th' ferns an' wild fleawrs deawn i' th' cloof,  
An' th' velvet mosses too,  
Loike nayburs on a holiday,  
Seem'd donn'd i' dresses new ;  
An' th' pratty little tinklin' bruck—  
A babby uv a stream—  
Play'd music uz it toddled on,  
As sweet as love's fust dream.

My hert wur reetly tuned for love ;  
An' when aw lookt on thee,  
Aw felt as if aw'd just fun' eawt  
Wot heaven itsel' mun be.  
Aw're stonnin' just at th' eend o' th' cloof—  
'Twur Sunday afternoon,  
An' th' Prestwich bells wur singin' eawt  
Their prattiest Sunday tune.

Aw felt as if aw th' summer toime  
Wur bloomin' i' my breast,  
Wi' th' fleawrs, an' trees, an' brids, an' brucks,  
An' sunsheighne, an' o th' rest.  
Thy face wur th' sun, an' aw wur th' greawnd ;  
Aye, Mally, it wur so ;  
An' o th' good seeds sown i' my breast  
Wur made by thee to grow.

Aw seed thy leet an' curly yure,  
Aw seed thy soft, blue een,  
Aw seed thy rosy, dimpled checks,  
Wi' kissin' lips between ;  
An' theaw wur donn'd up i' thy best—  
Theaw lookt so foin' an' shy—  
Theaw'd get new shoon, aw seed thy foot  
Peep eawt so peert an' sly.

Aw durstn't speighk, aw could bo' look,  
Bo' when theaw'd pass'd me by  
Aw follow'd on, as near's aw dar',  
An' heighved up monny a soigh ;

Bu' when theaw geet to th' eend o' th' lone  
 Aw turn'd for th' "Top o' Stond ;"  
 Aw brasted off as if aw're feort—  
 By th' mass, aw did clear th' lond.

Eh ! but aw wur some takken in,  
 It wur a bonny go ;  
 Aw fun thee speighkin' snug enoof,  
 An' lowfin wi' lung Joe.  
 O th' steom shot off i' hawve a crack,  
 Aw're loike a brid i' rain ;  
 Aw thowt theaw wur his sweethert, lass,  
 So aw slunk whoam ogen.

'Twur th' feawest walk aw ever had,  
 Though sitch a pratty day ;  
 Aw seed nowt noice, not aw indeed,  
 But purr'd aw th' stones i' th' way.  
 Aw hung my yed an' welly cried,  
 An' wur so gradely mad,  
 An' bote my lips, an' knit my breees,  
 An' then turn'd soppin' sad.

Aw'd getten cleawds insoide o' me,  
 My day wur turn'd to neet ;  
 Aw're cromm'd so full o' derkness then,  
 There wur no reawm for leet.  
 O th' seawnds aw yerd wur muffled 'uns.  
 Just loike a berryin' bell ;  
 Aw'd sitch a nowt and dummy feel,  
 So numb aw conno tell.

My mother ax't me wot wur t' do—  
Hoo thowt aw mut be ill—  
An' made some gruel, spoiced an' noice,  
An' browt a doctor's pill.  
But that 'ud do no good, nor it,  
It noane cures th' hert o' woe ;  
Bo' aw thowt if aw could ha' my will  
Aw'd give a pill to Joe.

Aw fret o day, an' rowlt o neet,  
Abeawt a wick or two,  
An' then my mother fun' me eawt,  
An' said aw wur a foo'.  
Hoo tow'd me t' goo an' speighk to th' lass,  
An' get it some road o'er ;  
Mak th' job a kiss, or else a miss ;  
But dunno lay on th' floor.

Hoo met as weel ha' spoke to th' pump—  
Aw know'd naught wot hoo said ;  
Bo' then my fayther coom, by th' mass !  
An' cleawted me o'er th' yed.  
Owd lass, that gaen me sitch a stert,  
Aw jumpt reet off my cheor ;  
Th' owd pluck coom back ; aw show'd for feight ;  
As if aw'd had t' mitch beer.

Then mother lowft, an' fayther lowft,  
An' said, " Goo lad, eawr Dick ;  
He 's gotten th' foo's cap on at last ;  
Poor lad, he 's turn't love sick."

Aw felt as soft as buttermilk,  
 Bo' wot wur th' wust uv o,  
 Aw're welly lowfin' eawt mysel',  
 They o wur lowfin' so.

Next day my fayther made me wurtch,  
 An', laws, it helpt me on,  
 Aw're better, but aw wurno weel,  
 For th' hert wurtch hadno gone.  
 O th' summer past, an' autumn toime,  
 An' some o' th' winter too ;  
 When thee an' me we met at last  
 I' th' little chapel schoo'.

Theaw knows 'twur th' Kesmus pertyin',  
 An' after th' tay wur done,  
 An' th' speighkin', an' resoitin' too,  
 Waw th' doancin' wur begun.  
 Aw'st ne'er forget that neet, owd lass,  
 For when aw doanced wi' thee,  
 Thy hont i' moine, an' moine i' thoine,  
 'Twur gradely o'er wi' me.

Theaw recollects aw tow'd my tale,  
 Aw did so soft, loike, feel ;  
 'Twur done i' little bits an' scraps ;  
 But eh, theaw pieced 'um weel.  
 Theaw didno say theaw'd ha' me then ;  
 Bo' sayin' naught wurn't no ;  
 Theaw blusht aboon a bit, theaw did,  
 And hung thy yed so low.

We perted, an' aw sterted whoam,  
But aw'd no sleep that neet,  
Aw're loike a dug lost in a fair,  
No soide nor place wur reet.  
Aw're up at two o'clock i' th' morn  
An' off to th' Heeur-lone,  
An' stood—a silly foo's aw wur—  
Beneath thy window stone.

Bo' never moind, aw'll say no mooar,  
'Twur o made reet at last ;  
An' sin that toime full monny a day  
'Uv happiness we'n past.  
It's noice to turn us reawnd a bit,  
An' look at days gone by :  
Let's hutch together, Mally, woife,  
Loike cleawds i' th' sunset sky.

Owd love is loike to th' roipen'd fruit ;  
Yung love loike th' bloomin' is ;  
We'n tasted, an' we loike 'um booath,  
They'n each their sort o' bliss.  
Owd cooartin' may be tame enoof,  
But, come, let's hae a bit ;  
Let's put my arm reet reawnd thy waist,  
An' closer to thee sit.

Neaw lay thy yed uppo' my breast,  
As t' did i' " owd lang syne ; "  
One hond shall stroke thy wrinkled cheek,  
While t' other's held i' thoine ;



An' let us shut eawr een an' dream  
 Uv yunger days an' spring.  
 Nay, dunno' cry, owd iass, or else  
 Th' brids in us winno sing.

God bless thee, Mally ! good owd woife !  
 Love doesno' dee wi' yers ;  
 But, see, aw 've brokken deawn mysel' ;  
 Let 's mix eawr bits o' tears :  
 They winno' speighl eawt, will they, lass ?  
 They're but late April sheaw'rs ;  
 We 'st foind eawr May-toime up aboon,  
 These tears 'ull help thoose fleaw'rs.

Aw 'm satisfied wi' th' loife we'n had,  
 An' thankfu' for it, too,  
 Although we'n walkt o'er roofish roads  
 An' pood up mony a brow.  
 We'n gone through every lond i' th' world,  
 Booath weet an' cowl an' o ;  
 Sometoimes becin' melted deawn wi' heat,  
 An' sometoimes smoo'rt wi' snow.

But, lookin' back, it 's plain enoof  
 'Twur nobbut shade an' leet,  
 To make up th' pictur o' one's loife —  
 It shows ut o comes reet.  
 Bo' lift thy yed, neaw, Mally, woife,  
 Toime's slippin' fast away ;  
 Let 's up, an' do that bit o' werk  
 There 's left for th' close o' day.

LUCY NEALE.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

AVOCA'S Vale, thy charms no more  
My lonely heart can feel,  
For thy green grass is waving o'er  
My own loved Lucy Neale.  
'Twas in thy groves that first I dared  
My hopes to her reveal,  
And there upon my vows she smiled,—  
My own sweet Lucy Neale.  
Oh, my Lucy Neale ; my poor Lucy Neale.  
Oh could I but those days recall,  
How happy I should feel.

But soon the rose fled from her cheek,  
Nor could she long conceal  
That death's cold touch had chill'd the heart  
Of my young Lucy Neale.  
Oh ! how much bliss can one fell stroke  
From plighted lovers steal !  
She bless'd me ; in my arms she died ;  
My love ! my Lucy Neale.  
Oh, my Lucy Neale ; my poor Lucy Neale ;  
Oh would that I had died with thee,  
My sainted Lucy Neale !

My love they from my bosom bore,  
But the wound they cannot heal,  
And my heart, my heart is breaking,  
For my own loved Lucy Neale.

\* This ballad was written to supply more fitting words to the plaintive negro melody of the same name.

I feel my dying hour is nigh,—  
The grave my love shall seal;  
Then lay me in the grassy tomb,  
Where rests my Lucy Neale.  
Oh, my Lucy Neale; my poor Lucy Neale;  
E'en death shall not divide us then,  
My own, my Lucy Neale.

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## LOVE'S HISTORY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

By sylvan waves that westward flow,  
A hare-bell bent its beauty low,  
With slender waist, and modest brow,  
Amidst the shades descending—  
A star look'd from the paler sky,  
The hare-bell gazed, and, with a sigh,  
Forgot that love may look too high,  
And sorrow without ending.

By casement hid, the flowers among,  
A maiden lean'd and listen'd long;  
It was the hour of love and song,  
And early night-birds calling:  
A bark across the river drew,—  
The rose was glowing through and through  
The maiden's cheek, of lily hue,  
Amidst the twilight falling.

She saw no star, she saw no flower,  
Her heart expanded to the hour ;  
She reck'd not of her lowly dower,  
    Amidst the shades descending :  
With love thus fix'd upon a height  
That seem'd so beauteous to the sight,  
How could she think of wrong and blight,  
    And sorrow without ending ?

The hare-bell droop'd beneath the dew,  
And closed its eye of tender blue ;  
No sun could e'er its life renew,  
    Nor star, in music calling :  
The autumn leaves were early shed,  
But earlier on her cottage bed  
The maiden's loving heart lay dead,  
    Amidst the twilight falling !



## WE MET.

BY HENRY KIRK.

We met, as only two can meet,  
    Whose eyes flash mutual fire ;  
Greeted, as only two can greet,  
    When words in sighs expire.

We stray'd, as only two can stray,  
    Whose confidence is sure ;  
We play'd, as only two can play,  
    Whose innocence is pure.

We praised, as only two can praise,  
That fear no flatteries ;  
Embraced, as only two embrace,  
Ere evil passions rise.

We felt, as only two can feel,  
Whom equal wishes guide ;  
Reveal'd, what only two reveal,  
Who mutual trust confide.

We loved, as only two can love,  
That know no fear or guile ;  
We 've proved, as only two can prove,  
That doubt each fear and smile.

We own, with those, the vacant heart,  
That find their love in vain ;  
We part, as only two can part,  
That ne'er may meet again !



### THE MAID OF DISS.\*

BY GEORGE RICHARDSON.

FAIR maid of Diss ! with dark brown hair,  
That o'er a stainless bosom streams,  
And pensive eyes which touch the soul,  
And win the heart with gentle gleams ;  
Oh, peerless maid, though lovers false  
May wound thy breast with guileful kiss,  
Let moral worth and virtue rare  
Adorn thee still, sweet maid of Diss !

\* Diss, a town in Norfolk.

Fair maid of Diss ! from whose dear face  
The mind's emotion calmly beams,  
And modest guise, with comely pride,  
The nobler graces well beseems ;  
May radiant peace and lasting joy  
Bestrew as flowers thy path of bliss,  
And pure requited love be thine—  
For ever thine, fair maid of Diss !

Farewell, sweet maid ! 'tis fate's decree  
That thou must quit our much-loved shore ;  
Fond memory will picture still  
Thine image, though we meet no more ;  
And hope and love will fondly wake  
To wish thee happy years of bliss—  
Still happier if connubial joys  
Should bless thee, graceful maid of Diss !



### I'LL TELL MY MOTHER.

BY J. B. ROGERSON.

TIMID little Marian,  
With her blooming beauty,  
In an instant lured me  
From the path of duty ;  
Nothing else I thought of,  
Nothing, and no other ;  
Though she cried, if I but touch'd her,—  
“ Don't !—I'll tell my mother ! ”

When she heard me coming,  
Straight she sought some hiding,  
And broke out in laughter,  
Checking thus my chiding ;  
If I did but press her hand  
More warmly than a brother,  
She said, and snatch'd her fingers,  
“ Don't !—I 'll tell my mother !”

When the love I bore her  
Could not be dissembled,  
And our lips encounter'd,  
How she blush'd and trembled !  
That *one* kiss she forgave me,  
But, when I stole another,  
She cried out, yet not loudly,  
“ Oh !—I 'll tell my mother !”

Mine, I said, she must be,  
Without more denying ;  
For all night I slept not,  
And all day was sighing ;  
She must answer me with “ Yes !”  
That *one word*, and no other ;  
She only sigh'd and whisper'd,  
“ Pray don't tell my mother !”

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## TH' SWEETHEART GATE.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

AIR—" *The Manchester Angel.*"

OH, there's mony a gate eawt ov eawr teawn-end,—  
 But nobbut one for me ;  
 It winds by a rindlin' wayter side,  
 An' o'er a posied lea :  
 It wanders into a shady dell ;  
 An' when aw ve done for th' day,  
 Oh, aw never can sattel this heart o' mine,  
 Beawt walkin' deawn that way.

It's noather garden, nor posied lea,  
 Nor wayter rindlin' clear ;  
 But deawn i' th' vale there's a rosy nook,  
 An' my true love lives theer.  
 It's olez summer wheer th' heart's content,  
 Tho' wintry winds may blow ;  
 An' theer's never a gate 'at's so kind to th' fuut,  
 As th' gate cne likes to go.

When aw set off o' sweetheartin', aw've  
 A theawsan' things to say ;  
 But th' very first glent o' yon chimbley-top,  
 It drives 'em o away ;  
 An' when aw meet wi' my bonny lass,  
 It sets my heart a-jee ;—  
 Oh, there's summut i' th' leet o' yon two blue een  
 That plays the dule wi' me !



When th' layrock's finish'd his wark aboon,  
An' laid his music by,  
He flutters deawn to his mate, an' stops  
Till dayleet stirs i' th' sky.  
Though Matty sends me away at dark,  
Aw know that hoo's reet full well;—  
An' it's heaw aw love a true-hearted lass,  
No mortal tung can tell.

Aw wish that Candlemas day were past,  
When wakin' time comes on ;  
An' aw wish that Kesmas time were here,  
An' Matty an' me were one.  
Aw wish this wanderin' wark were o'er—  
This maunderin' to an' fro ;  
That aw could go whoam to my own true love,  
An' stop at neet an' o.

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## THE LOVED AND LOST.

BY HENRY KIRK.

THE grass waves green above the tomb,  
Where dark in death young Ellen lies ;  
No more shall pleasure scare the gloom  
From Richard's eyes !

Oh, better far the love, where Death  
Hath set the seal no time destroys,  
Than that, which on some wanton's breath  
Hath placed its joys !

Still lives that love, unchanged and bright,  
Fresh blooming each successive year ;  
No jealous pangs—no doubts to blight ;  
No wrongs to fear !

Then clear thy brow ; for she, my friend,  
Thy angel-wife, thy heart's true love,  
Shall point, in life's uncertain end,  
Thy path above !

The world has claims 'twere wrong to shun  
For one so young. Some other heart  
As full of mirth may yet be won,  
And bliss impart !

Life is not such a bitter thing  
As fools believe, in idiot madness ;  
'Tis our own thoughts and actions bring  
Our woe or gladness.

Then learn to live, and cultivate  
The warmer feelings of the soul ;  
Fly empty follies, ere "too late"  
Thy reason call !



THE FAREWELL.

BY THE REV. RICHARD PARKINSON, D.D.

HERE have I loiter'd many an hour,  
    Beneath that oak, beside yon stream,  
And oft within this fragrant bower  
    I've shelter'd from the noontide beam ;  
And listen'd to the summer song  
Of insects. as they swept along.

And here came one, with notes more wild  
    Than summer's train have ever sung ;  
And when, as oft would hap, she smiled,  
    Her eye was sweeter than her tongue :  
Then shady oak, and stream, and bower,  
Would vanish in that happy hour.

And now these long-loved joys are past—  
    I leave this tranquil scene for ever ;  
And I have stood and gazed my last  
    On the brown oak and glassy river ;—  
Oh, fly with me, dear maid, for thou  
Canst teach me to forget them now !

Yes, teach me to forget the place  
    Where oft with raptured foot I stray'd,  
For all its charms and all its grace  
    Were borrow'd from thy form, sweet maid !  
Where'er *thou* art, the stream will flow,  
The bower will bloom, the summer glow !

## LOVELY SUSANNAH.

(FROM "THE THUNDERSTORM— A RURAL SKETCH.")

BY THOMAS NICHOLSON.\*

LOVELY Susannah's away to the wood ;  
Lonely and musing, and moody goes she :  
Yes, she goes all alone ; but she is good,  
And loves the sweet woodlark that sings in the tree

Lovely Susannah has gone through the glade :  
Hath not a coy maiden some danger to fear  
So deep in the wood ? She loves best the shade,  
And the ringdove's complaint is sweet to her ear.

Hark, a shrill whistle ! She turns not away—  
No, fearless Susannah still onward doth move ;  
Yet, that's not the woodlark tuning his lay,  
Nor yet the soft plaint of the mild-cooing dove.

'Twas not the ringdove that kept her so long ;  
Nor was it the woodlark's wild music so clear ;  
Oh, no ! 'twas a softer, a much sweeter song,  
More pleasing by far to a fond maiden's ear !

Oh, say not she knew that young Edwin was there :  
No bird's note loved he like the woodlark's sweet  
strain,  
And the ringdove's soft coo. How like were the  
pair !

'Twas accident brought them together, 'tis plain !

\* The author, who published his little volume at 65 Berkeley Street, Strangeways, Manchester, says, "I neither make a boast of poverty nor desire riches."

**MAGGIE.**

BY RICHARD R. BEALEY.

OH, thou bonny rose-lipp'd lassie,  
More than roses thou must be ;  
For the month of rosy beauty  
Is but March compared with thee—  
My love Maggie,  
Sweetheart Maggie,  
All the flowers thou art to me.

Yet the flowers of field or garden,  
Breathing fragrance on the breeze ;  
Or the birds that carol sweetly,  
Making concert in the trees ;  
My love Maggie,  
Sweetheart Maggie,  
These have not thy power to please.

My poor heart was cold and barren,  
Cold as winter, and as drear,  
Until thou, by smiling on me,  
Gavest me summer all the year ;  
My love Maggie,  
Sweetheart Maggie,  
Flowers must bloom when thou art near.

Summer-time, and spring, and autumn,  
All their mantles o'er thee fling ;  
Laureate art thou to the seasons,  
Praising, loving everything ;  
My love Maggie,  
Sweetheart Maggie,  
Queen thou art ; oh, make me King !

## SULINA.

BY HENRY KIRK.

YE rude cliffs of Abydos, how dear to my soul !  
How sweet thy remembrance, O blue stream of  
Hellè !  
And the hills crown'd with vineyards and cypresses tall,  
Encircling thy low-seated walls, Charconelli.

Oh, there is a spot where the orange-tree blooms,—  
The fountain leaps forth 'neath the broad sycamore ;  
Where a thousand sweet flowers, dispensing perfumes,  
Enamel the carpet of green on the shore.

And dear is that spot with the old marble column,  
Which broken and prostrate lies low on the grass,  
And preacheth a sermon, impressive and solemn,  
To the daughters and sons of young Greece as they  
pass !

For it tells of the fate of their own sunny land—  
So faded in glory—so sunk in its power—  
Its children made slaves, who were born for command ;  
With nought left but beauty and craft for their dower.

And there, O thou fairest of Attica's daughters !  
I first met the flame of thy soft-beaming eyes ;  
When the last crimson ray of the sun kiss'd the waters,  
And Dian was lighting her own native skies !

But now I am far from the dear coast of Asia,  
Where milder suns beam on the Isle of the Free :  
Sweet scenes of my passion ! no more must I trace  
you,  
Or watch with Sulina thy glittering sea !

Perhaps still she there wanders, when daylight is over,  
And all the bright stars the blue heavens invest,—  
And turns from the lips of some eloquent lover,  
To breathe a low sigh for the son of the West !



BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

MY love is not a beauty  
To other eyes than mine ;  
Her curls are not the fairest,  
Her eyes are not divine :  
Nor yet like rose-buds parted,  
Her lips of love may be ;  
But though she's not a beauty,  
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan-like,  
Her bosom unlike snow ;  
Nor walks she like a deity  
This breathing world below :  
Yet there's a light of happiness  
Within, which all may see ;  
And though she's not a beauty,  
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,  
The grace that dwells in *her*,  
For all that Cupid's blindness  
In others might prefer !  
I would not change *her* sweetness  
For pearls of any sea ;  
For better far than beauty  
Is one *kind heart* to me.



## NOTHING MORE.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

IN a valley fair I wander'd,  
O'er its meadow pathways green,  
Where a singing brook was flowing,  
Like the spirit of the scene ;  
And I saw a lovely maiden,  
With a basket brimming o'er  
With sweet buds, and so I ask'd her  
For a flower, and nothing more.

Then I chatted on beside her,  
And I praised her hair and eyes,  
And, like roses from her basket,  
On her cheeks saw blushes rise ;  
With her timid looks down glancing,  
She said, " Would I pass before ? "  
But I said that all I wanted  
Was a smile, and nothing more.



So she slyly smiled upon me,  
And I still kept wandering on ;  
What with blushing, smiling, chatting,  
Soon a brief half-hour was gone.  
Then she told me I must leave her,  
For she saw their cottage door ;  
But I would not till I rifled  
Just a kiss, and nothing more.

And I often met that maiden  
At the twilight's loving hour,  
With the summer's offspring laden,  
But herself the dearest flower.  
When she ask'd me what I wish'd for,  
Grown far bolder than before,  
With impassion'd words I answer'd,  
'Twas her heart, and nothing more.

Thus for weeks and months I woo'd her,  
And the joys that then had birth,  
Made an atmosphere of gladness  
Seem encircling all the earth.  
One bright morning at the altar  
A white bridal dress she wore ;  
Then my wife I proudly made her,  
And I ask for nothing more !



## NUPTIAL LINES.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE  
HON. LADY ELIZABETH GREY DE WILTON WITH THE  
HON. CAPTAIN DUDLEY CHARLES DE ROS, AT  
PRESTWICH.

BY GEORGE RICHARDSON,  
*Author of "Patriotism," &c., &c.*

## CHORUS.

Hark, the merry bells are ringing!  
Festive joy and homage bringing;  
And village-friends keep holiday—  
The bridal-morn of Lady Grey.\*

MANY a banner high is streaming,  
Glad eyes fervent pleasure beaming;  
Lo! the happy train advances—  
Bridal-maids with smiling glances.  
Hark, &c.

'Tis past—the sacred plighted vow!  
Dear lady, free from care as now—  
May virtue, truth, and honour prove,  
Thy early dreams of wedded love.  
Hark, &c.

Tender damsels odours bringing,  
On thy path gay flowers are flinging;  
Clad like vestals in pure whiteness,  
Dropping sunny bloom and brightness.  
Hark, &c.

\* An admissible poetical licence, the author hopes.

May the beauteous offering be  
A type of blessed years for thee!  
And life a chalice of rich treasure,  
Ever fill'd with love's sweet measure!

Hark, the merry bells are ringing!  
Booming guns are pleasure winging;  
And villagers keep holiday—  
For gentle, happy Lady Grey.



### THE FAITHLESS.

BY HENRY KIRK.

I SAID that from my faithful heart  
Thy form should part  
When waves should cease along the seas,  
And leaves to deck the summer trees,  
And stars to shine,—and these would be  
Oh never, never!

And thou didst lavish for all this  
Fond hopes of bliss,  
As wanton waves would kiss the shore,  
And leafy boughs with fruit bud o'er,  
And bright stars shine, and thou adore  
For ever, ever!

But, like thy truthless love, all these  
Must one day cease.  
The ocean's waves shall idly lie,  
The earth's last summer leaves shall die,  
The stars fade out, and I shall sigh  
For thee?—Oh never!

## CHIRRUP.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

YOUNG CHIRRUP wur a mettled cowl :  
His heart an' limbs wur true ;  
At foot-race, or at wrostlin'-beawt,  
Or aught he buckled to ;  
At wark or play, reet gallantly  
He laid into his game :  
An' he're very fond o' singin'-brids—  
That's heaw he geet his name.

He're straight as ony pickin'-rod,  
An' limber as a snig :  
An' the heartiest cock o' th' village clod,  
At every country rig :  
His shinin' een wur clear an' blue ;  
His face wur frank an' bowd ;  
An' th' yure abeawt his monly broo  
Wur crispt i' curls o' gowd.

Young Chirrup donn'd his clinker't shoon,  
An' startin' off to the fair,  
He swore by the leet o' th' harvest moon,  
He'd have a marlock there ;  
He poo'd a sprig fro' th' hawthorn-tree,  
That blossom'd by the way ;—  
“ Iv ony mon says wrang to me,  
Aw'll tan his hide to-day ! ”

Full sorely mony a lass would sigh,  
 That chanced to wander near,  
 An' peep into his een, to spy  
 Iv luv' wur lurkin' theer ;  
 So fair an' free he stept o' th' green,  
 An' trollin' eawt a song,  
 Wi' leetsome heart, an' twinklin' een,  
 Went chirrupin' along.

Young Chirrup woo'd a village maid,—  
 An' hoo wur th' flower ov o,—  
 Wi' kisses kind, i' th' woodlan' shade,  
 An' whispers soft an' low ;  
 I' Matty's ear 'twur th' sweetest chime  
 That ever mortal sung ;  
 An' Matty's heart beat pleasant time  
 To th' music ov his tung.

Oh, th' kindest mates, this world within,  
 Mun sometimes meet wi' pain ;  
 But, iv this pair could life begin,  
 They'd buckle to again ;  
 For, though he're hearty, blunt, an' tough,  
 An' Matty sweet and mild,  
 For threescore year, through smooth an' rough,  
 Hoo led him like a child.



## "I GAZED O'ER THE BLUE STILL WATERS."

BY JAMES HORTON GROVES.\*

I GAZED o'er the blue, still waters wide,  
As the morn was nodding gray,  
Expecting a homeward sail to glide,  
From a land beyond the sea.  
But the sun rose high, and again sunk low,  
And no sail appear'd to view ;  
Oh ! I sigh'd, as the wind began to blow,  
For my absent sailor true.

I gazed on the troubled waters wide,  
Till the sun rose to his height ;  
I watch'd the ebb and the flow of the tide,  
E'en till the approach of night.  
But no sail appear'd my soul to cheer,  
And the waves more fiercely drove ;  
As the tempest rose, I sigh'd with fear  
For my absent sailor love.

I still gazed over the rough, wide sea,  
And aloud began to weep ;  
And just as the darkness veil'd the day,  
I closed my eyes in sleep ;  
And I thought that an angel clasp'd me round,  
And kiss'd me as I mourn'd ;  
I awoke—and myself in the arms I found  
Of my sailor true, return'd !

\* A Manchester rhymester, who published, some years ago, by subscription, a thin volume of Poems, &c., including a Drama in three acts, called, "M'Alpine; or, The Warlock Chieftain."

MINONA.

BY HENRY KIRK.

AGAIN the soft season of spring  
Renews the sweet mantle of earth,  
The thrush and the wild linnet sing—  
The gay promise of autumn is forth.

And thou wilt be roaming the wood,  
Where blossoms are decking the spray ;  
On the bank which the blue violets stud,  
As sweet and as peaceful as they.

But the fiend of the storm may arise  
And blast all the beauties of spring ;  
The flowers now feasting thine eyes  
May shrink 'neath the blight of his wing.

Yet there is a spring in my breast,  
A spot ever sunny and fair,  
Like the gardens prepared for the blest,  
And a bright flower ever blooms there.

The tempests, the whirlwinds of fate—  
The simooms of passion and pain—  
The blight of suspicion and hate—  
Sweep o'er it, assail it,—in vain.

For with it the spring is unceasing ;  
It feeds on the dews of the heart ;  
Its brightness is ever increasing ;  
It cannot—it shall not, depart !

For Hope is the sun ever beaming ;  
Remembrance the soil ever new ;  
And Love is the watcher undreaming ;  
The undying blossom is—YOU !



## BUT I AM SAD.

BY R. R. BEALEY.

THE summer-time is full of flowers,  
The gardens all are gay,  
They breathe the sunshine, drink the showers,  
And laugh the hours away.  
The trees are clad in robes of green,  
And birds among them sing ;  
But I am sad, and can't be glad—  
My joy has ta'en the wing.

The brooks and rivers run along,  
With music to the sea ;  
The willows kiss them for their song,  
The breezes join the glee.  
The joyous clouds together play,  
Or chase each other on ;  
But I am sad, and can't be glad—  
My happy days are gone.

I used to love the summer-time,  
I used to love the spring ;  
But since my love has proved untrue,  
No joy to me they bring.



It seems as if the winter time,  
Had crept o'er all the year ;  
It's very cold within my heart—  
It's very dark and drear.

Oh, heart of mine with blighted love,  
What power thy life can save ?  
I'm like a yew tree, dark and sad,  
Beside an open grave.  
My love I call both loud and long,  
And in my tears I cry,  
But, No ! he'll never love me more,  
And love-less I must die.



## TO MISS M. B.

BY HENRY KIRK.

THE sacred muse has told,  
How the Queen of Sheba brought  
Jewels, spices, gold,  
To Solomon, king of thought.

My sweet in herself surpasses  
The whole of the precious store ;  
The rarest and richest of lasses,  
Compounded of scents, gems, and ore.

From a polish'd *marble* brow  
Fall locks of *gold* the brightest ;  
And her *ruby* lips below  
Are teeth of *pearls* the whitest.

As gleams of Orient skies  
Through cypress branches seen,  
Is the blue of her *sapphire* eyes  
Under their *ebon* screen.

From ocean's rosiest *shells*  
Her cheek's rich tint is drawn ;  
And the music of distant *bells*  
Rings in her voice's tone.

Her breast is the *pearl-home's* lining,  
From Oman's sunny sea ;  
Her arms the *ivory* shining,  
Where gay lamps lighted be.

On her lips, the *dew* I seize  
Is *honey* from virgin flowers ;  
Her breath is the *scented breeze*  
From Mytha's orange bowers.

Though in thought, in toast, in song,  
I place her still before all ;  
She preserves her heart so long,  
I think it must be *coral*.

Oh, were it the *anthracite*  
The swarthy miner raises,  
A spark of my love should light,  
And kindle it into blazes !



## POETS' FICTIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I PITY the poets that deck the loved fair,  
In cold, lifeless charms, drawn from earth, sea, and air ;  
"Ruby lips," "golden ringlets," and "diamond eyes,"  
Such creations like Frankenstein-monsters arise.

Who would sigh for his love if her forehead were *stone*?\*  
Were her eyes real "*brilliants*," would he not groan?  
Romantic is he, who can deem it a bliss,  
That from *mineral* lips he may snatch a cold kiss!

Then just think of the grief of a beautiful girl,  
To have soft "*silken* hair" that would ne'er keep in  
curl ;  
Or "bright golden ringlets"—namely, corkscrews in  
*wire* :  
She'd up-*braid* them, and cast them to melt in the fire.

What fair lady, carrying the neck of a swan,†  
Could ever be dear to a rational man?  
And I'm very sure, that my heart I'd ne'er pawn  
To a damsel that trots "with the step of a fawn."

Oh, save me from her whose eyes' glittering light  
Shines bright in the dark, as do cats' in the night ;  
And from her, too (the sprite? she's no mortal, alas!)  
Who can trip o'er the fields without bending the grass

\* Her "alabaster brow."

† Her "swan-like neck."

No "goddess," or "angel," or "nymph" could I love ;  
No compound of charins from the diamond-mine ;  
To woman my faith and affection I'll prove,—  
To thee, dearest Mary,—for ever I'm thine.



"OH, MIRK AND STORMY."

(FROM "THE WILD FLOWERS OF POETRY.") \*

BY JAMES HORTON GROVES.

"OH, mirk and stormy is the nicht ;  
So ope the door and let me ben ;  
Unto my sark I'm dripping weet,  
An' a' my body's stiffenen'.  
For sake o' thee, my bonnie lass,  
I cam' through storm o' hail an' snaw,  
An' ay agen for thee I'd pass  
A storm, to hae a kiss or twa."

"I'm sorry that ye hither cam',  
I daur na let ye ben, my joe ;  
Our auld folks are awa' frae hame ;  
To do so wad be sin, ye know.  
An' though ye cam' through snaw an' hail,  
To let ye ben wad be my wrang ;  
Nor tempt me, gif ye wish me hale ;  
So back again, my laddie, gang."

\* "The work," says the writer, "of a poor, self-taught, young man."

“ I wish ye hale, ye know it too ;  
 But deep the snaw is driftin’ fast ;  
 I may be buried in a slough,  
 Or perish in the bitin’ blast,—  
 Then wad ye wish ye’d let me stay ;  
 Then wad ye wish ye’d oped the door ;  
 When, stretch’d a corse, ye see me lay,  
 Na mair to luvè, or kiss ye mair.”

“ Talk na sae woefu’,—me ye fright ;  
 I wadna now ye went till day ;  
 Could ye na mak’ a shift the nicht  
 To lie i’ th’ barn amang the hay ?  
 For hark ! the owlet’s screeching din,  
 It bodes o’ strife, an’ wad ye warn ;  
 The warlock, too, now haunts the glen,  
 So tarry, pray ye, in the barn.”

“ I care na for the owlet’s din ;  
 I care na for the warlock’s strife ;  
 Gif ye’ll na gladly let me ben,  
 I care na either for my life.  
 Nor storm, nor snaw, whate’er’s my lot,  
 Shall tempt me in your barn to stay ;  
 An’ gif ye keep me out o’ th’ cot,  
 The gate I cam’ I’ll back away.”

“ Nay, gae na back ; ’tis na my will !  
 Come ben, an’ shelter frae the storm ;  
 The ragin’ blast is cauld an’ chill ;  
 Our bleezin’ ingle’s cheerin’ warm.

I meant na what I said, my dear ;  
 So doff your clothes, I'll dry them weel ;  
 Then sit ye down in th' elbow'd chair,  
 An' drive the cauld wi' th' gudeman's ale."

"Thy ruddy lips oh let me taste,  
 Like simmer roses weet wi' dew ;  
 An' o' the sweetness let me feast,  
 Issuin' frae thy bonnie mou'.  
 An' then the gudeman's ale I'll try,  
 Na hauf sae sparklin' as thine ee ;  
 Nor in the barn on hay I'll lie,  
 But sit, my luvie, beside o' thee !"



### "IN A SNUG LITTLE NOOK."

BY THOMAS BRIERLEY.\*

IN a snug little nook, by a rippling brook,  
 'Tis there that my true love dwells ;  
 'Tis shaded with trees, and fann'd by the breeze,  
 And laden with witching spells.  
 There, there I recline 'neath the sweet woodbine,  
 And marlock† her raven hair,  
 I clasp her fingers where beauty lingers,  
 And we bask in the rosy air.  
 Then here's to the cot, the neat little cot,  
 Where my true love resides ;  
 May it contain love's rosy chain,  
 And a fountain of pleasure-tides !

\* The writer is a silk-weaver at Alkrington, near Middleton; and author of "Th' Silk-Weaver's Fust Bearin'-home," and other tales, &c.

† Play with.

I ponder and stare in the starry fair,  
That's held in the heavens at night,  
And wonder what arm, with its mighty charm,  
Could have made such stellar light.  
And betimes I dream of a sunny sheen,  
Too glitt'ring for earthly birth,  
And there I woo, 'mid the balmy dew,  
This beautiful nymph of earth.  
Then here's to the cot, the neat little cot,  
Where my true love resides ;  
May it contain love's rosy chain,  
And a fountain of pleasure-tides !

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## THE ARDENT LOVER.

BY THE LATE EDWARD RUSHTON, of Liverpool.\*

AH, Mary ! by that feeling mind,  
Improved by thought, by taste refined,  
And by those blue bewitching eyes,  
And by those soul-seducing sighs,

\* The late Mr Edward Rushton was born at Liverpool in November 1756, and educated in the Free School there. While a sea apprentice, at the age of sixteen, on board a ship in a storm, when captain and crew left the vessel to drive at hazard, young Rushton seized the helm, called the men to their duty, and, under his direction, the vessel was saved ; for which he received the thanks of captain and crew, was made second mate, and had a grateful endorsement on his indentures by the owners. While mate on board a slaver, all the slaves were seized with ophthalmia, and none but Rushton had the humanity to care for them : the result to himself was total blindness for thirty-three years. He partially recovered his sight in 1807, by the skill of Mr Gibson, oculist, Manchester. He distinguished himself by the promotion of every

And by that cheek's delicious bloom,  
And by those lips that breathe perfume,  
Here do I bow at Beauty's shrine,  
And pledge this glowing heart of mine.

The tame, the impotent of soul,  
A haughty mandate may control,  
May make him slight a Helen's charms,  
And take a dowdy to his arms ;  
But when did dark maternal schemes,  
Or the stern father's towering dreams,  
Or when did power or affluence, move  
The heart sublimed by real love ?

The cold, slow thing that tamely woos,  
Just as his worldly friends may choose,  
Is but a snail on beauty's rose,  
That crawls and soils where'er he goes.  
Not so the youth whose mantling veins  
Are fill'd with love's ecstatic pains ;  
He heeds nor gold, nor craft, nor pride,  
But strains, all nerve, his blushing bride.

Come, then, oh ! come, and let me find  
A pleader in thy feeling mind,  
And let the beams from those blue eyes  
Disperse the clouds that round me rise ;

philanthropic object and institution in Liverpool, and his writings were largely instrumental in the establishment of the Liverpool Blind Asylum. He died in November 1814, aged fifty-three ; leaving a son, Edward, barrister-at-law, and in the latter part of his life, stipendiary magistrate for the borough of Liverpool. Mr Rushton's poems have been twice published,—in 1806,—and posthumously in 1814, with a sketch of his life by the late Rev. Dr Shepherd, of Gateacre.



And let those lips that breathe perfume,  
With speed pronounce my blissful doom,  
With speed before the sacred shrine  
Pledge thy dear self for ever mine.



### THE LANCASHIRE WITCH.

BY THE LATE JOHN SCHOLES.

AN owd maid aw shall be, for aw 'm eighteen to-morn,  
An' aw m'yen to keep sengle an' free ;  
But the dule's i' the lads, for a plague they were born,  
An' thi' never con let one a-be, a-be,  
They never con let one a-be.

Folk seyn aw 'm to' pratty to dee an owd maid,  
An' 'at luv' sits an' laughs i' my ee ;  
By-leddy ! aw 'm capt' 'at folk wantin' to wed ;  
Thi' mey o tarry sengle for me, for me,  
Thi' mey o tarry sengle for me.

There's Robin a' Mill,—he's so fond of his brass,—  
Thinks to bargain like shoddy for me ;  
He may see a foo's face if he looks in his glass,  
An' aw 'd thank him to let me a-be, a-be,  
Aw 'd thank him to let me a-be.

Coom a chap t'other day o i' hallidi' trim,  
An' he swoor he 'd goo dreawn him for me ;  
“ Hie thi whoam furst an' doff thi,” aw sed, “ bonny Jim !  
Or thae'll spuyl a good shute, does-ta see, does-ta see,  
Thae'll spuyl a good shute, does-ta see.”

Cousin Dick says aw 've heawses, an' land, an' some  
gowd,  
An' he's plann'd it so weel, dun yo' see !  
When we're wed he'll ha' th' heawses new-fettled an'  
sowd,  
But aw think he may let um a-be, a-be,  
Sly Dicky may let um a-be.

Ned's just volunteer'd into th' "roifle recruits,"  
An' a dashin' young sodiur is he ;  
If his gun's like his een, it'll kill wheer it shoots,  
But aw'll mind as they dunnot shoot me, shoot me,  
Aw'll mind as they dunnot shoot me.

He sidles i' th' lone, an' he frimbles at th' yate,  
An' he comes as he coom no' for me ;  
He spers for eawr John, bo' says nought abeawt Kate,  
An' just gi'es a glent wi' his ee, his ee,  
An' just gi'es a glent wi' his ee.

He's tall an' he's straight, an' his curls are like gowd,  
An' there's summat so sweet in his ee,  
'At aw think i' my heart, if he'd nobbut be bowd,  
He needna' quite let me a-be, a-be,  
He needna' quite let me a-be.



THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

THE dule's i' this bonnet o' mine ;  
 My ribbins 'll never be reet ;  
 Here, Mally, aw 'm like to be fine,  
 For Jamie 'll be comin' to-neet ;  
 He met me i' th' lone t'other day,—  
 Aw're gooin' for wayter to th' well,—  
 An' he begg'd that aw'd wed him i' May ;—  
 Bi' thi' mass, iv he'll let me, aw will.

When he took my two honds into his,  
 Good Lord, heaw they trembled between ;  
 An' aw durstn't look up in his face,  
 Becose on him seein' my een ;  
 My cheek went as red as a rose ;—  
 There's never a mortal can tell  
 Heaw happy aw felt ; for, thae knows,  
 One couldn't ha' axed him theirs'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung,—  
 To let it eawt wouldn't be reet,—  
 For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung ;  
 So aw tow'd him aw'd tell him to-neet ;  
 But, Mally, thae knows very weel,—  
 Though it isn't a thing one should own,—  
 If aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel',  
 Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw 've tow'd thae my mind ;  
 What would to do iv 'twur thee ?  
 "Aw 'd tak' him just while he 're inclined,  
 An' a farrantly bargain he 'd be ;  
 For Jamie 's as greedly a lad  
 As ever stept eawt into th' sun ;—  
 Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed,  
 An' ma'e th' best o' th' job when it 's done !"  
  
 Eh, dear, but it 's time to be gwon,—  
 Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait ;—  
 Aw connut for shame be too soon,  
 An' aw wouldn't for th' world be too late ;  
 Aw'm o ov a tremble to th' heel,—  
 Dost think 'at my bonnet 'll do ?—  
 "Be off, lass,—thae looks very weel ;—  
 He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo !"



### TH' HEART-BROKKEN.

BY JOHN HIGSON, of Droylsden.\*

MI honds un mi faze ur' quoite ceawd,  
 Aw'm weet-shurt and weet to my skin,  
 Wor pluff stilts they slid fro' mi grip,  
 Bur it 's neawt toart what 's ailin' within.  
  
 Aw care no' fo' weet nur fo' rain,  
 Nur th' woind os it coms o'er yon broo ;  
 Bur aw'm thinkin' o' Meary, sweet lass,  
 Till mi heart iz fair brokken i' two.

\* Author of the "Gorton Historical Recorder," "Historical and Descriptive Notices of Droylsden," &c.

Laast neet fur to meet her u'th' steel,  
 Aw crop deawn mi way e o' crack,  
 Os soon os aw'd suppert mi ceaws,  
 Un' filt mi tit's mannger un' rack.

Aw shackert un' waytud till ten,  
 Bu' Meary ne'er awst furt' com eawt ;  
 Ut last aw gan t' whistle ut durr,  
 When ther Sam he coom preawin' abeawt.

Aw axt him iv Moll wur i' th' heawse ;  
 "Yigh, yigh, bur hoo's noan wantin' thee,  
 Fur a chap 'ut 's wuth plenty o' braass,  
 Hus bin bur just neaw her furt' see.

Iv o' Sunday to't chourch theaw wilt gang,  
 Ther axins tha'll yer um coed o'er ;  
 So tha'st no cageon ston' hanklin' theree,  
 Fur Meary 'ull sithi no moor."

Os he slamn'd i' mi faze cottage durr,  
 He laaft e his sleighve, did ther Sam,—  
 Aw con stond to be byetten reet weel,  
 Bur aw conno' the'r jaw un' the'r gam'.

Aw've pur up wi' mich i' this wo'ld,  
 Aw've fou't weel it' battle o' loife,  
 Bur aw ne'er wur so done up ofore,  
 Os e lozin' mi chance ov o woife.

Mi heart, mon, 's fair riven i' two,  
 Aw'st ne'er ha' no pleshur aw'm shure ;  
 So aw'll run mi cunthri un' place,  
 Un' never com nar 'um no moor.

## THE LOVE-DRAUGHT.

(FROM THE GREEK.)

BY ROBERT ROCKLIFF.

AS, for my favourite fair, I twined  
A wreath one summer day,  
Among the roses I perceived  
That Love in ambush lay !

I seized the youngster by his wings,  
And drown'd him in my cup,  
And, as he sank amid the wine,  
I gaily drank it up.

But ever since that day, alas !  
I feel no more the same ;  
For Love is still alive in me,  
And fluttering through my frame.



## THE DOMINIE'S COURTSHIP.

BY ROBERT ROCKLIFF.

HE woo'd her in the wisest way  
That woman may be woo'd  
By any pedagogue, who is  
In a conjunctive mood ;

For in a studied speech, replete  
With academic learning,  
He pour'd into her ear the love  
With which his heart was yearning.

"Dear Emma!" he exclaimed, "if I  
Could win thee for my wife—  
A helpmate unto me through all  
The *accidence* of life,  
My *sum* of happiness would be  
Complete with this *addition* ;  
For even should we *multiply*,  
We'd live without *division*.

"Thy beauty is *superlative*,  
So matchless in *degree*,  
That maids of every *form* and *class*  
Must all *give place* to thee.  
The finest *figure* of them all,  
If scrutinised with rigour,  
Would prove a *cypher* at thy side,  
And make, in fact, no *figure*.

"Thy grace, too, is the general *theme*,  
For in thy walk is seen  
A *style* of carriage, that might be  
A *copy* for a queen ;  
In fact, thy charms are such that, like  
The *ruler* of the nation,  
Thy presence everywhere is hail'd  
With *notes of admiration* !

"I have not much to offer thee  
Beyond my heart and hand,  
But every *article* I have  
Shall be at thy command.  
Oh ! pity, then, my hapless *case*,  
And look with condescension,  
On one whose passion hath endured  
For years without *declension*."

How could an artless maid resist  
A Bachelor of Arts,  
Who even in his *parts of speech*  
Show'd such uncommon parts ?  
Their hands were join'd, and ever since  
That happy *conjugation*,  
The *term* of his domestic life  
Has been one *long vacation* !







### III.

#### Songs of Home and its Affections.

WE would not say much for either the goodness or the greatness of any people whose literature lacks songs of this class. As one of our true Lancashire poets\* has sung—

Let us honour the gods of the household alway,  
Love ever the hearth and its graces,  
The spot where serenely and cheerfully play  
The smiles of familiar faces ;  
Where the calm, tender tones of affection are heard ;  
Where the child's gladsome carol is ringing ;  
Where the heart's best emotions are quicken'd and  
stirr'd  
By the founts that are inwardly springing.

. . . . .

\* John Critchley Prince.

And home, when it *is* home, sounds sweet in our ears ;  
For it speaks of our heart-cherish'd treasure ;  
'Tis a word which beguiles us of tenderest tears,  
Or thrills us with tranquildest pleasure ;  
It prompts us to set rude enjoyments at nought ;  
It chastens our speech and demeanour ;  
It nerves us to action, awakes us to thought,  
And makes our whole being serener.

Tried by this test, we think even the few Songs we are able to afford space for in this volume will show that the people of Lancashire and its songsters have a deep and religious regard for Home and its Affections.



### IT IS BUT A COTTAGE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

IT is but a cottage, but where is the heart  
That would love not its home, be it ever so small ?  
There's a charm in the spot which no words may impart,  
Where the birds and the roses seem sweetest of all.

It is but a cottage, but still for a friend  
There's a chair and whatever the table supplies.  
To the mind that's content with what fortune may send,  
Why, a cot is a palace that monarchs may prize.

I envy no statesman his honours and fame ;  
 The path of ambition is deck'd to ensnare ;  
 The title most dear is a good honest name,  
 And ambition may envy the man without care.

It is but a cottage, a slight little place,  
 Scarce worthy the glance of a traveller's eyes ;  
 But, oh ! with content, and a friend's smiling face,  
 Why, a cot is a palace that monarchs might prize.



# THE PLEASURES O' WHOAM.

FROM "PHASES OF DISTRESS—LANCASHIRE RHYMES."

BY JOSEPH RAMSBOTTOM.

THIS faggin' on, this wastin' sthrife,  
 This drudgin' wark, wi' scanty fare,  
 This cheattin' dyeath 'at we co'n life,\*  
 Wi' ev'ry comfort dasht wi' care.  
 To ate an' sleep, to fret an' slave,  
 I' this breet warld o' sun an' fleawrs,—  
 If this wur' o poor men could have,  
 They'd weary soon o' th' bitter heawrs.

. . . . .

At th' eend o' th' day, mi wark o done,  
 An' quite content, aw'm sat at whoam,  
 Mi childher brimmin' o'er wi' fun,  
 'Ull singin' reawnd abeawt me come.

\* This cheating death that we call life.

An' th' young'st 'ull romp up on mi knee,  
An' th' next between my legs 'ull get,  
An' th' owdest in his cheer 'ull be  
Hutcht close as it con weel be set.

What merry laughs, what lispins then,  
O' wondhrous things they'n chanced to see ;  
What kissins reawnd an' reawnd agen !  
It's busy wark to mind o three :  
What flingin' arms abeawt mi neck,  
What passin' fingers thro' mi yure,  
What neighsy fun witheawt a check,  
What rowlin' o'er an' o'er o' th' flure !

An' th' wife looks on wi' glist'nin' ee,  
An smile 'ut dhrives o care away ;  
Heaw preawd hoo feels, it's plain to see,  
I' watchin' th' childher romp an' play.  
When sleep is sattlin' on their lids,  
An' oitch begins to nod its yed,  
O reawnd agen aw kiss mi brids,  
Afore hoo packs 'em off to bed.

An' tho' eawr crust be hard an' bare ;  
Tho' petches on eawr dress be seen ;  
An' th' sky hang black wi cleawds o' care,  
Wi' hardly one blue rent between ;  
Tho' th' rich o' life's good things han moore,  
They'v noan as many scenes like this ;  
Thus heaven i' kindness gi'es to th' poor  
No scanty foretaste of its bliss.

FAREWELL TO MY COTTAGE.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING BLACKLEY TO LIVE IN LONDON.

BY SAMUEL BAMFORD.

FAREWELL to my cottage that stands on the hill,  
To valleys and fields where I wander'd at will,  
And met early spring with her buskin of dew,  
As o'er the wild heather a joyance she threw ;  
'Mid fitful sun-beamings, with bosom snow-fair,  
And showers in the gleamings, and wind-beaten hair,  
She smiled on my cottage, and buddings of green  
On elder and hawthorn and woodbine were seen,—  
The crocus came forth with its lilac and gold,  
And fair maiden snowdrop stood pale in the cold,—  
The primrose peep'd coyly from under the thorn,  
And blithe look'd my cottage on that happy morn.  
But spring pass'd away, and the pleasure was o'er,  
And I left my dear cottage to claim it no more.  
Farewell to my cottage—afar must I roam—  
No longer a cottage, no longer a home.

For bread must be earn'd, though my cot I resign,  
Since what I enjoy shall with honour be mine ;  
So up to the great city I must depart,  
With boding of mind and a pang at my heart.  
Here all seemeth strange, as if foreign the land,  
A place and a people I don't understand ;  
And as from the latter I turn me away,  
I think of old neighbours, now lost, well-a-day !  
I think of my cottage full many a time,  
A nest among flowers at midsummer prime ;

With sweet pink, and white rock, and bonny rose  
    bower,  
And honey-bine garland o'er window and door ;  
As prim as a bride ere the revels begin,  
And white as a lily without and within.  
Could I but have tarried, contented I'd been,  
Nor envied the palace of "Lady the Queen."  
And oft at my gate happy children would play,  
Or sent on an errand well pleasèd were they,—  
A pitcher of water to fetch from the spring,  
Or wind-broken wood from my garden to bring ;  
On any commission they'd hasten with glee,  
Delighted when serving dear Ima,\* or me,—  
For I was their "uncle," and "gronny" was she.  
And then as a recompense, sure if not soon,  
They'd get a sweet posy on Sunday forenoon,  
Or handful of fruit would their willing hearts cheer.  
I miss the dear children,—none like them are here,  
Though offspring as lovely as mother e'er bore,  
At eve in the Park I can count by the score.  
But these are not ours,—of a stranger they're shy,  
So I can but bless them as passing them by ;  
When ceasing their play, my emotion to scan,  
I dare say they wonder "what moves the old man."

Of ours, some have gone in their white coffin shroud,  
And some have been lost in the world and its crowd ;  
One only remains, the last bird in the nest—  
Our own little grandchild,† the dearest and best.  
But vain to regret, though we cannot subdue

\* A diminutive of *Jemima*, the Christian name of the poet's wife.

† The child of a neighbour, who called the author and his wife  
"grondad" and "gronny."

The feelings to nature and sympathy true ;  
Endurance, with patience, must bear the strong part,—  
Sustain, when they cannot give peace to, the heart ;  
Till life with its yearnings and struggles is o'er,  
And I shall remember my cottage no more.



# HOME.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

HOME's not merely four square walls,  
Though with pictures hung and gilded ;  
Home is where affection calls,—  
Fill'd with shrines the heart hath builded !  
Home !—go watch the faithful dove,  
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us ;  
Home is where there's one to love ;  
Home is where there's one to love us !

Home's not merely roof and room, —  
It needs something to endear it ;  
Home is where the heart can bloom,—  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it !  
What is home with none to meet,—  
None to welcome, none to greet us ?  
Home is sweet—and only sweet—  
When there's one we love to meet us !



## EARLY HAUNTS VISITED.

BY R. W. PROCTER.\*

WHEN childhood, fairy boon from fate,  
Wreath'd smiles upon my brow,  
I press'd this dear, familiar spot,  
Where beauty reign'd as now.  
Each field and flower gave forth its bloom,  
Each light and sunny thing  
Rejoiced with me, while wandering free,  
Bless'd children of the spring!

How many years have noiseless sped  
Since last I saw this glen,—  
How oft by fierce commotions torn  
Yon world of busy men,—  
How much of change this heart has known,  
Of hopes, of smiles, of tears,—  
Yet o'er this sweet and lone retreat  
No trace of time appears.

Thus, when the sun's all-glorious beams  
Have vanquish'd winter's gloom,  
Blithe nature wakes again to life,  
Triumphant o'er the tomb;  
'Tis thus the simplest leaves and flowers,  
With weeds, that meanly grow,  
Enjoy perpetual bloom on earth,  
Proud man shall never know.

\* Author of "The Barber's Shop," "Literary Reminiscences," "Our Turf, our Stage, and our Ring," &c.



Why wonder that the great and good  
Should seek in after years  
The far away and sacred turf  
That infancy endears ;  
For o'er the soul emotions crowd  
Tumultuous as the waves ;  
And shades of dear departed joys  
" Flit shrouded from the graves."

I go, loved scene, to distant strife,  
In air impure to pine ;  
And nevermore these pilgrim feet  
May wander to thy shrine ;  
Yet memory oft will haunt thy glades,  
Preserve them pure and free,  
To bless the little sinless hearts  
That follow after me.



## THE MUSIC IN OUR HOME.

(FROM "SONGS OF MY LEISURE HOURS.")

BY MRS WM. HOBSON.\*

'Tis not the harp that fairy fingers  
Sweep, to charm us with its tone,  
Although its thrilling echo lingers  
Long and sweetly in our home.

\* This lady is now Mrs Ferrand, and resides at Ashton-under-Lyne.

Ah ! no ; 'tis music that brings brightness  
To the mother's heart and eye,  
Telling her that life has flower,  
Lighting up the shadows by.

'Tis the hum of pleasant voices,  
Prattling in sweet childhood's tone,  
Making glad the household ingle  
With a music all their own.

'Tis the pattering of light footsteps  
Up and down the homely floor,  
With untiring perseverance  
Pacing one path o'er and o'er.

'Tis the merry shout and laughter  
Ringing out in joyous glee,  
Making all around re-echo  
With the wild, glad melody.

'Tis the timid first-taught accents  
Of the bonny household pet,  
Lispings words to the fond mother  
That she never will forget.

Oh ! that home is drear and lonely,  
That has never heard the tone  
Of this pleasant fireside music  
From some bright-eyed little one !



## THE OLD PLACE.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY HENRY KIRK, of Goosnargh.

I'M sitting again on the old mossy stone,  
And the old tree is shading the well,  
And the last purple beams of the sunlight are thrown  
On the peak and the heathery fell ;  
And the mists, white as snow,  
Wreath the valleys below,  
And the night-birds are flinging their wild rays around,  
As they sang ere my young steps departed  
From these calm, rural scenes, where old memories  
abound,  
Full of hope, free from fear, and light-hearted.

Oh, I love these mementoes of days that are past,  
Still unchanged by the years as they roll ;  
So unlike the gay world, where my wild lot is cast,  
Where each day marks some loss of the soul,—  
Sees a cherish'd friend lost,  
Or a cherish'd hope cross'd.  
Oh ! had I but stay'd 'mid these fair scenes around,  
From the home of my youth never parted,  
I might never have wept as I view'd the old ground  
Half forlorn, spirit-broken, sad-hearted !



## THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

BY MRS HEMANS.\*

“Sing aloud  
Old songs, the precious music of the heart.”

WORDSWORTH.

SING them upon the sunny hills,  
When days are long and bright,  
And the blue gleam of shining rills  
Is loveliest to the sight !  
Sing them along the misty moor,  
Where ancient hunters roved ;  
And swell them through the torrent's roar,  
The songs our fathers loved !

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear  
When harps were in the hall,  
And each proud note made lance and spear  
Thrill on the banner'd wall :

\* Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool, on the 25th September 1793. Her mother, whose family name was Wagner, although a German by appellation, was of Italian descent. Her father was a merchant of considerable eminence ; but he eventually suffered under those reverses incidental to a commercial life. While his daughter was still very young, he retired with his family into Wales, and resided for some time at Gwrych, near Abergele. While here, a volume of verses by the young poetess, published in 1808, attracted much attention, and was followed within four years by two others. In her nineteenth year, she was married to Captain Hemans, of the 4th Regiment. His health breaking, it became necessary for him, a few years after the marriage, to go to reside in Italy. Mrs Hemans, whose literary pursuits rendered it undesirable for her to leave England, continued to reside with her mother and sister at a quiet and pretty spot near St Asaph, in North Wales, where she commenced the training of her

The songs that through our valleys green,  
Sent on from age to age,  
Like his own river's voice, have been  
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale  
Is fill'd with plummy sheaves ;  
The woodman, by the starlight pale,  
Cheer'd homeward through the leaves ;  
And unto them that glancing oars  
A joyous measure keep,  
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores  
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be !—a light they shed  
O'er each old font and grove ;  
A memory of the gentle dead,  
A lingering spell of love.  
Murmuring the names of mighty men,  
They bid our streams roll on,  
And link high thoughts to every glen  
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,  
When evening fires burn clear,  
And in the fields of harvest mirth,  
And on the hills of deer.  
So shall each unforgotten word,  
When far those loved ones roam,  
Call back the hearts which once it stirr'd,  
To childhood's holy home.

five sons. For their better education, she subsequently (April 1828) fixed her residence at Wavertree, near Liverpool, and still later, (1831,) changed her abode to Dublin. She died on Saturday, the 16th May 1835.

The green woods of their native land  
Shall whisper in the strain ;  
The voices of their household band  
Shall breathe their names again ;  
The heathery heights in vision rise  
Where, like the stag, they roved—  
Sing to your sons those melodies,  
The songs your fathers loved.



## DOMESTIC MELODY.

(FROM "HOURS WITH THE MUSES.")

BY J. C. PRINCE.

THOUGH my lot hath been dark for these many long  
years,  
And the cold world hath brought me its trials and  
fears ;  
Though the sweet star of hope scarcely looks through  
the gloom,  
And the best of my joys have been quench'd in the  
tomb ;  
Yet why should I murmur at Heaven's decree,  
While the wife of my home is a solace for me ?

Though I toil through the day for precarious food,  
With my body worn down, and my spirit subdued :  
Though the good things of life seldom enter my door,  
And my safety and shelter are far from secure ;  
Still, still I am rich as a poet may be,  
For the wife of my heart is a treasure to me.

Let the libertine sneer, and the cold one complain,  
And turn all the purest of pleasures to pain ;  
There is nothing on earth that can e'er go beyond  
A heart that is faithful, and feeling, and fond :  
There is but one joy of the highest degree,  
And the wife of my soul is that blessing to me.



## HOME AND FRIENDS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

OH, there's a *power* to make each hour  
As sweet as heaven design'd it ;  
Nor need we roam to bring it home,  
Though few there be that find it !  
We seek too high for things close by,  
And lose what nature found us ;  
For life hath here no charm so dear  
As Home and Friends around us !

We oft destroy the present joy  
For future hopes—and praise them ;  
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,  
If we'd but stoop and raise them !  
For things *afar* still sweetest are,  
When youth's bright spell hath bound us ;  
But soon we're taught that earth has nought  
Like Home and Friends around us !

The friends that speed in time of need,  
When Hope's last reed is shaken,  
To show us still that, come what will,  
We are not quite forsaken :  
Though all were night, if but the light  
Of *friendship's* altar crown'd us,  
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—  
Our Home and Friends around us !



## MINE !

(A WIFE'S SONG.)

BY MRS G. LINNÆUS BANKS.\*

I LOVE thee, I love thee, as dearly as when  
We plighted our troth in the spring-time of life ;  
The tempests of years have swept o'er us since then,  
Yet affection survives both in Husband and Wife.

No love that the poet e'er fabled of yore  
Could vie in its depth or endurance with mine ;  
No miser could treasure his glittering store  
As I hoard in my heart every love-tone of thine.

No babe could repose on a fond Mother's breast,  
More calmly confiding than I do on thine ;  
I fly to thy arms, as a bird to its nest,  
For shelter and safety, dear Husband of mine !

\* Formerly Miss Isabella Varley, of Manchester, Authoress of "Ivy Leaves," &c. Mrs Banks has also written a successful novel, entitled, "God's Providence House."



Ay, "Mine, and mine only !" Oh, joy passing words,  
To carol this song in my innermost heart ;  
"While thine, and thine only !" the vibrating chords  
Shall echo till sense, life, and feeling depart.



### THE WOODMAN'S BALLAD.

BY R. W. PROCTER.

ONE morn, the first of beaming May,  
While yet the night-bird tuned her lay,  
I wander'd with my youth's first love,  
To view the sweets of hill and grove,  
And choose wild flowerets, glistening fair,  
To wreathe a garland for her hair.

I placed the crown, with heart-felt vow,  
Upon her full and radiant brow ;  
And never did a love-'tranced eye  
A rarer May-day queen espy :  
I view'd her with unbounded bliss,  
My rapture sealing with a kiss.

The blooming lass is now my bride,  
The woodman's hope, the woodman's pride ;  
And crown'd will be my earth-born joys,  
If bless'd with smiling girls and boys ;  
In life's decline a balm to give,  
And bid my name and memory live ;  
E'en when the turf of simple green  
Wraps Edwin and his village queen.

## "AS WELCOME AS FLOWERS IN MAY."

(FROM "THE POETIC ROSARY.")

BY J. C. PRINCE.

"As welcome as flowers in May!"  
Kind words with a musical sound ;  
What can be more welcome than they,  
When fair-footed spring cometh round ;  
Glad Spring ! ever welcome to each,  
To childhood, to manhood, and age,  
For she comes to delight us and teach,  
And she opens a beautiful page.

There are many things welcome as these,  
As we thread the dim mazes of life ;  
A calm sense of pleasure and ease  
After seasons of sorrow and strife—  
A feeling of safety and glee  
When a danger, long-threaten'd, is past,  
And even the knowledge to see  
That the *worst* has befallen us at last.

Fresh health on the cheek of a child,  
That we fear'd was escaping above ;—  
A smile from the maid undefiled,  
Who hath kindled one's soul into love ;—  
The sound of the blithe marriage-bell  
To the bride who has given her heart,  
And the words of her husband, that tell  
His devotion will never depart.

The birth of a child, when we feel  
We can foster it, guard it, and guide ;  
While the smiles of its mother reveal  
Her matchless affection and pride ;—  
Its first broken syllables, made  
More closely our bosoms to bind,  
And its up-growing beauty, display'd  
In the promising dawn of its mind ;—

The first pleasant glimpse of our home,  
After travel, with toil and annoy,  
When we vow for the moment to roam  
No more from its threshold of joy ;—  
Each form more expanded in grace,—  
Each voice more melodious grown ;—  
The soul-beaming gladness of face  
Of the whole household treasure, our own ;—

Old Ocean's magnificent roar  
To a voyager loving the sea,  
And the sight of his dear native shore  
When he cometh back scatheless and free ;  
The music of brooks and of birds,  
To a captive just loosen'd from thrall,  
And the love-lighted looks and sweet words  
Of his wife, who is dearer than all ;—

The soul-touching penitent tears  
Of those who have stray'd from the light,  
When they come, with their hopes and their fears,  
To ask us to lead them aright ;—

The frank, cordial look of a foe  
We have conquer'd by kindness and peace,  
And the pure satisfaction to know,  
That a friendship begun will increase ;—

And then, in our calm chimney-nook,  
Alone, with a fire burning bright,  
How welcome a newly-brought book,  
That has startled the world with delight !  
How welcome one's own printed name  
To our first happy efforts in song,  
And the first grateful whisper of fame,  
That bids us speed bravely along !

There are many more subjects, no doubt,  
If my muse had but language and time ;  
But there's something I must not leave out,  
It will gracefully finish my rhyme :  
From a friend how heart-warming to hear  
What his lips with sincerity say,  
“Why, your presence brings comfort and cheer ;  
You're as welcome as flowers in May!”



THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

BY WILLIAM MORT.

I SAW thee in the noisy town, a unit 'mid the throng,  
Wending thy way, a thing of light, the crowded streets  
along ;

The eyes of men were fix'd upon thy blushing brow  
and cheek,

As, like a timid fawn, thou pass'd—so beautiful, so  
meek.

Again, within the sacred dome, I saw thee bent in  
prayer,—

Oh, well might angels envy man a child so purely fair!  
Gracefully as the fuchsia's flower thy gentle head was  
bow'd,

And sweetly droop'd thine eyes beneath their soft and  
fringèd shroud.

I know not if 'twere then a sin to have so strange a  
thought,

But I did look on thee as one from heavenly regions  
brought ;

And though I long'd to touch thy hand, I fear'd the  
spirit's rod

Might smite me as the man was smote who touch'd  
the ark of God !

And back I shrunk within myself, like one who had  
madly striven

To tread with mortal footsteps on the threshold of  
high heaven :

Upon thy face I gazed again, nor half my danger  
knew,  
Till one sweet glance of thine proclaim'd that *thou*  
wert mortal too.

And then within thy quiet home I saw thee yet once  
more,  
When smiles as bright as happiness thy cheek were  
fitting o'er ;  
When duty, truth, and love engross'd thy every  
thought and care,  
And not a doubt came o'er thy soul to cast a shadow  
there !

And now thou art my own, beloved, my own most  
faithful wife,  
The silken cord that fetters me to happiness and life.  
A gentle tyrant art thou, love, and I hug my chains  
and thee,—  
And who but death shall dare attempt to set the cap-  
tive free !



### THE FIRST-BORN.

BY MRS TRAFFORD WHITEHEAD.

SLEEP, baby, sleep,—and o'er thy infant dreams  
Bend the bright angels, murmuring low and sweet,  
Guiding, with shining hands, the soft sunbeams  
Upon thy future,—and beneath thy feet  
Holding the shadows that would upward creep.  
Calm be the peace around !—sleep, baby, sleep !

What hath the future 'neath those dreaming eyes?

Childhood's light joys, and babbling griefs and fears,  
And youth's bewildering thoughts, deep, wild, and wise,  
Bright flitting summer clouds that break in tears,  
And manhood's whirling night-mists, hurrying past ;  
The stormy wind, guiding to port at last.

Hath Time some secret to disclose to thee,

Thou with the tiny hands, that to the world  
Shall bring new light, making the darkness flee ?

Perchance the cloak of ignorance to chaos hurl'd.  
Hath life some mystery that thou shalt live to reap,  
That God hath saved for thee ? Sleep, baby, sleep !

How faint thy wailing cry, that loud and shrill

May wake the echoes from the vales of gloom,  
Where ignorance hovers,—mind and power of will

Do fling a radiance of immortal doom !  
Weak be thy waving arms,—yet in their circling hold  
Shall mortals limit truths God hath not told.

We know the future hath a glorious store,

We know that life is vast and serious ;  
And those that fate hath bless'd are known before,  
And weave materials imperious.

The weakest grasp may give the grandest gift,—  
The tardiest step may far outrace the swift.

And who shall say that, in their counsels low,

The murmuring angels may not yet unseal  
Some mystery the world doth pant to know,

Those infant lips are chosen to reveal ?  
The thread that shall unroll truth's gordian coil  
Perchance lies in those hands' allotted toil.

I would not ask that glory's clarion peal  
Should sound thy name loud through the wander-  
ing earth ;  
But that its accents human hearts should feel,  
When high was meeded honour, lauded worth ;  
Where'er the great and good, the pure and free  
Are found,—there in the shining midst, would I seek  
thee !

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“COME WHOAM TO THI CHILDER AN' ME.”

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob ;  
Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon ;  
There's some nice bacon collops o' th' hob,  
An' a quart o' ale-posset i' th' oon ;  
Aw've brought thi top cwot, does ta know,  
For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree ;  
An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow ;  
Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,  
Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther weren't theer,  
So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an' aw said  
Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair ;  
An' aw gav' her her doll, an' some rags,  
An' a nice little white cotton bo' ;  
An' aw kiss'd her again ; but hoo said  
'At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o.



An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,  
Afore aw could get him up-stairs ;  
Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,  
He said, when he're sayin' his prayers ;  
Then he look'd i' my faze, an' he said,  
"Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad?"  
An' he cried whol his een were quite red ;—  
He likes thee some weel, does yon lad!

At th' lung-length aw geet him laid still ;  
An' aw hearken't folks' feet 'at went by ;  
So aw iron't o my clooas reet weel,  
An' aw hang'd 'em o' th' maiden to dry ;  
When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,  
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,  
An' aw rayley did feel rayther hurt,—  
Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't theer.

"Aw've a drum and a trumpet for Dick ;  
Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal ;  
Aw've a book full o' babs ; an' a stick,  
An' some bacco an' pipes for mysel ;  
Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay,—  
Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see* ;  
An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—  
But aw olez bring summat for *thee* !

"God bless thee, my lass ; aw'll go whoam,  
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o reawnd ;  
Thae knows, 'at wheerever aw roam,  
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd ;

Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass ;  
Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree ;  
But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,  
Except wi yon childer an' thee."

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## THE STAR OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

AN angel in the house? Ah, yes !  
There is a precious angel there ;  
A woman, form'd to soothe and bless,  
Good, if she be not fair ;  
A kindly, patient, faithful wife,  
Cheerful, and of a temper mild,  
One who can lend new charms to life,  
And make man reconciled.

Oh ! 'tis a pleasant thing to see  
Such being going to and fro,  
With aspect genial and free,  
Yet pure as spotless snow :  
One who performs her duties, too,  
With steady and becoming grace,  
Giving to each attention due,  
In fitting time and place.

One who can use her husband's means  
With careful thrift from day to day,  
And when misfortune intervenes  
Put needless wants away ;

Who smooths the wrinkles from his brow,  
When more than common cares oppress ;  
And cheers him—faithful to her vow—  
With hopeful tenderness.

One who, when sorrow comes, can feel  
With woman's tenderness of heart ;  
And yet can strive with quiet zeal  
To ease another's smart ;  
One who, when fortune's sun grows bright,  
And flings the clouds of care aside,  
Can bask with pleasure in its light,  
Yet feel no foolish pride.

One who can check, with saint-like power,  
Wild thoughts that spring to dangerous birth,  
And wake pure feelings, as the shower  
Of spring awakes the earth ;  
Bring forth the latent virtues shrined  
Within the compass of the breast,  
And to the weak and tortured mind  
Give confidence and rest.

Good neighbour—not to envy prone ;  
True wife, in luxury or need ;  
Fond mother, not unwisely shown ;  
Blameless in thought and deed :  
Whoever claims so rare a wife,  
Thus should his earnest words be given—  
“ She is the angel of my life,  
And makes my home a heaven ! ”

“’TIS SWEET TO MEET THE FRIEND WE  
LOVE.”

BY GEORGE RICHARDSON.

’Tis sweet to meet the friend we love,  
By distance kept apart for years ;  
And dearer when such joys are link’d  
To those which kindred more endears.

Give me the still, domestic home—  
The humble hearth, the lowly state—  
Contentment, and inspiring peace—  
Life’s chiefest blessings to await.

The welcome fare, the cheerful smile,  
The tree-embower’d cot of thatch ;  
My gentle wife and offspring dear,  
With none but friend to raise my latch.

These are the chiefest worldly gifts,  
Sweet joys which final blessings prove ;  
And what is life, unless to live  
In social intercourse and love ?

I ask not honour, crave not wealth,  
But just enough of fortune’s smile  
To check adversity and want,  
By honest means and moderate toil.

With these to move in decent pride,  
Through varied scenes this chequer’d maze—  
To love and live endear’d to mine,  
And pass in peacefulness my days !

## WELCOME, BONNY BRID!

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

THA'RT welcome, little bonny brid,  
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did ;  
    Toimes are bad.  
We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,  
But that, of course, tha didn't know,  
    Did ta, lad ?

Aw've often yeard mi feyther tell,  
'At when aw coom i' th' world misel  
    Trade wur slack ;  
An' neaw it's hard wark pooin' throo—  
But aw munno fear thee ; iv aw do  
    Tha'll go back.

Cheer up ! these toimes 'ull awter soon ;  
Aw'm beawn to beigh another spoon—  
    One for thee ;  
An' as tha's sich a pratty face,  
Aw'll let thee have eawr Charley's place  
    On mi knee.

God bless thee, love, aw'm fain tha 'rt come,  
Just try an' mak thisel awhoam :  
    What ar't co'd ?  
Tha'rt loike thi mother to a tee,  
But tha's thi feyther's nose, aw see,  
    Well, aw'm blow'd !

Come, come, tha needn't look so shy,  
Aw am no' blackin' thee, not I ;

Settle deawn,  
An' tak this haup'ney for thisel',  
There's lots o' sugar-sticks to sell  
Deawn i' th' teawn.

Aw know when furst aw coom to th' leet  
Aw're fond o' owt 'at tasted sweet ;

Tha'll be th' same.  
But come, tha's never tow'd thi dad  
What he's to co thi yet, mi lad—  
What's thi name ?

Hush ! hush ! tha munno cry this way,  
But get this sope o' cinder tay

While it's warm ;  
Mi mother used to give it me,  
When aw wur sich a lad as thee,  
In her arm.

Hush a babby, hush a bee—  
Oh, what a temper ! dear a-me

Heaw tha skroikes :  
Here's a bit o' sugar, sithee ;  
Howd thi noise, an' then aw'll gie thee  
Owt tha loikes.

We'n nobbut gotten coarsish fare,  
But eawt o' this tha'st ha' thi share,

Never fear.  
Aw hope tha'll never want a meel,  
But allus fill thi bally weel  
While tha'rt here.

Thi feyther's noan bin wed so long,  
An' yet tha sees he's middlin' throng

Wi' yo' o :

Besides thi little brother, Ted,  
We 'n one up-steers, asleep i' bed

Wi' eawr Joe.

But though we 'n childer two or three,  
We 'll mak' a bit o' reawm for thee—

Bless thee, lad !

Tha 'rt th' prattiest brid we han i' th' nest ;

Come, hutch up closer to mi breast—

Aw'm thi dad.



## THE LOST BROTHER.

BY WILLIAM MORT.

MOTHER, look forth on yon beautiful cloud,

That sails o'er the bright blue sky,

And flings to the winds its misty shroud

As it maketh its course on high ;

And tell me if that is my brother, who's gone

To those dwellings of light above,

Where the sun in his glory for ever hath shone ?

—That is *not* thy brother, my love !

Look, mother, look at yon twinkling star,

That glows like a light on the sea,

And seemeth as though from its palace afar

It were steadfastly gazing on me.

Is not *that* my brother who fled away  
From his home like a wild stock-dove,  
And left me all alone to play?  
—That is *not* thy brother, my love !

List, mother, list to the soft low tone  
That comes on the evening breeze,  
Like the musical sounds some night-birds moan  
As it steals through the old elm-trees ;  
Is not *that* the voice of my brother, who's telling  
The joys of his home above—  
Where the throat of archangel with rapture is  
swelling ?  
—That is *not* thy brother, my love !

The clouds that flit o'er the sky so bright,  
Soon, soon have pass'd away ;  
And the star that cheereth the gloom of night  
Is gone ere the break of day.  
But thy brother—oh think not, my love, that he  
Doth change like the things of air !  
The heaven of heavens no eye can see—  
Thy brother, thy brother is *there* !





EVENING SONG.

(FROM "HOURS WITH THE MUSES.")

BY J. C. PRINCE.

'TIS wearing late ! 'tis wearing late ! I hear the vesper  
bell !

And o'er yon misty hill the sun hath look'd a bright  
farewell ;

The bee is in its honey-home, the bird is in its nest,  
And every living being yearns for solace and for rest ;  
The household gathers round the hearth, and loving  
souls draw near,—

Young mothers, rock, young mothers, rock, oh, rock  
your children dear.

It is the hour, the happy hour, when I was wont to be  
Hush'd to a calm and blessèd sleep upon my mother's  
knee ;

While she would sing, with voice subdued, and ever-  
tuneful tongue,

Some well-remember'd melody, some old and simple  
song ;

And sometimes on my cheek would fall affection's holy  
tear,—

Young mothers, rock, young mothers, rock, oh, rock  
your children dear.

It is the heart-awakening time, when breezes rock the  
rose,

Which drooping folds its vernal leaves in nature's  
soft repose ;

And silvery-wingèd butterflies, in field or garden fair,  
Are swinging in their dewy beds by every passing air ;  
And birds are rock'd in cradles green, till morning's  
hues appear,—

Young mothers, rock, young mothers, rock, oh, rock  
your children dear.

The starry-girdled moon looks down, and sees her  
welcome beam

Rock'd on the undulating breast of ocean, lake, and  
stream ;

And mariners, who love her light, are rock'd by wave  
and wind,

Pining for home, and all its joys, which they have left  
behind,

Till Hope's sweet sunshine comes again, their sickening  
souls to cheer,—

Young mothers, rock, young mothers, rock, oh, rock  
your children dear.

Oh ! it would be a pleasant thing, had we the will and  
power,

To change the present for the past, and fly to child-  
hood's hour ;

To seek old haunts, to hear old tales, resume our  
former play ;

To live in joyous innocence but one, *one* little day,

Oh ! that would be a precious pause on life's unknown  
career.—

Young mothers, rock, young mothers, rock, oh, rock  
your children dear.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY MRS TRAFFORD WHITEHEAD.

THE grave hath won thee, and thy happy home  
Shall know thy place no more ! Where thou didst  
roam,

Amongst thy shrubs and flowers, thy feet shall glide  
With lingering steps no more ! The world is wide—  
Why hath Death taken *thee* ? when every hour  
Some weary one, with failing strength, doth cower  
'Neath the delaying grasp. Why doth his decree  
Fix with relentless hold, thou well-beloved, on *thee* ?

Death ! stand thou back. Is this the victim, bound  
In thy cold, stony grasp ? Is there no breath  
On those red lips ? Do I not hear a sound ?  
Will she not speak again ? O Death ! O Death !  
Arouse thee ! I am pressing thy still hand :  
Thou dost but linger near the spirit-land.  
Can we not wake thee ? Thou art silent—*thou*—  
Can there be death for me on that bright brow ?

How I have kiss'd that calm and icy cheek,  
For all it wears a cold, repellant guise !  
Thy nature was so loving and so meek,  
I seek in vain some message from those eyes.  
Why art thou here at mid-day, hush'd and still,  
With the light closed on thee ? Thy words do thrill  
Through the long passages, as last they fell,  
And thou art lying here. Is this Farewell ?  
Why do we stand around thy silent bed  
Unwelcomed and unheeded ? Thou art dead !

The slow, dull rain is dripping dully on ;  
With a soft, grieving sound ;—the wind wails on,  
As though it mourn'd thee lying stilly here ;  
Thou—the spirit of the place—to all so dear.  
How beautiful thou art with that faint smile !  
How fair thy liliated cheek ! how calm thine eyes,  
Closed in a placid sleep of peace the while  
That we are bow'd with grief—thou pure ! thou wise !  
God sent His messenger across the sky,  
Through the night-stricken world, so tenderly.  
He found thee panting with thy weary breath,  
And seal'd the smile upon thy lips—in death.

How the long dreary months will come and go,  
Making the grass grow longer on thy grave !  
And some shall bring it leaves, and some but snow,  
And the sad winds shall o'er it moan and wave ;  
Yet thou wilt still be voiceless in the time,  
When coming years shall ring forth other chime.  
Voiceless ! not so ; a voice is left for thee—  
The boy, the child of thine idolatry—  
And thou be voiceless while he lives to speak  
Thy thoughts, thy words, in accents faint and weak,  
But still thine own. Thou hast a future cast  
In thy fair child ; not to the hurried past,  
Snapp'd so abruptly, is thy lot confined :  
Destiny, striking, pities—Fate is kind.

And when in after-years, a child no more,  
He stands beside thy grave with bow'd head,  
Will he remember times that now are o'er ?  
Will he remember thee, who now art dead ?  
Will thy pale cheek, thy soft and tender eyes

Upon the mirror of his mind arise?  
Will the dark gloss of that luxuriant hair  
Bring back the gentle face, so kind and fair?  
Smiling upon him in his childish glee,  
Blending thy image with his infancy.

The grave hath won thee, let it well take care;  
Thou art but lent unto its keeping, like a gem  
Too precious for the world to fret and wear,  
Befitting rather Heaven's diadem.  
Take thy calm rest, beyond all earthly guile,  
Deepening upon thy face that moonlight smile.  
Ah! thou hast pass'd the gates; we drooping stand,  
Watching the vistas of the spirit-land;  
And thou canst aid us not, canst give no signs  
To her who loved thee, and who wrote these lines.



EAWR BESSY.

(FROM "AFTER-BUSINESS JOTTINGS.")

BY RICHARD R. BEALEY.

EAWR Bessy's gone to th' Sunday schoo',  
What does t'a think o' that?  
Hoo wesh'd her face, and comm'd her yure,  
An' donn'd her Sunday hat;  
Hoo then hoo said, 'twur toime to goo—  
Aw couldn't get her t' stay;  
Hoo said hoo wish'd 'ut Sunday schoo'  
Wur comin' every day.

For everythin' hoo loikes so weel,  
An' th' teychers are so koind,  
Hoo couldn't think to stop awwhoam,  
Nor be a bit behoind.  
Bu' then hoo allus wur so good,  
An' not a bit loike th' rest ;  
Aw think hoo 's loike those childer 'd be,  
'Ut th' Saviour took an' bless'd.

But summat in her pratty face  
Seems t' say hoo isn't strung,  
An' oft aw 've thought hoo wur too good  
T' be eawt o' heaven lung ;  
An' mony a toime at neet aw 've dreamt  
'Ut hoo wur ta'en away  
Bi th' angels, an' aw 've wakken'd up,  
An' fretted o that day.

Aw couldno' help it, 'twur no use  
Heawever aw met try ;  
An' every neaw an' then hoo'd ax  
What made her mammy cry ;  
An' then hoo'd kiss me, th' little thing,  
An' saddle on my knee,  
An' cuddle me, an' ax me t' sing,  
Or else hoo'd sing for me.

An' so hoo dried up th' sheawers o' rain,  
An' melted th' frost an' snow,  
An' brought back summer toime again,  
An' made th' sweet fleawers to grow ;

Aw wur so happy at thoose toimes,  
My heart were full o' glee,  
We 'd such a lot o' happiness,  
Had little Bess an' me.

Aw recollect, one afternoon,  
When hoo wur sittin' still,  
An' readin' in hur little book,  
Bu' favvor'd bein' ill—  
Aw stood an' watch'd her for a bit,  
An' wonder'd while aw stood,  
If onythin' i' heaven above  
Wur 's bonny an' as good.

Her yure wur just loike threads o' gowd,  
Or curlin' rays o' th' sun,  
'Ut hung abeawt her little neck,  
As not o' purpose done ;  
Bu' theer they lay, as if they 'd fo'n  
Just loike to th' flakes o' snow,  
So gently, 'ut they seem'd afeard  
To let eawr Bessy know.

Her e'en wur loike to th' summer sky,  
For bein' clear and blue ;  
An' then her cheeks were loike a rose,  
'Ut th' red wur peepin' through.  
An' if yo con but understond,  
Her face, it seem'd to me,  
Wur loike a tune upon a harp—  
A moulded melody.

An' as hoo sat, an' as hoo look'd,  
Aw winnot try to tell,  
Heaw happy an' heaw fear'd aw wur,  
Nor heaw my breast did swell.  
Aw couldn't tell it if aw would,  
But if aw could, thae sees,  
Aw'd rayther keep it to mysel',  
For thee it metna please.

Well, as aw stood a-lookin' so,  
An' watchin' her on th' sly,  
Aw seed a tear fo on her book,  
An' loike a diamond lie.  
An' then hoo sobb'd as if her heart  
Wur gooin' t' brast i' two,  
An' th' tears fell loike a summer sheawer,  
As if they'd weet her through.

For th' little angel, as hoo is,  
Wur readin', as aw fun',  
O' Joseph's nowty brethren,  
An' th' mischief as they'd done ;  
'Twas when hoo'd gotten just to th' place  
Where Joseph's sowd away  
To th' Ishmaelites, hoo brasted eawt,  
An' begg'd 'em t' let him stay.

Ay, ay, it wur a bonny seet  
As e'er a mortal seed ;  
An' of a bonnier, why aw'm sure,  
'Ut th' angels ha' no need.



Aw did thank God he'd g'en me th' lass,  
An' couldna' help bu' pray,  
'Ut if it wur His blessed will,  
He'd let her wi' me stay.

But here hoo comes, God bless her heart,  
Hoo's bin to th' Sunday schoo',  
An' looks as breet as summer-toime,  
An' beawt a shadow, too.  
Hoo's gotten summat in her yed  
To tell me, aw con see ;  
An' hoo'll be readin' it to-neet,  
Wi' th' book set on my knee.

An' when hoo says her prayers, aw know  
Hoo'll say, " God bless my dad,  
An' dunno' let him drink again—  
It ma'es him swear so bad ;  
An' God bless mammy, an' eawr Bill ;  
And bless eawr Sally too ;"  
An' then hoo'll goo to bed an' sleep,  
As nobbut good folk do.

Aw've lots o' trouble day by day,  
A bit aboon my share ;  
Bu' little Bessy seems to say,  
" Yo'n joy as weel as care."  
An' so I have, I know it weel,  
An' if I met but choose,  
Aw'd stond another load o' care  
If Bess aw shouldna' lose.

But if that lass wur ta'en away,  
Aw'm sure 'ut aw should dee ;  
Aw couldna' live a single day  
Wi' death 'twixt her an' me ;  
Her soul i' heaven, an' me on earth,  
Aw'm sure it wouldna' do :  
But God wain't tak' her fro' me yet—  
He sees we're lovin' so.

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### THE CHILD AND THE DEWDROPS.

IN MEMORY OF A LOST SON.

(FROM "AUTUMN LEAVES.")

BY J. C. PRINCE.

"O DEAREST mother ! tell me, pray,  
Why are the dewdrops gone so soon ?  
Could they not stay till close of day,  
To sparkle on the flowery spray,  
Or on the fields till noon ?"

The mother gazed upon her boy,  
Earnest with thought beyond his years,  
And felt a sharp and sad annoy,  
That meddled with her deepest joy ;  
But she restrain'd her tears.

"My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,  
Too often loved with vain excess,  
Are swept away by angel wings,  
Before contamination clings  
To their frail loveliness.

“ Behold yon rainbow, brightening yet,  
To which all mingled hues are given !  
These are thy dewdrops, grandly set  
In a resplendent coronet  
Upon the brow of heaven !

“ No stain of earth can reach them there :  
Woven with sunbeams there they shine,  
A transient vision of the air,  
But yet a symbol, pure and fair,  
Of love and peace divine ! ”

The boy gazed upward into space,  
With eager and inquiring eyes,  
While o’er his fair and thoughtful face  
Came a faint glory, and a grace  
Transmitted from the skies.

Ere the last odorous sigh of May,  
That child lay down beneath the sod ;  
Like dew his young soul pass’d away,  
To mingle with the brighter ray  
That veils the throne of God.

Mother ! thy fond, foreboding heart  
Truly foretold thy loss and pain ;  
But thou didst choose the patient part  
Of resignation to the smart,  
And own’d thy loss his gain.



## EDITH.

(FROM "AFTER-BUSINESS JOTTINGS.")

BY R. R. BEALEY.

Two years old, and so bonny and fair,  
With thy light blue eyes and flaxen hair,  
With thy laughing face and chattering tongue,  
Thy warm embrace and affection strong ;  
Thou art indeed as lovely a child  
As ever the heart from itself beguiled.

Two years old, like a bud just blown,  
Showing the colour and shade alone ;  
But if, even now, such beauty we see,  
What may we hope the full flower to be ?  
A gem from the hand of the Florist Divine,  
In which both the rose and the lily combine.

Oh that thy future may never destroy  
That bright merry laugh and innocent joy !  
But, pure as the lily, and sweet as the rose,  
May thy heart be still fresher as life nears its close.  
And at last, when thy summons to leave this earth is  
    given,  
May angels transport thee to bloom on in heaven.



MOI OWD MON.

SONG IN THE EAST LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCARSDALE."

THE storm that ma'es eawr chimley reek,  
Is wild on Derpley Moo-ur ;  
The gusts that on the casement breek,  
Flood o the kitchen floo-ur.  
Eawr Reuben rode to Brough yestreen,  
An' o'er yon moors the wynt is keen ;  
Fro' Shap it roars to Bowland Fell,  
An' deawn the Whaärfe fro' Kettlewell.

He moight deawn t' Lune an' Ribble roide,  
An' so miss hafe the blast ;  
Nur whoile he reyched the Calder soide,  
When Derpley mun be past,  
He'll wrap his maud across his face,  
An' spur his tit on eager pace ;  
O Christ ! tent moi owd mon fro' skaith,  
Or tak' us to eawr Feyther baith !

For we are lone—eawr childer's wed,  
We're aged, an' wait Thoi will ;  
Sin' we were bairns together bred,  
We'n lived through well an' ill.  
And if the Lord would grant moi prayer,  
He would this neet moi owd mon spare ;  
That oi moight cloäs his eyes mysel',  
And then lig deawn and wi' him dwell.

## TO LITTLE ANGEL "CHARLIE."

(FROM "AFTER-BUSINESS JOTTINGS.")

BY R. R. BEALEY.

OFTEN have I been to see thee,  
And, while waiting at the door,  
I have heard thy small feet patter,  
Patter, on the lobby floor :  
No, I ne'er shall hear thee more.

Then I've greeted thee with kisses,  
Each one loving to the core ;  
And thy laugh has been like sunshine  
From the bright and heavenly shore :  
But I must not hear thee more.

Ere thy tongue had learn'd to prattle,  
Thoughts were in thee quite a store,  
And thine eyes were telling stories,  
All of Love's rich golden lore ;  
Yet I may not hear thee more.

As an infant I address'd thee,  
Yea, thy love I did implore ;  
And I question'd thee in earnest  
Of thy life in days of yore,  
As I may not ask thee more.

Yet I cannot think thee absent,  
But as near me as before ;  
Or at most, that thou hast shifted  
To the other side the door—  
Lost to sight, and nothing more.

May I not in spirit meet thee,  
When the night is coming o'er ?  
May I not in shadows greet thee,  
While the breezes softly pour  
Tones of thine from yonder shore ?

May I not in dreamland see thee  
Smiling as in days of yore ?  
Only fairer, and more lovely ;  
And although I mayn't adore,  
I still will love thee more and more.

Yes ! for death is not a parting,  
Only darkness coming o'er ;  
Soon our eyes shall all be open'd,  
When the truth we will explore,  
With our loved ones evermore.

Teach me, little angel "Charlie,"  
Teach my spirit, I implore,  
Nearer truth ! oh, gather garlands,  
Fling them back on earth's dark shore,  
And I will learn as ne'er before.



## THE LAST BEHEST.

BY WILLIAM MORT.

"The tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention, like deep harmony."  
SHAKSPERE.

COME hither, wife ! I'd speak with thee a while before  
I go,  
Once more I'd commune with thee ere I yield me to  
the blow ;  
Long, long we've lived together since thy maiden  
heart I won—  
Come hither, I would speak with thee ere yet my  
course is run !

Oh, well hast thou perform'd the vows upon the altar  
made,  
And kindly tended me when God afflictions on me  
laid ;  
Ay, truly hast thou cherish'd me, my own, my faith-  
ful wife—  
Come hither, I would speak with thee ere yet I part  
with life !

My sons, too, and my darling girl—my Kate—oh, bring  
them all,  
And let me gaze upon you till in death's cold arms I  
fall ;—  
My little ones ! nay, do not mourn—I leave your  
mother here ;  
And God who cheers the widow's heart will dry the  
orphan's tear !



My son, my oldest one, approach,—to thee my charge  
is great,  
For thou alone of all my flock hast wrought to man's  
estate ;  
Oh, look thou on my children with a brother's watch-  
ful eye,  
And lead them up in holiness—oh, promise, ere I die !

Thy sister, too—remember, son, thou art her father  
*now* ;  
Protect her, that no bitter thought may cloud her  
maiden brow ;  
Guard thou her name with jealousy—each sorrow  
strive to quell—  
Cling to her with a brother's love—oh, shield thy sister  
well !

But most, oh, most, my son, support thy mother's fail-  
ing years—  
Her heart is stricken by the blast, her eyes are “founts  
of tears ;”  
I leave her to thee as a gem more rich, more dear  
than life—  
My only solace upon earth—my own, my faithful wife !

Oft hath she watch'd thy restless couch when toss'd  
by infant woe ;  
Oft hath her bosom throb'd for thee, ere thou her  
cares could know ;  
And now—look on her, son—she needs that anxious  
care repaid—  
Oh, be thou her support when I in the cold grave am  
laid !

Come hither—closer—all of you—I feel that death is  
nigh ;

Come closer—closer still—now kiss my cheek before  
I die !

Bless you, my children ! bless you all ! through life,  
in joy or woe !

A father's blessing be with you !—all—all he can be-  
stow !



### MI GRONFEYTHER.

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

AW 'VE just bin a havin' a peep at th' farm-heawse

Wheer mi gronfeyther lived at so long ;

So aw 'll draw eawt a bit ov a sketch o' th' owd spot,

An' work it up into a song.

An' furst let me tell yo' aw 'm sorry to foind

'At th' place isn't same as it wur ;

For th' di'mond-shaped windows han o bin pood eawt,

An' they'n ta'en th' wooden latch off o' th' dur.

They'n shifted that seeat wheer mi gronfeyther sat

Ov a neet when he'rn readin' th' Owd Book.

An' aw couldn't foind th' nail wheer he hung up his  
hat,

Though aw bother'd an' seech'd for 't i' th' nook.

There's th' dog-kennel yonder, an' th' hencote aw see,

An' th' clooas-prop just stonds as it did ;

There's a brid-cage hangs up wheer mi gronfeyther's  
wur,

But aw couldn't see owt ov a brid.

A rare foine owd fellow mi gronfeyther wur,  
 Wi' a regular big Roman nose ;  
 An' though nearly eighty, he look'd strong an' hale,  
 An' his cheeks wur'n as red as a rose.  
 There wur nowt abeawt him 'at wur shabby or mean ;  
 An' he wur no' beawt brains in his skull :  
 He wur allus streightforrud i' o 'at he did—  
 An owd-fashun'd Yorkshur John Bull.

He'd a farm ov his own, an' a noice little pond,  
 Wheer we used to go fishin' for treawt ;  
 An' aw haven't forgotten when th' hay time coom  
 reawnd,  
 For us childer had mony a blow cawt.  
 An' when th' "heawsin" wur done, eh, we had some  
 rare fun,  
 Wi' tipplin' an' rowlin' on th' stack ;  
 An' then mi owd gronfeyther'd come wi' his pipe,  
 An' we o used to climb on his back.

When aw wur a lad abeawt thirteen, or so,  
 Aw remember aw'd mony a good ride ;  
 For mi gronfeyther'd gotten a horse or two then,  
 An' a noice little jackass beside.  
 An' then he'd a garden at th' backside o' th' heawse  
 Wheer cawr Bobby an' me used to ceawer,  
 Eatin' goosbris, an' currans, an' ruburb, an' crabs,  
 Or owt there wur else 'at wur seawer.

Mi gronfeyther—bless him—reet doated o' me—  
 He'd tell me aw geet a foine lad ;  
 An' mony a toime say, when aw'rn sit on his knee,  
 "Eh, bless thee ; tha favvers thi dad !"

Then he'd tell mi aunt Betty to beigh me some spice ;  
An' whenever hoo happen'd to bake,  
He'd tell her to reach deawn a pot o' presarves,  
An' mak' me a noice presarve cake.

God bless him, he's gone ; an' a kinder owd mon  
Never walk'd o' two legs nor he wur ;  
Th' last time aw wur o'er theer, an' seed him alive,  
He coom back wi' me ever so fur.  
Aw geet howd ov his hont when we parted that neet,  
An aw think aw shall never forget  
Heaw he look'd i' mi face when he'rn goin' away :  
It wur th' last time 'at ever we met.

A week or two after, th' owd fellow 'd a stroke,—  
He fell off his cheer on to th' floor ;  
They gether'd him up, an' they took him to bed.  
But he never wur gradely no moor.  
Good-bye, dear owd gronfeyther ; nob'dy, aw know,  
Could be fonder nor aw wur o' thee ;  
Aw shall never forget heaw tha patted mi yed,  
When aw used to be ceawr'd on thi knee.



## THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE lofty cedar of Lebanon  
Is stately and fair to look upon ;  
But dearest of all the trees to me  
Is the bright and dazzling Christmas tree !

Sweet are the spice-trees of the East ;  
The banyans give perpetual feast ;  
But the sweetest of all trees to me,  
Is the fragrant, home-deck'd Christmas tree !

Then let who will through forests rove,  
Or wander 'mid some orange grove ;  
The acacia love, or the linden-tree—  
The evergreen Christmas tree for me !

In parents' love it hath its root—  
And what other tree e'er bore such fruit ?  
Since first I knelt by a mother's knee,  
I have ever loved the Christmas tree !

It blooms not in Summer, like fickle friends,  
But a charm to hoary Winter it lends ;  
It blossoms best 'neath the old roof-tree :  
Each child delights in that love-fruit tree !

Its boughs a wondrous burden bear ;  
Its varied blossoms are rich and rare ;  
Oh, a glorious sight for children to see,  
Is that Winter-blooming Christmas tree !

Would we were more like that gladsome tree !  
Abounding in gifts as fair to see ;  
With joy-giving fruit as full and free,  
As the dear old home and its Christmas tree !



“GOD BLESS THESE POOR WIMMEN  
THAT’S CHILDER!”

BY THOMAS BRIERLEY.

GOD bless these poor wimmen that’s childer !  
Shuz [choose] whether they’re rich or they’re poor,  
Thur’s nob’dy con tell whot a woman  
Wi’ little uns has to endure ;  
The times that hoo’s wakken i’ th’ neet-time,  
Attendin’ thur wailin and pain,  
Un’ smoothin’ thur pillow of sickness,  
Would crack ony patient mon’s brain.

God bless these poor wimmen that’s childer !  
Heaw patient they are i’ distress !  
An infant that God has afflicted  
Does ever a woman love less ?  
Not hur ! The sick creatur hoo watches,  
Wi’ caution ten-fowd in hur ee,  
Hoo’ll never lose seet on’t a minute,  
For fear it should happen to dee.

God bless these poor wimmen that’s childer !  
Aw deem it a very fine treat  
To sit eawt o’ seet, un’ be watchin’  
A woman gi’ th’ childer some meat ;  
Heaw pleasant un’ smilin’ hur nature,  
Hur face is surrounded wi’ joy,  
Hoo’s dealing o th’ childer a fist full,  
Un’ plenty on table t’ put by.

God bless these poor wimmen that's childer !

Aw know that they'n mony a fort [fault,]

But chaps has no 'kashun to chuckle,

Men's blemishes are not so short :

Then have a kind word for these wimmen,

If t' maddest un' vilest o' men

Wurn just made i' wimmen a fortnet,

They'd never beat wimmen agen.

God bless these poor wimmen that's childer !

These smoothers of sorrow and death,

These angels of softness and mercy,

That comfort as long as they've breath ;

These magical charmers of manhood,

These wreathers of love and delight,

These fairies that never desert us,

God bless 'um, aw say, wi' yo'r might !



## THE KISS BENEATH THE HOLLY.

(FROM "SONGS OF MY LEISURE HOURS.")

BY MRS WILLIAM HOBSON.

"BE merry and wise," says the good old song,

And joy to the heart that penn'd it ;

If we've aught to fret, the stately "pet"

Will never reform or mend it.

On Christmas night, when the log burns bright,

To be joyous is not folly ;

There's nought amiss in the playful kiss

That's stolen beneath the holly.

Let hand clasp hand with a hearty clasp,  
To all give a welcome greeting ;  
Fling pride afar ; don't gloom or mar  
The coming Christmas meeting.  
" Be merry and wise," say sparkling eyes,  
Away with all melancholy—  
There's nought amiss, just laugh at the kiss  
That's stolen beneath the holly.

Oh, welcome with glee the festive night,  
When the joyous bells are ringing ;  
But once a year the chime we hear,  
That the Christmas time is bringing.  
Don't pout or frown 'neath the mystic crown—  
To be joyous is not folly ;  
There's nought amiss in the Christmas kiss  
That's stolen beneath the holly.



"AW CONNUT DRY MI HEEN, ROBIN."

BY THE LATE JOHN SCHOLES.

" COME, woipe thi heen ; iv throuble's eawrs,  
Un' things gwon wrang to-day,  
Thae knows, moi lass, its April sheaw'rs  
'Ut makun' th' fleaw'rs o' May.  
Put th' childer o to bed, un' come  
Aw'll tak my pipe un' smook,  
Un' we'st happun feel moar comfortable  
Iv thae'll read a bit i' th' Book."



“ Aw connut read to-neet, Robin,  
 Aw connut read to-neet ;  
 Thir’s a feaw un fearful seet, Robin,  
 Comes atwixt mi un’ the leet—  
 It’s the seet o’ th’ childer starvin’,  
 Un’ the beds thi sleep on gwon,  
 Fur yon chap, to th’ latest farthin’  
 He’ll sell up stick un’ stwon.

“ Oh ! it’s weel mi heart mey break, Robin !  
 It’s weel mi heart mey break,  
 Aw con see the Bayli’s mark, Robin,  
 On oitch thing we han to take ;  
 Thir’s the clock ut wur mi Gronny’s,  
 Un’ mi drawers so breet un noice,  
 Un’ th’ cradle, it wur eawr Johnny’s,  
 Fur it’s had new rockers twice.

“ Thir’s thi Faythur’s rockin-cheer, Robin,  
 Wheer Wesley once sat deawn,  
 Un’ th’ candlesticks up theer, Robin,  
 ’Ut cost mi hauve-a-creawn ;  
 Un’ eh ! mi corner kubbort,  
 ’Ut geet yon knob knockt off,  
 When wi kessunt eawr poor Roburt,  
 • ’Ut deed o’ th’ hoopin-cough.”

“ Come, dri thi heen, Ailse ; try un’ seek  
 Comfort, un’ hope, un’ rest.”  
 Un’ a tear stole deawn owd Robin’s cheek,  
 Whol he said, “ Let’s hope for th’ best.”

“Aw connut dry mi heen, Robin,  
Aw connut kneel, nur pray,  
Fur they ’ll sell moi Willy’s loikeness,  
’Ut ’s gwon to Omerika.

“Thae knows that morn he left, Robin,  
When th’ neeburs o geet reawnd—  
Aw’d raythur see that lad, Robin,  
But, oh ! he mun bi dreawn’d !  
Oh ! aw’d raythur far ha’ lain him  
I’ yon spot wheer wi mun lay ;  
Fur thoose natives mun ha’ slain him,  
Or else he’s dreawn’d i’ th’ say.

“Thae ’ll see his picthur sowd, Robin,  
Un’ th’ mug wi’ his name on too ;  
Aw’d raythur part wi’ loife, Robin,  
Than thoose two things should goo.  
Un’ oh ! sin’ Willy started,  
Its six long year, un’ moar,  
Not a letthur sin’ wi parted—  
But thir’s sumb’dy knocks at th’ dur !”

“Come in ! come in ! who con it be ?  
Not Nancy, come a borrowin’ th’ maiden !  
Nay, Nancy wouldn’t knock, not she—  
Eawr Willy’s lass is summat made on.”  
But in coom Nancy, trippin’ leet,  
Un said, “A felli ’ud lost his way ;  
Could thi lodge a stranger theer that neet,  
’Ut had comed fro’ Omerika ?”

“ He mey ha’ th’ cous-cheer drawn up to th’ foire,  
 He mey sleep wi’ Tummy un’ Joe,  
 Un’ eh ! iv he’s bin eawt o’ Englundshoire,  
 He’ll ha sin eawr Willy, aw know.”  
 Mufft i’ shawls un’ winter cwots,  
 The stranger stood on th’ floor,  
 ’Ut seem’d wi’ its whoite un marbl’t spots,  
 T’ ha’ bin dappl’t wi’ daisies o’er.

“ I’ve got a letter here,” he said,  
 “ With twenty pounds inside,  
 From Willy Blithe—a sailor lad,  
 And I’ve brought some gold beside :  
 His mother and father live hereby,  
 And if you’ll tell me where,  
 I’ll hasten on, to give them joy,  
 And save them many a tear.”

“ Oh yer yoh, Robin ! he’s livin’, Robin !  
 Eawr Will”—Ailse said na moar ;  
 Un’ th’ good owd mon wur soarly sobbin’,  
 As he kneelt him deawn o’ th’ floor.  
 “ Aw connut howd—aw connut bide,  
 It’s him ! It’s him, hissels !”  
 Poor Nancy sobb’d, un’ laugh’d un’ cried,  
 Un’ Willy’s muffler fell.

“ Aw’m fit to dee wi’ joy, Robin !  
 Though aw couldn’t kneel nur pray,  
 Un’ th’ ONE that yerd mi greet, Robin !  
 Browt *him* fro’ Omerika.”

“ O Ailse, thae ’s cause to bless  
’Ut we’er na moar distress’d :  
Lord, fill us o wi’ thankfulness ;  
Thoi ways are olez best.”

’Twur on a Monday morn i’ May,  
Yung Willy un’ his Nancy  
To Ratchda’ church tripp’d leet un’ gay,  
As frolicsome as fancy.  
Un’ Willy tow’d in afthur-years,  
Heaw in seechin’ Franklin bold,  
’Mung ice, un’ snow, un’ grisly bears,  
He ’d toil’d for love un’ gold.



### EAWR FOLK.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

ER Johnny gi’s his mind to books ;  
Er Abram studies plants,—  
He caps the dule i’ moss an’ ferns,  
An’ grooin’ polyants ;  
For aught abeawt mechanickin’,  
Er Ned’s the very lad ;  
My uncle Jamie roots i’ th’ stars,  
Enough to drive him mad.

Er Alick keeps a badger’s shop,  
An’ teyches Sunday schoo’ ;  
Er Joseph’s welly blynt, poor lad ;  
Er Timothy’s—a foo ;—

He's tried three different maks o' trades,  
An' olez miss'd his tip ;  
But, then, he's th' prattiest whistler  
That ever cock'd a lip !

Er Matty helps my mother, an'  
Hoo sews, an' tents er Joe ;  
At doin' sums, an' sich as that,  
My feyther licks them o ;  
Er Charley,—eh, there cannot be  
Another pate like his,  
It's o crom-full o' ancientry,  
An' Roman haw-pennies !

Er Tummy's ta'en to preitchin',—  
He's a topper at it, too ;  
But then,—what's th' use,—er Bill comes in,  
An' swears it winnut do ;  
When t' one's bin strivin' o he con  
To awter wicked men,  
Then t'other mae's some marlocks, an'  
Convarts 'em back again.

Er Abel's th' yung'st ; an' next to Joe,  
My mother likes him t' best :  
Hoo gi's him brass aboon his share,  
To keep him nicely dress'd ;  
He's gettin' in wi' th' quality,  
An' when his clarkin's done,  
He's olez oather cricketin',  
Or shootin' wi' a gun.

My uncle Sam 's a fiddler ; an'  
Aw fain could yer him play  
Fro' set o' sun till winter neet  
Had melted into day ;  
For eh—sich glee—sich tenderness !  
Through every changin' part,  
It 's th' heart 'at stirs his fiddle,—  
An' his fiddle stirs his heart.

When th' owd brid touches th' tremblin' string,  
'At knows his thowt so weel,  
It seawnds as iv an angel tried  
To tell what angels feel ;  
An', sometimes, th' wayter in his e'en,  
'At fun has teyched to flow,  
Can hardly roll away, afore  
It's wash'd wi' drops o' woe.

Then, here 's to Jone, an' Ab, an' Ned,  
An' Matty,—an' er Joe,—  
My feyther, an' my mother ; an'  
Er t'other lads an' o ;  
An' thee, too, owd musicianer,  
Aw wish lung life to thee,—  
A mon that plays the fiddle weel  
Should never awse to dee !



LINES TO MY WIFE

DURING HER RECOVERY FROM A LONG ILLNESS.

BY SAMUEL BAMFORD.

THE youthful bard doth chant his lay  
To nymph or goddess fair ;  
The thirsty bard doth Bacchus pray  
For wine to drown his care ;  
And some have sung of olden time,  
And feats of chivalry ;  
And shall not I address a rhyme,  
My own dear wife, to thee ?

Full thirty years have o'er us pass'd  
Since thou and I were wed,  
And time hath dealt us many a blast,  
And somewhat bow'd thine head,  
And torn thine hair, thy bright brown hair,  
That stream'd so wild and free ;  
But oh ! thy tresses still are fair  
And beautiful to me !

Yes, Time hath ta'en thy lily hand,  
And chill'd thy stream of life ;  
And scored some channels with his wand,  
As envying thee, my wife :  
But let not sorrow make thee sigh,  
Nor care thy heart distress ;  
Though health do fail, and charms do fly,  
Thy husband will thee bless !

Ay! bless thy cheek, all worn and wan,  
With beauty once beset ;  
The red rose leaves, my love, are gone ;  
The pale ones linger yet :  
And bless thy care-beclouded brow,  
And bless thy dimmèd sight ;  
Can I forget the time when thou  
Wert my young morning-light ?

Oh, morning-light ! Oh, early love !  
Oh, hours that swiftly flew !  
Oh, love ! the sun was far above  
Before we miss'd the dew.  
We ranged the bowers, we cull'd the flowers,  
All heedless of the day ;  
And, love-beguiled, to wood and wild,  
We wander'd far away.

We ranged the bowers, we cull'd the flowers,  
By upland and by dell ;  
And many a night, by pale moonlight,  
We sought the lonely well.  
And many a night, when all above  
Shone not one starlit ray ;  
And was not I thy Wizard, love ?  
And wert thou not my Fay ?

One arm was o'er thy shoulder cast ;  
One hand was held in thine ;  
Whilst thy dear arm my youthful waist  
Did trustfully entwine :



And through the night, all still and stark,  
No other footsteps near,  
We stray'd ; and, love, it was not dark,—  
My light of life was there !

Oh, light of love ! oh, early born !  
Love-born and lost too soon !  
Oh, love ! we often thought it morn,  
When it was early noon !  
And, love ! we thought it still was noon,  
When eve came o'er the land ;  
And, love ! we deem'd it wondrous soon  
When midnight was at hand.

And when at length we needs must part,  
And could no longer stay ;  
Still hand in hand, and heart by heart,  
We homewards took our way :  
The wild-flowers laved our ling'ring feet,  
The woodbine shed its dew ;  
And o'er the meads and pastures sweet  
The night-wind freely blew.

The rubies from thy lips may fade,  
Thy cheek be pale and cold ;  
But thou wert mine, a youthful maid,  
And I 'll be thine when old !  
I see those tears that grateful start,  
Oh ! turn them not aside ;  
But, dear one ! come unto my heart,  
As when thou wert my bride.

## ANGEL ANNIE.

BY MRS WILLIAM HOBSON.

SHE came, a little fairy one,  
And nestled to my breast ;  
Came, as a truant dove would turn,  
And seek its parent nest ;  
Her soft blue eye beam'd with a light  
That was not caught from earth ;  
Her coral lips smiled with a love  
That had an angel's birth.

She grew ; grew with the summer flowers—  
A little violet wild,  
A rosebud with immortal soul—  
A lovely, winning child.  
The stranger e'en would hush his breath  
To hear her soft, low tone ;  
'Twas like the echo of some harp,  
Heard but in heaven alone.

'Twas strange how close the little one  
Was wreathed about my heart ;  
She was amongst the things from which  
My memory could not part.  
I never see the violet bloom,  
The little daisy peep,  
But I think of her, the "gather'd flower"—  
I think of her and weep.

Death came, and found upon her face  
Strange, wondrous beauty there ;  
A light shone round her baby brow,  
And rippled in her hair ;  
She turn'd and said, with heavenly smile,  
Bright, yet foreboding sorrow,  
“ Mamma, I shall not want my curls—  
Not want my curls to-morrow.”

And then her blue eyes quivering closed,  
She softly went to sleep ;  
The little bird had flutter'd home—  
It seem'd a sin to weep :  
A sin to weep ! yet, oh, to stand  
Beside that darling one,  
And feel the starry light of home  
Had with her spirit gone !

We knew the prattling voice was hush'd,  
The lisping, love-taught word  
Would ne'er again call forth a joy,  
Would ne'er again be heard ;  
The pattering step, the little hand  
That lovingly sought ours,  
Would never more be clasp'd by us,  
Nor seek the summer flowers.

We knew that God had care of her,  
The peerless angel one,  
And that no wintry wind would blight  
The flowers where she had gone.

But oh ! 'twas grief, deep grief, to watch  
Beside the little bed—  
To gaze upon the household pet,  
And know that she was dead !

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## MY IDEAL HOME.

BY MRS WILLIAM HOBSON.

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”—KEATS.

NOR in the city, nor the crowded town,  
Where the faint breeze with fever's ever rife ;  
Not where those heated hives look darkly down  
Upon the hum of ever-warring strife ;  
Nor 'midst the classic shrines of that fair land  
Whose fame is sung in ancient poets' story,  
Though the blue Ægean waves roll o'er her strand,  
And sculptured ruins give their hallow'd glory.

Give me a homestead in an English vale ;  
A little, sunny, and secluded spot,  
Where the sweet dove and minstrel nightingale  
Would chime their vespers round my lowly cot ;  
Where the soft, balmy breeze of summer comes,  
Laden with perfume from the violet wild :  
Where the forget-me-not its blue eye suns—  
Fair summer's lowliest, yet most lovely child.

I'd have it nestling near thick-foliaged trees ;  
The rippling stream should tell its harp-notes near,  
And mingle with the sighing of the breeze,  
Charming with music the enraptured ear ;

A river, winding like a silver thread,  
Should roll its ever-dancing waves along,  
And spangling o'er its sinuous, mossy bed,  
The fairest flowers breathe their voiceless song.

The gushing grape should hang its trailing vine,  
The tinted apple and the juicy pear  
With silvery blossoms in the summer shine,  
And autumn find their golden fruitage there ;  
The blushing rose, with dewy, drooping head,  
Should twine around the window of my room,  
Like some fair Cupid, with love's wings outspread,  
Whisp'ring sweet stories of the gorgeous June.

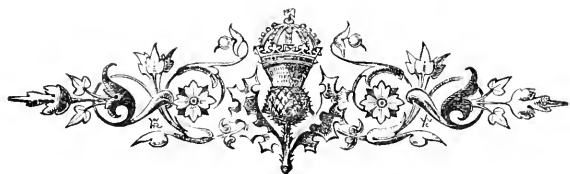
I would not have a grand and lordly home,  
Where the famed artist had spent all his skill  
To decorate and carve each fretted dome,  
The gazer's mind with wonderment to fill ;  
The only gilding should be nature's green,  
Her living tracery of flowers and leaves ;  
A little gem set in an emerald scene,  
With fond, true hearts beneath its peaceful eaves.

Within the room fair jewels from afar,  
Wrought on the canvas, breathing full of life,  
Should whisper to us, like a lone, bright star,  
Of ages past, of minds with beauty rife ;  
The chisell'd form, cut from the tinted stone,  
The sighing shell, the flowerets of the sea,  
Rare gems of art, from climes beyond our own,  
Cluster'd around, in fairy groups should be.

I'd have the antique book with gleanings old,  
The master-minds of every land and age ;  
Deep science, with her wealth of sterling gold,  
Scatter'd like pearls upon the mystic page ;  
The poet's lyre—the soul-wrought, breathing lyre,  
Immortal Shakespeare, and the laurel'd throng,  
With glowing imagery, and thoughts of fire,  
Should wile the dreamy twilight hours along.

The broken-hearted and the weary one,  
The orphan, friendless, and the homeless poor,  
Should ne'er in vain with sorrow's story come—  
A ready hand would freely give its store ;  
True love within each heart and word should live,  
The deep, devoted love, that knows no bliss  
Beyond the feeling that its well-springs give—  
Who would not gladly claim a home like this ?





#### IV.

### Songs of Life and Brotherhood.

UNDER this comprehensive title we include a number of songs, not else to be grouped together, which treat of Life, its toils and trials, pleasures and pains, and, above all, its responsibilities and duties; and which recognise the great bond of human Brotherhood, the law of love, that prompts all kindly sympathy and help for others. We cannot better introduce this large class of songs—which contains many a glowing incentive to do the work of life, to bear its sufferings and trials, to love and help all who need,—in short, to live life nobly, as hoping for a nobler and better life hereafter—than by a song of one of Lancashire's genuine poets, a son of the people :—

## THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

AN ORIGINAL SONG, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS  
VOLUME.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

OH! the songs of the people are voices of power,  
That echo in many a land ;  
They lighten the heart in the sorrowful hour,  
And quicken the labour of hand ;  
They gladden the shepherd on mountain and plain,  
And the sailor who travels the sea ;  
The poets have chanted us many a strain,  
But the songs of the people for me.

The artisan, wandering forth early to toil,  
Sings a snatch of old song by the way ;  
The ploughman, who sturdily furrows the soil,  
Meets the breeze with the words of his lay :  
The man at the stithy, the maid at her wheel,  
The mother with babe at her knee,  
Oft utter some simple old rhymes, which they feel—  
Oh! the songs of the people for me.

An anthem of triumph, a ditty of love,  
A carol 'gainst sorrow and care,  
A hymn of the household, soft, rising above  
The music of hope or despair ;  
A song patriotic, how grand is the sound  
To all who desire to be free !  
A song of the heart, how it makes others bound !—  
Oh! the songs of the people for me.



FESTIVE STRAINS.\*

BY GEORGE RICHARDSON.

FESTIVE strains, like friendly meeting,  
E'er should tend to cheer the soul !  
Touch the heart with gentle greeting—  
Temper mirth with sweet control.  
Chase the waning hours ; revealing  
Joys the morrow fain may tell !  
Kindred then, as now, in feeling,  
So to each "Good night. All's well !"

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"WHY, PRITHEE NOW."

BY JOHN BYROM, M.A., F.R.S.

WHY, prithee now, what does it signify,  
For to bustle and make such a rout ?  
It is virtue alone that can dignify,  
Whether clothèd in ermine or clout.  
Come, come, and maintain thy discretion ;  
Let it act a more generous part ;  
For I find, by thy honest confession,  
That the world has too much of thy heart.

\* This piece, written for an anniversary celebration, has been set to music and arranged as a full-choir glee, by Mr E. J. Loder, the composer of the opera of "The Night Dancers," &c.

Beware that its fatal ascendancy  
 Do not tempt thee to mope and repine ;  
 With a humble and hopeful dependency  
 Still await the good pleasure divine.  
 Success in a higher beatitude  
 Is the end of what 's under the pole ;  
 A philosopher takes it with gratitude, '  
 And believes it is best on the whole.

The world is a scene, thou art sensible,  
 Upon which, if we do but our best,  
 On a wisdom that 's incomprehensible,  
 We may safely rely for the rest.  
 Then trust to its kind distribution,  
 And, however things happen to fall,  
 Prithee, pluck up a good resolution  
 To be cheerful and thankful for all.



## L I F E.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

LOVE'S a song, and Life 's the singer,  
 Hope sits listening to the strain,  
 Till old Time, that discord-bringer,  
 Jars the music of the twain.  
 Love, and Life, and Time together,  
 Rarely yet were friendly found ;  
 If Love heralds sunny weather,  
 Time, to other duties bound,  
 Buries Life half underground ;—  
 Oh, the lot of Life, how sad !

Why should Time thus fail to cherish  
All that lends existence worth ?  
Wherefore should Love droop and perish  
As but doom'd to woe on earth ?  
Love, and Life, and Time together,  
Better friends we trust may be ;  
If *Time* 's of unconstant feather,  
Love and Hope should still agree :—  
*Life is lost between the three !—*  
Oh, the lot of Life, how sad !

---

## THE CHILD.

BY THE LATE JOHN BRIGGS.\*

SEE the nurse her charge attending,  
Hear the darling's lisping prattle ;  
How its little eyes are blending  
O'er the pretty jingling rattle !

Quickly vexèd, soon appeasèd,  
Laughing, crying, waking, sleeping ;  
Child and grievèd—kiss'd and pleasèd ;  
All its cares express'd by weeping.

On the flower'd carpet playing,  
Sitting, creeping, rolling, lying,—  
Now a sunny cheek displaying,—  
Now o'erspread with clouds, 'tis crying !

. . . . .

\* Mr Briggs resided at Cartmel, and edited the *Lonsdale Magazine*. He published, in 1818, a volume of "Poems on various Subjects," from which we borrow this and other pieces.

Sweetly wrapp'd in gentle slumber,—  
By its cot its mother watches ;  
Balmy kisses without number  
From its rosy cheeks she snatches.

. . . . .

We're but children, rather older,  
Puling in the lap of fashion ;  
Or, if aiming to be bolder,  
Tott'ring on the stilts of passion.

What's a coronet, if gain'd,  
But a *rush-cap*, or as awkward ?  
What's a carriage, when obtain'd ?  
Nothing but a splendid *go-cart* !

We are children. Those who govern,  
Guardians, sent for our protection ;  
And the sceptre of the sovereign  
Is the ferula of correction.

Though we're infants,—to avow it  
Every *six-foot child* refuses ;  
Yet no name can please a poet  
Like “the elfin of the Muses.”



“THERE’S NO CHAP SHOULD EVER LOSE  
PLUCK.”

(FROM “AFTER-BUSINESS JOTTINGS.”)

BY RICHARD R. BEALEY.

Aw’LL try to be merry, aw will,  
Aw’ll mak’ up my mind on’t to-day ;  
Though care is a rum ’un to kill,  
Aw’ll feight, bu’ aw’ll have him away.

It’s no use to simper an’ sob,  
An’ fret, because all isna’ square,  
It’ll nobbut mak’ worse a bad job,  
An’ drive one reet into despair.

Then aw’ll try to be merry, aw will,  
Aw’ll laugh, an’ aw’ll dance, an’ aw’ll sing ;  
My spirit aw’m noan goin’ to spill,  
To please oather parson or king.

Aw’d better by th’ haue goo to bed,  
An’ saddle mysel’ in a snooze,  
Nor sit up an cry till my yed  
Feels as heavy as gamkeepers’ shoes.

Aw’ll smash that owd dule they co’ th’ dumps,  
An’ gi’e him a sattlin’ kick ;  
Aw ne’er knew him play “ace o’ trumps ;”  
He loses, wi nowt for a trick.

There's no chap should ever lose pluck ;  
By th' mon, if he does, lad, he's lost ;  
He'll slither deawn th' hill loike a truck  
'Ut's gotten no break, in a frost.

There's nowt loike a will to foind th' way,  
An' nowt's hauce so strong as a try :  
That's what my owd granny used t' say,  
An' granny ne'er tow'd me a lie.



### THE HERMIT.

BY JOHN BYROM, M.A., F.R.S., &c.

A HERMIT there was and he lived in a grot,  
And the way to be happy they said he had got ;  
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,  
And when I got there, the old hermit said, " Well,  
Young man, by your looks you want something, I see ;  
Come, tell me the business which brings you to me."

" Why, hermit," I answer'd, " you say very true,  
And I'll tell you the business which brings me to you ;  
The way to be happy they say you have got,—  
As I wanted to learn it I came to your grot ;  
Now I beg and I pray, if you've got such a plan,  
That you'll write it down for me as plain as you can."

Upon this the old hermit soon took up his pen,  
And he brought me these lines when he came back  
again :—

“ It is *being*, and *doing*, and *having*, that make  
All the pleasures and pains of which mortals partake :  
Now to *be* what God pleases, to *do* a man’s best,  
And to *have* a good heart, is the way to be blest.”



## THE GARLAND OF LIFE.\*

BY THE LATE J. B. ROGERSON.

IN youth we weave a garland of the brightest, fairest  
flowers,  
Of buds of every scent and hue, from spring and  
summer bowers ;  
Then we revel in its fragrance, and we gaze with rap-  
tured eye,  
And little think the loveliest flowers are earliest doom’d  
to die.

\* The language of flowers, and emblematic garlands, are of very ancient date. The following are the definitions of the flowers alluded to :—The Primrose, childhood ; Snowdrop, hope ; Daisy, innocence ; Violet, modesty ; Tulip, declaration of love ; Lilac, first emotions of love ; Rose, love ; Pink, pure love ; Vervain, enchantment ; Heart’s Ease, think of me ; Jasmine, amiableness ; Daffodil, self-love ; Wall-flower, fidelity in misfortune ; Acacia, friendship ; Honeysuckle, generous and devoted affection ; Dead Leaves, sadness and melancholy ; Weeping Willow, mourning ; Amaranth, immortality.—J. B. R.

The primrose of our childhood soon outlives its little  
day,  
The fragile snowdrop of our hopes will hasten to decay,  
The daisy-buds of innocence all vanish from our view,  
And the pure and modest violet droops its leaves of  
lustrous hue.

The tulip and the lilac-flower a little longer cling,  
And the tendrils of the rose and pink abroad their  
beauty fling ;  
The vervain of enchantment, and the heart's ease,  
soon are gone,  
Though the jasmine and the daffodil may yet a while  
live on.

The wall-flower, though it be the type of friendship in  
distress,  
Falls from the wreath when come the days of pain and  
wretchedness ;  
The acacia, with its friendly buds, forsakes the hour  
of gloom,  
And the honeysuckle fadeth with its incense and its  
bloom.

We gaze upon the garland with a sad and tearful eye,  
And muse upon the wither'd leaves that all about it lie ;  
They greet us as the emblems of our sorrow and  
despair,  
And still hang around the willow-boughs that form'd  
the garland fair.



One only flower survives the buds of summer and of  
spring,  
And telleth the repining heart that it to hope must  
cling ;  
The blessed amaranthine flower a boon to man was  
given,  
To speak of immortality, and point the way to heaven.

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THE TOPER'S PLEA FOR DRINKING.

BY THE LATE REV. THOMAS WILSON, B.D.\*

If life, like a bubble, evaporates fast,  
We must take off our wine, and the bubble will last ;  
For a bubble may soon be destroy'd with a puff,  
If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life's like a flower, as grave moralists say,  
'Tis a very good thing, understood the right way ;  
For if life's like a flower, even blockheads can tell  
If you'd have it look fresh, you must water it well.

That life is a journey no mortal disputes,  
So their brains they will liquor instead of their boots ;  
And each toper will own, on life's road as he reels,  
That a spur in the head is worth two on the heels.

\* Thomas Wilson was born at the village of Priest Hutton, near Lancaster, on the 3d December 1747. He died 3d March 1813, aged sixty-five. He was rector of Cloughton, incumbent of the parochial churches of Clitheroe and Downham, head master for thirty-eight years of the Free Grammar School of Clitheroe, and a justice of peace for the county.

If life's like a lamp, then, to make it shine brighter,  
 They assign to Madeira the post of lamplighter  
 They cherish the flame with Oporto so stout,  
 And drink ardent spirits till fairly burnt out.

This life to a theatre liken'd has been,  
 Where each has assign'd him a part in the scene ;  
 If 'tis theirs to be tipsy, 'tis matter of fact,  
 That the faster they guzzle the better they act.

Life, 'tis said, like a dream or a vision appears,  
 Where some laugh in their slumbers, and others shed  
     tears ;  
 But of toppers, when waked from their dream, 'twill be  
     said,  
 That the tears of the tankard were all that they shed.



### “HEAW QUARE IS THIS LOIFE!”

BY THOMAS BRIERLEY.\*

HEAW quare is this loife ! Could we live upo' love,  
 Time, wingèd wi' lilies, would fly loike a dove ;  
 As it is, why i' th' midst of cawr smoiles an' content,  
 In comes the lonlort demandin' his rent.

In the midst uv cawr gaiety, frolic, an' tawk,  
 In the midst of the rosiest, busiest walk,  
 By a garden o' fleawers that a foo' would elate,  
 The stomach will whisper it wanteth some meight.

\* Mr Thomas Brierley is a silk-weaver at Alkington, near Middleton.

By a dell, where the sangsters are werblin' above,  
 An' every rich hawthorn is braided wi' love,  
 By a fountain, the clearest that naytur con make,  
 Yoar teeth, oh, yoar teeth in a second con ache.

Yoa may walk wi' a friend, yoa may leighn on his arm,  
 Yoa may think that that friend in his hert has no harm,  
 Yoa may swear that he's honest, ah me ! very good ;  
 That *friend* 's happen slander'd yoa o 'at he could.

You may sit wi' yoar woife, yoa may gaze in her eyes,  
 Yoa may think they look very loike stars up i' th' skies,  
 Yoa may doat on yoar mate as a kitlin loves play ;  
 An' yet, so admoired, hoo mun droop un' decay.

Yoa may think yoa 'll be quiet, some solitude claim,  
 That for once i' yoar loife yoa 'll indulge in a dream ;  
 I' th' midst o' yoar castles—oh dear, not a bliss,  
 This toime 'tis yoar little un wantin' a kiss.

Yoa may tawk uv the future, wi' seigh i' yoar hert,  
 Yoa may think that the world connut gi'e yoa a smart,  
 Yoa may love yoar dear childer, as birds love th' spring :  
 Yet deoth con fly off wi' their souls on his wing.



## HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

(FROM "AUTUMN LEAVES.")

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

THE king who is swathed in the splendours of state,  
Whose power and possessions are wide,  
Is akin to the beggar who whines at his gate,  
Howe'er it may torture his pride :  
He is subject to ailments, and dangers, and woes,  
As the wretch who encounters the blast,  
And, despite of his grandeur, his bones must repose  
In the same grave of nature at last.

The beauty, surrounded by homage and wealth,  
Whose glance of command is supreme,  
Who walks in the grace of rich raiment and health,  
Whose life seems a musical dream,  
Is sister to her, who, old, haggard, and worn,  
Receives a chance crust by the way ;  
The proud one may treat her with silence and scorn,  
But their kinship no truth can gainsay.

The scholar, who glories in gifts of the mind,  
Who ransacks the treasures of time ;  
Who scatters his thoughts on the breath of the wind,  
And makes his own being sublime ;  
Even he is a brother to him at the plough,  
Whose feet crush the flowers in their bloom ;  
And to him who toils on, with a care-furrow'd brow,  
In chambers of clangour and gloom.

Chance, circumstance, intellect, change us in life,  
 Repulse us, and keep us apart ;  
 But would we had less of injustice and strife,  
 And more of right reason and heart !  
 One great human family, born of one Power,  
 Each claiming humanity's thought—  
 We should let our best sympathies flow like a dower,  
 And give and receive as we ought.



### THE GOOD SPIRIT.

BY MRS G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

OF all the good spirits that brighten the earth,  
 Good temper is surely the best ;  
 And luckless the hearth where she's seldom at home,  
 Or comes but a casual guest ;  
 Where the plumage is torn from her delicate wings,  
 And little is thought of the blessings she brings.

Good temper can give to the lowliest cot  
 A charm with the palace to vie,  
 For gloomy and dark is the loftiest dome  
 Unlit by her radiant eye ;  
 And 'tis she who alone makes the banquet divine,  
 Gives for viands ambrosia, and nectar for wine.

The world would be dreary and barren indeed,  
 Our pilgrimage weary and sad,  
 Did the strife-seeking spirit of Sullenness reign,  
 To trample on hearts that were glad ;

He would blot out life's sunshine, and pluck up its  
flowers,  
Driving Hope's sweetest song-birds away from its  
bowers.

Alas! that we ever should fall 'neath a sway  
So tyrannous, cruel, and stern—  
Should wilfully chase fair Good Temper away,  
Her favours indignantly spurn ;  
For with her there is pleasure, and gladness, and light ;  
With Sullenness, discord, and sadness, and night.

Let who will, give the demon a place in his breast,  
May Good Temper preside over mine ;  
She will lighten my sorrows, and whisper to Care  
Fewer thorns in my chaplet to twine :  
Then, be mine this Good Spirit who comes at our call,  
And would come, were she welcome, to each and to all !



## THE SUN AND THE FLOWERS:

A SONG OF LIFE.

BY JAMES WATSON, "The Doctor."\*

THE sun the early morn doth greet ;  
The dew begems the ground ;  
The flowers with fragrant odours meet,  
And perfume all around.

\* James Watson was born in Manchester in 1775. He was for a short time at the Free Grammar School there. As a youth he became stage-

So enters man life's giddy maze,  
Fearless of future harms ;  
Pleasure her wily path displays,  
And lures him by her charms.

The sun pursues his eager flight,  
The dewdrops soon are fled ;  
Each flower, obedient to the light,  
Bends low its drooping head.

So thoughtless man, his hopes to win,  
In pleasure's labyrinth strays,  
Till disappointment rushes in,  
And blights his future days.



### SONG OF THE EXILE.

BY THE LATE REV. RICHARD PARKINSON, D.D.

FAREWELL the shores I long have loved,  
The land where I have roam'd so long,  
Where first my boyish heart was moved,  
That gave me birth and taught me song ;  
To mountain heath, and stream, and dell,  
And loveliest home, a long farewell !

struck, associated with George Frederick Cooke when in Manchester, and other kindred spirits, and became intemperate. He was by turns an apothecary, an actor, librarian at the Portico, usher in a school at Altrincham, &c., and was drowned in the Mersey, near Didsbury, on the 24th June 1820. While an apothecary, his friends gave him the sobriquet of "The Doctor." The late D. W. Paynter published a volume of Watson's poems in 1820, to which he prefixed a memoir of the poet, and entitled the book "The Spirit of the Doctor."

And farewell every tender tie  
That binds to life the wayward heart ;  
The soothing tongue, the gentle eye,  
The open brow, the winning art,  
That drive the clouds of sorrow by,  
And swell delight to ecstasy.

My loved companions—some will shed  
A tear for my unpitying doom,  
And some forget me, with the dead  
Of ages in the silent tomb :  
The tomb would be a happier lot—  
I should not *know* myself forgot !

Where'er I roam, whate'er I see,  
Though fair and splendid be the scene,  
Its splendour has no charms for me,  
Unless it tells of what hath been ;  
And then it wrings my bosom's core,  
To think that it shall be no more !

This vast interminable plain  
My labouring eye with sorrow fills ;  
These waving seas of yellow grain  
Delight not like my native hills,  
With darkly-frowning forests bound,  
And with the heath's sweet blossom crown'd.

Oh ! death is but a dreamless sleep—  
Or gladly would I couch my head,  
Where I shall cease to watch and weep,  
In slumber with the unhallow'd dead ;  
For when asleep, in visions bland,  
I see once more my native land !



THE BRIDE.

BY WILLIAM MORT.

SHE left her father's land and the birthplace of her  
mother,  
She broke the bonds of sisterhood, she parted from her  
brother,  
And with one of distant country she cross'd the open  
sea,  
Her husband bore her to his home—thy fair land, Italy!

He bore her to his native home ; and who shall blame  
the pride  
That swell'd his breast while gazing on his beauteous  
English bride ?  
He took her to the valley where his boyhood had been  
pass'd,  
And he pointed out the mountain where he look'd  
upon it last.

He led her to his aged sire—his mother long was  
dead—  
And he heard with joyous feelings all the words of wel-  
come said ;  
He introduced his sisters—they, too, were young and  
fair—  
And with a smiling face he gave his wife unto their  
care.

And seven days pass'd over, and his bliss was unal-  
loy'd,  
And pleasure danced before him as a thing to be en-  
joy'd ;  
And every night his glowing cheek was pillow'd on the  
breast  
Of her whose happy heart alone his fervent love pos-  
sess'd.

. . . . .

Fled seven days of happiness—and, lo ! the eighth she  
lay  
A thing of love and beauty still, but life had pass'd  
away !  
The fairy foot was motionless, the voice of music  
hush'd,  
The spirit, like a frighten'd bird, from out its cage had  
rush'd.

And in his native valley he interr'd his English wife—  
That bitter hour reveal'd to him how frail a thing is  
life !  
He mourn'd as mourn the desolate when all their hope  
hath died,  
And again he cross'd the ocean—but where was *now*  
his pride ?



## AVARICE.

BY THE LATE REV. THOMAS WILSON, B.D.

WHAT man in his wits had not rather be poor,  
Than for lucre his freedom to give ?  
Ever busy the means of his life to secure,  
And for ever neglecting to live !

Environ'd from morning to night in a crowd,  
Not a moment unbent or alone ;  
Constrain'd to be abject, though ever so proud,  
And at every one's call but his own.

Still repining and looking for quiet each hour,  
Yet studiously plying it still ;  
With the means of enjoying such wish in his power,  
But accursèd in wanting the will.

For a year must be pass'd, or a day must be come,  
Before he has leisure to rest ;  
He must add to his store this or that petty sum,  
And then he'll have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,  
Only swell the desires of his eye :—  
Such a wretch let my enemy live, if he please,  
But, oh, not so wretchedly die !



## THINK NOT OF FAILURE.

(FROM "SONGS OF MY LEISURE HOURS.")

BY MRS WM. HOBSON.

THINK not of failure,  
Look hopefully on ;  
Droop not o'er sorrows  
Whilst joy may be won ;  
Cease useless pining,  
Be up and astir,  
Look boldly round thee,  
At fate ne'er demur.

Think not of stopping,  
Because in the strife  
Some gain before thee  
The battle of life ;  
Let it awake thee  
To what may be won ;  
Let it arouse thee  
To what may be done.

Think not of casting  
Thy soul's dream away,  
Because the road's rugged,  
And dreary the day ;  
Clear the mountain crest  
With the eagle's eye,  
Its summit surmount  
Though it pierce the sky.

Think not that shadows  
For ever will rest ;  
Sunshine *must* follow—  
Hope on for the best.  
Life has its beauty,  
Its summer and flowers,  
To cheer with their light  
The dreariest hours !



## A WELCOME.

BY JAMES DAWSON, Jun.

EH, Jone, aw 'm rare un' fain thae 'rt come,  
Thae's had thi back to th' leet, aw 'm sure ;  
Thae has no' bin this dur within  
These hawve-a-dozen years, or moor ;  
Aw 'm fain, aw say, for t' see thee here,  
Owd brid ! an' heaw art getting on ?  
Aw have no' seen thoose roguish een  
This mony a weary winter gone.

Thae favvert, then, a feightin' cock,  
Bo' neaw thae 'rt loike a mopin' hen ;  
An' next, thae'll be like some owd clock  
'At's stopt, an' winno go agen ;  
Thae 'rt lookin' wur for th' wear, for sure ;  
Bo' thae 'rt so loike, for owt aw know,  
Thae's bin i' th' meawt, aw dunno deawt ;  
Come, sit thee deawn an' tell me o.

This mornin', when I lee i' bed,  
 Aw thowt, " Well, Jone 'll come to-neet ;"  
 An' this owd heart, ut 's fought an' bled,  
 Beawnc't loike a bo, an' felt as leet !  
 Aw 'd rayther ha' thee i' mi heawse  
 Than owt i' th' lord or lady line ;  
 Ther 's moor i' th' fruit than what 's i' th' root—  
 I' deeds than names, tho' ne'er so fine.

Eawr Moll 's gone deawn to th' Ferny Bank,  
 Eawr Robin 's eawt a cooartin' Nell ;  
 Pu' up thi chear to th' fender here,  
 We'n th' heawse an' th' har'stone to ussel ;  
 It 's rare an' grand an' comfortin',  
 When folk are gotten owd an' lone,  
 For t' have, rent free, like thee an' me,  
 A heawse an' harbour o' ther own.

Bur come ; aw 'm howdin' back thi tale ;  
 Aw know thae has one, good or bad,—  
 Some rare owd yarn for t' taych an' warn,  
 Let 's yer thi seawnd thi keigh-note, lad ;  
 An' tell me, while thae 'rt wifin' on,  
 Heaw things are deawn i' Howden Dale,  
 An heaw thae 's peck'd sin th' trade wur wreck'd,  
 An' hearts an' looms began for t' fail ? \*

\* This song was written in 1864. The writer is a working man, at Hartshead, near Ashton-under-Lyne.



DO A GOOD TURN WHEN YOU CAN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

IT needs not great wealth a kind heart to display,—  
If the hand be but willing, it soon finds a way ;  
And the poorest one yet in the humblest abode  
May help a poor brother a step on his road.  
Oh ! whatever the fortune a man may have won,  
A kindness depends on the way it is done ;  
And though poor be our purse, and though narrow our  
span,  
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can !

The bright bloom of pleasure may charm for a while,  
But its beauty is frail, and inconstant its smile ;  
Whilst the beauty of kindness, immortal in bloom,  
Sheds a sweetness o'er life, and a grace o'er the tomb !  
Then if we enjoy life, why, the next thing to do,  
Is to see that another enjoys his life too ;  
And though poor be our purse, and though narrow our  
span,  
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can !



LOVE, HONOUR, AND DEATH.

BY HENRY KIRK.

OH, gladly the breeze over sweet Devon's lands  
Bore the sound of the bells in the morning,  
As a loving young pair, who had plighted their hands,  
From the altar with glad eyes were turning !

And many a noble, warm heart that was there,  
Shower'd on them its rich store of blessing,  
While the soldier bent over his fond, blushing fair,  
Her soft hand in his own still caressing !

When the brown, wither'd leaves, as the autumn came  
round,

From the trees of rich Devon were falling,  
Again the glad breeze bore the bells' pealing sound,  
While the loud boom of cannon was rolling.  
They told of a victory won o'er the foe,—  
Of deeds of the true British glory,—  
How the brave *few* rejoiced o'er the *many* laid low,  
And wrote down in blood the red story !

When the wild, rushing winds of December's drear  
morn;

O'er the plains of bleak Devon were sweeping,  
Again on their wings the deep pealing was borne,—  
But now 'twas the knell of the sleeping !  
In the van of the brave the young soldier had died,  
With the bright wreath of valour before him ;  
And this was the knell of his heart-broken bride,  
Who ceased but in death to deplore him !



#### LINES WRITTEN IN A BOAT.

BY THE LATE REV. RICHARD PARKINSON, D.D.

PULL ! pull ! my boys, the stream runs fast,  
And favouring is the gale ;  
And see, the setting sun has cast  
A shadow o'er the vale ;



Our course is rough, the way is long,  
The light is sinking fast,  
Pull ! pull ! my boys, your oars are strong,  
And favouring is the blast.

How bounds the boat beneath each stroke  
The labouring arm applies !  
How, by the dashing oars awoke,  
The air-blown bubble flies !  
How sweet, as on its wat'ry wings,  
The steady pinnacle glides,  
To listen to the stream that sings,  
And ripples round its sides !

Fast flies on either hand the bank,  
As down the stream we bound ;  
How soon yon towering mountain sank  
Beneath the swelling ground !  
See on that hillock's verdant brow  
The sun's last radiance quiver ;  
We turn this jutting point—and now—  
The beam is gone for ever !

So floats our life down Time's rough stream,  
Such is its constant motion ;  
And bubbles on the land will gleam  
Like bubbles on the ocean.  
Then pull, my boys ! the stream runs fast,  
The sun's last beam is shining,  
And fix your steady anchor fast  
Before the day's declining.

## HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

STRIVE on, brave souls, and win your way  
By energy and care,  
Waste not one portion of the day  
In languor or despair ;  
A constant drop will wear the stone,  
A constant effort clear  
Your way, however wild and lone :  
Hope on and persevere !

Strive on, and if a shadow fall  
To dim your forward view,  
Think that the sun is over all,  
And will shine out anew ;  
Disdain the obstacles ye meet,  
And to one course adhere,  
Advance with quick but cautious feet :  
Hope on and persevere !

Rough places may deform the path  
That ye desire to tread,  
And clouds of mingled gloom and wrath  
May gather overhead ;  
Voices of menace and alarm  
May startle you with fear ;  
But faith has a prevailing charm :  
Believe and persevere !

THE WEAVER OF WELLBROOK.

BY B. BRIERLEY.\*

Yo gentlemen o with yor heawnds an' yor parks,—  
 Yo may gamble an' sport till yo dee ;  
 Bo a quiet heawse nook,—a good wife an' a book,  
 Is mooar to the likins o' me—e.

    Wi' mi pickers an' pins,  
     An' mi wellers to th' shins ;  
 Mi linderins, shuttle, and yealdhook ;—  
     Mi treddles an' sticks,  
     Mi weight-ropes an' bricks ;—  
 What a life !—said the wayver o' Wellbrook.

Aw care no' for titles, nor heawses, nor lond ;  
 Owd Jone's a name fittin' for me ;  
 An' gie mi a thatch wi' a wooden dur latch,  
 An' six feet o' greawnd when aw dee—e.—&c.

Some folk liken t' stuff their owd wallets wi' mayte,  
 Till they're as reawnt an' as brawsen as frogs ;  
 Bo for me—aw'm content when aw've paid deawn mi  
 rent,  
 Wi' enoof t' keep mi up i' mi clogs—ogs.—&c.

An' ther some are too idle to use ther own feet,  
 An' mun keawr an' stroddle i' th' lone ;  
 Bo when aw'm wheelt or carried—it'll be to get berried,  
 An' then Dicky-up wi' Owd Jone—one.—&c.

\* The graphic writer in dialect of "Daisy Nook," the "Chronicles of Waverlow," (from which this song is taken,) "The Layrock of Langley Side," and "Tales and Sketches of Lancashire Life," &c.

Yo may turn up yor noses at me an' th' owd dame,  
 An' thrutch us like dogs agen th' wo ;  
 Bo as lung's aw con nayger aw 'll ne'er be a beggar,  
 So aw care no' a cuss for yo o—o.—&c.

Then, Margit, turn reawnd that owd hum-a-drum wheel,  
 An' mi shuttle shall fly like a brid ;  
 An' when aw no lunger can use hont or finger,  
 They'n say—while aw *could* do aw *did*—*id*.—&c.



### THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

BY MRS G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

GLANCING in the sunlight,  
 Dancing in the breeze,  
 See the new-born leaflets  
 On the summer trees :  
 Joying in existence,  
 Whisp'ringly they play,  
 Toying with each other  
 Through the golden day :  
 And when evening's eyelids  
 Close upon the hill,  
 Casting loving glances  
 On the answering rill :  
 Thus they dance and flutter  
 All the summer through,  
 Light, and gay, and gladsome,  
 Leaflets green and new :  
 " Life is all before us—life is full of glee !"  
 Is the joyous chorus heard from every tree.

Hanging in the branches,  
 Drooping in the shade,  
 Mark the autumn leaflets  
 How they pine and fade ;  
 Rustling—as the storm-blast  
 Sweeps across the moor—  
 Driven by the whirlwind  
 To the cottar's door ;  
 Dark, and thick, and heavy,  
 With the dust of Time,  
 Weary of existence,  
 List their wintry chime,  
 As the mournful cadence  
 Rings in human ears,  
 A never-ending moral  
 For the coming years,  
 This the parting chorus—"Leaves, our course is run ;  
 Death is now before us—but *our work is done !*"



"MY *PIECE* IS O BU' WOVEN EAWT."

(FROM "AFTER-BUSINESS JOTTINGS.")

BY RICHARD R. BEALEY.

My "piece" is o bu' woven eawt,  
 My wark is welly done :  
 Aw've "treddled" at it day by day,  
 Sin' th' toime 'ut aw begun.

Aw 've sat i' th' loom-heawse long enough,  
An' made th' owd shuttle fly ;  
An' neaw aw'm fain to stop it off,  
An' lay my weyvin' by.

Aw dunnot know heaw th' piece is done ;  
Aw'm fear'd it's marr'd enough ;  
Bu' th' warp wern't made o' th' best o' yarn,  
An' th' weft were nobbut rough.  
Aw've been some bother'd neaw an' then  
Wi' knots, an' breakin's too ;  
They'n hamper'd me so mich at toimes  
Aw've scarce known what to do.

Bu' th' Mester's just, an' weel He knows  
'Ut th' yarn were none so good ;  
He winna' "bate" me when He sees  
Aw've done as weel's aw could.  
Aw'se get my wage—aw'm sure o' that ;  
He'll gi'e me o' 'ut's due,  
An', mebbe, in His t'other place,  
Some better wark to do.

Bu' then, aw reckon, 't isn't th' stuff  
We'n gotten t' put i' th' loom,  
Bu' what we mak' on 't, good or bad,  
'Ut th' credit on 't 'll come.  
Some wark i' silk, an' other some  
Ha'e cotton i' their gear ;  
Bu' silk or cotton matters nowt,  
If nobbut th' skill be theere.

Bu' now it's nee' to th' eend o' th' week,  
An' close to th' reckonin' day :  
Aw'll tak' my "piecc" upon my back,  
An' yer what th' Mester 'll say :  
An' if aw nobbut yer His voice  
Pronounce my wark "weel done,"  
Aw'll straight forget o th' trouble past  
I' th' pleasure 'ut's begun.



## OUR DAILY PATHS.\*

BY MRS HEMANS.

"Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings."

WORDSWORTH.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our  
watchful eyes  
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their  
lowly guise ;  
We may find it where a hedge-row showers its blos-  
soms o'er our way,  
Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last red  
light of day.

\* The admiration which the late Mr Dugald Stewart always expressed for Mrs Hemans's poetry was mingled with regret that she so generally made choice of melancholy subjects ; and he sent her, through a friend of both, a message suggestive of his wish that she would employ her fine talents in giving more consolatory views of Providence, rather than dwell on the painful and depressing. In reply, Mrs Hemans sent to

We may find it where a spring shines clear beneath  
an aged tree,  
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass, borne down-  
wards by the bee ;  
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen  
stems is thrown,  
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses  
green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross  
the cold, blue sky,  
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencill'd  
shadows lie,  
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-  
work bound,  
Whence the flitting red-breast shakes a shower of  
crystals to the ground.

Yes ! beauty dwells in all our paths—but sorrow too  
is there ;  
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still  
summer air !  
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the  
joyous things,  
That through the leafy places glance on many-colour'd  
wings.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy wood-  
land shades,  
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the  
glades ;

the friend the above piece, requesting it might be given to Mr Stewart, to whom it was read by his daughter. He was much charmed and gratified ; and some of its lines were often repeated to him during the few remaining weeks of his life.



And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's  
plaintive tone  
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter  
gone.

But are we free to do even thus—to wander as we  
will—

Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the  
breezy hill?

No! in our daily paths lie cares, that oftentimes bind  
us fast,

While from their narrow round we see the golden day  
fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violet  
dingles, back,

And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the  
shining river's track ;

They bar us from our heritage of spring-time, hope,  
and mirth,

And weigh our burden'd spirits down with the cum-  
bering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, despond-  
ingly we yield !

A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field !  
A sweeter by the birds of heaven, which tell us in their  
flight

Of One that through the desert air for ever guides  
them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid  
vain conflicts cease ?

Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy  
hours of peace ;

And feel that by the lights and clouds through which  
our pathway lies,  
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for  
the skies !

---

## HELP ONE ANOTHER.

BY THOMAS BRIERLEY.

SLUR on one another through life,  
Save om'dy\* fro bangs that yo con,  
Help folk wi' thur sledges along,  
Un' do it wi' th' heart of a mon ;  
Beware uv th' noddles un' cracks,  
Un' always give honest advice ;  
For life, has a meanderin' track,  
Through rindles un' rivers uv ice

Tak' note if it's brittle un' weak,  
Tak' note if it's slippy un' thin,  
Tak' note if it's rotten un' rough,  
For happen the ice may let in ;  
Tak' note uv the jags un' the points,  
Un' if thur's a treacherous dot,  
Be shure to point to o others  
That very same dangerous spot.

Tak' care uv the windin' un' turns,  
Tak' care uv the mazes that meet,  
Un' always cry out i' good time,  
Wheer men cannot ston o' thur feet ;

\* Anybody.

Beware if it happens to thaw,  
When th' wayter comes trickling deawn,  
For th' ice will impøir in its strength,  
Un' theawsands are sartain to dreawn.

But recollect weel that the best  
Can never be always i' th' reet ;  
Th' wisest of men mun sometimes  
Be startled, un' slip off thur feet ;  
'Tis best to prepare then i' time,  
Un' give earthly bubbles thur due ;  
We'st never get through every slur,  
Witheawt an odd tumble or two.

If we tak' prudent care uv eawrsels,  
If we help other folk when we con,  
If we stick to a friend when he's gull'd,  
Un' give him another lift on ;  
If we toss an old bite to distress,  
If we hond a good shirt to the poor,  
If we strain every nerve for true worth,  
We're doin' what's reet, un' no moor.



## SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

NO. I.—THE GATHERING. \*

BY WILLIAM MORT.

HARK ! to the hurried trampling  
Of the many thousand feet,  
As they hasten to the rendezvous  
Along the crowded street !  
No martial music heralds them,  
No lordling leads them on ;  
Their trumpets' notes are wild "hurrahs !" —  
Plumed chieftain they have none !

Yet firm are they in purpose  
From thralldom to be freed ;  
They have sworn a mighty oath to God,  
To battle for their creed !  
And who, among created men,  
The dastard that would pause  
Like her of Sodom, to *look back*  
In such a glorious cause !

No princely names possess they  
Their mission to support ;  
They have not sued to coronets,  
Nor bow'd and cringed at court.  
They've pass'd the palace of the peer,  
And shunn'd its stately door,  
Preferring welcome and a meal  
With the more noble poor.

\* This was written in May 1834, and appeared thirty years ago in *Tait's Magazine*.

And now once more they summon  
Their ill-clad ranks to meet ;  
The rude-made banners rise again,  
And sail along the street.  
King ! Lords ! and Commons ! ye shall hear  
What famish'd men can dare—  
The voice of trampled slaves shall rise  
And echo through the air !

But, lo ! Despair is with them—  
You may hear his hollow tread,  
As vacantly he stalks along,  
And feebly mutters, “ Bread ! ”  
And o'er his bony shoulder peers  
Dark Famine's sunken eye,  
As with a mocking shout he lifts  
The gaudy flag on high !

Behold ! they gain the platform—  
Their haggard chairman speaks ;  
Alas ! he cannot varnish o'er  
That mute appeal, their cheeks !  
Calmly he speaks, and calmly they  
Drink every burning word—  
So still, betwixt each breathing pause  
A *whisper* had been heard !

Another rises—limbs deformed  
Support his wasted frame—  
And long and loud and wild applause  
His proud success proclaim !

And lo ! a third—well-favour'd he,  
And young, at least in years—  
He speaks, and music falls to earth,  
And draws from *beggars* tears !

But vain their speeches—vain, alas !  
Bright gold would serve them more ;  
What can *their* feeble cries avail  
Beneath the full-fang'd boar ?  
As well, expecting bread, might they  
Go forth and ask a stone,  
As seek redress from men whose hearts  
Are callous to their groan !

O ye who dress in purple robes,  
And daily eat a meal ;  
Who have no wrongs to be avenged,  
No starving pangs to heal ;  
Plead ye for those who have not gold  
To pay the pleader's fee ;  
And let it be no more a taunt,  
That *British men are free !*

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BOWTON'S YARD.

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

AT number one, i' Bowton's yard, mi gronny keeps a  
  schoo',  
But hasn't mony scholars yet, hoo's only one or two ;  
They sen th' owd woman 's rayther cross,—well, well,  
  it may be so ;  
Aw know hoo box'd me rarely once, an' poo'd mi ears  
  an' o.

At number two lives widow Burns—hoo weshes clooas  
  for folk ;  
Their Billy, that's her son, goes reawnd a beggin' wi'  
  a poke ;  
They sen hoo cooarts wi' Sam o' Neds, at lives at  
  number three,—  
It may be so, aw conno' tell, it matters nowt to me.

At number three, reet facin' th' pump, Ned Grimshaw  
  keeps a shop ;  
He's Eccles-cakes, an' gingerbread, an' treacle beer,  
  an' pop ;  
He sells oat-cakes an' o, does Ned, he has boath soft  
  an' hard,  
An' everybody buys of him 'at lives i' Bowton's yard.

At number four Jack Blunderick lives ; he goes to th'  
  mill an' wayves,  
An' then at th' week-end, when he's time, he pows \* a  
  bit, an' shaves ;

\* Polls, cuts hair.

He's badly off, is Jack, poor lad, he's rayther lawm,  
an' then  
His wife's had childer very fast,—aw think they'n nine  
or ten.

At number five aw live mysel', wi' owd Susannah  
Grimes,  
But dunno' loike so very weel, hoo turns me eawt  
sometimes ;  
An' when aw'm in there's ne'er no leet, aw have to  
ceawer i' th' dark ;  
Aw conno' pay mi lodgin' brass, becose aw'm eawt o'  
wark.

At number six, next dur to us, an' close o' th' side o'  
th' speawt,  
Owd Susy Collins sells smo' drink, but hoo's welly  
allis beawt ;  
But heaw it is that is the case aw'm sure aw conno'  
tell,  
Hoo happen maks it very sweet, an' sups it o hersel !

At number seven there's nob'dy lives, they left it yes-  
terday,  
Th' bum-baylies coom an' mark'd their things, an'  
took 'em o away ;  
They took 'em in a donkey-cart—aw know nowt wheer  
they went—  
Aw reckon they'n bin ta'en and sowd becose they ow'd  
some rent.

At number eight they're Yawshur folk—there's only  
th' mon an' woife,  
Aw think aw ne'er seed noicer folk nor these i' o my  
loife ;



Yo'll never yer 'em foin' eawt, loike lots o' married  
folk,  
They allis seem good-temper'd like, an' ready wi' a  
joke.

At number nine th' owd cobbler lives—th' owd chap  
'at mends mi shoon,  
He's gettin' very weak an' done, he'll ha' to leove us  
soon ;  
He reads his Bible every day, an' sings just loike a  
lark,  
He says he's practisin' for heaven,—he's welly done  
his wark.

At number ten James Bowton lives,—he's th' noicest  
heawse i' th' row ;  
He's allis plenty o' sum'at t' eat, an' lots o' brass an' o' ;  
An' when he rides an' walks abeawt he's dress'd up  
very fine,  
But he isn't hawve as near to heaven as him at num-  
ber nine.

At number 'leven mi uncle lives—aw co' him uncle  
Tum,  
He goes to concerts, up an' deawn, an' plays a kettle-  
drum ;  
I' bands o' music, an' sich things, he seems to tak a  
pride,  
An' allis maks as big a noise as o i' th' place beside.

At number twelve, an' th' eend o' th' row, Joe Stiggins  
deals i' ale ;  
He's sixpenny, an' fourpenny, dark-colour'd, an' he's  
pale ;

But aw ne'er touch it, for aw know it's ruin'd mony a  
bard,—

Aw'm th' only chap as doesn't drink 'at lives i' Bow-  
ton's yard.

An' neaw aw've done aw'll say good-bye, an' leave yo  
for a while,

Aw know aw haven't tow'd mi tale i' sich a first-rate  
style ;

Iv yo're weel pleased aw'm satisfied, an' ax for no re-  
ward,

For tellin' who mi nayburs is, 'at lives i' Bowton's  
yard.



### WELCOME WHITSUNTIDE.\*

(FROM "SONGS OF MY LEISURE HOURS.")

BY MRS WM. HOBSON.

WELCOME, with thy face of beauty ;  
Welcome with thy joyous smile ;  
Pleasure beams around each duty  
When thy sunny hours beguile—  
Glowing Whitsuntide.

Welcome, with thy look of gladness  
Sparkling forth from every eye ;  
Where's the heart that 's dimm'd with sadness  
When thou comest laughing by ?  
Joyous Whitsuntide.

\* Whitsuntide is the great yearly holiday of the working-classes of Lancashire.—ED.

Welcome, with thy flowerets gemming  
Field and meadows, hill and dale,  
Gleaming, round, rare pearl drops hemming  
O'er the forest and the vale—  
Jewell'd Whitsuntide.

Welcome, with thy form of brightness,  
And thy music-breathing tone ;  
Happiness and love and lightness  
Are the children of thy home—  
Laughing Whitsuntide.

Welcome, with thy life-breeze springing,  
Wafting round us health and joy ;  
To each care-worn spirit bringing  
Pleasures bearing no alloy—  
Freshening Whitsuntide.

Welcome, with thy pleasant rambles  
By the ocean and the stream,  
Through the heath-wood and the brambles,  
Glowing as a poet's dream—  
Fairy Whitsuntide.

Welcome, with thy laugh of childhood,  
Mingling with each zephyr's sigh ;  
Ringing through the gladden'd wild-wood,  
Startling feather'd songsters nigh—  
Youthful Whitsuntide.

Welcome, with thy holy teaching,  
Weighty truths of nature's gold,  
Bringing to our minds the preaching  
Of the patriarchs of old—  
Hallow'd Whitsuntide.

Welcome, with thy simple treasures,  
Violet and azure bell,  
Coming to the heart as pleasures  
With a holy, heaven-wrought spell—  
Happy Whitsuntide.

Welcome, with thy youthful voices,  
Gaily singing from each glen :  
How the inmost soul rejoices,  
Listening to thy strains again—  
Pleasant Whitsuntide.

Welcome, with thy scenes Elysian,  
Glowing landscapes rich and grand,  
Like the pictures of some vision  
We have read of fairy land—  
Dreamy Whitsuntide.

Welcome, gladly do we greet thee,  
Holy, happy, regal time ;  
And, with bounding hearts, we 'll meet thee  
With a joyous, silvery chime—  
Welcome Whitsuntide.



## LOWLY WORTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Is the lily less pure, that it springs from the earth,  
Whose dark mould its pale leaves o'erwave ?  
Is the pearl the less bright, because hid at its birth  
In the fathomless ocean's cave ?

Is the flower of a richly-expanding mind  
To be spurn'd, because penury's child ;  
Is the pure, noble heart, that in sorrow has pined,  
To be therefore unvalued, reviled ?

“Yes, yes,”—by the proud and the weak and the vain ;

“No ;”—not by the good and the wise :

Lowly flowers shall bloom, lost gems sparkle again,  
In the radiant light of the skies.



### STANZAS WRITTEN TO MUSIC.

BY THE LATE REV. RICHARD PARKINSON, D.D.

'TIS sadly sweet, in day's decline,  
To mark the waning sun,  
And catch his last soft beams that shine  
When noonday hours are done :  
And though more bright and glorious be  
His morning's glorious ray,  
Yet dearer is his smile to me  
When evening dies away.

And so it is, as life declines,  
Each holier duty throws  
A glory round our path, that shines  
More sweetly to the close.  
And though the days of youth be bright,  
And manhood's hours be gay,  
Yet cheering is our gentler light  
When evening dies away.

## THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

BY ROBERT ROCKLIFF.

OH ! sing it not, that simple air,  
Though sung by one so young and fair,  
Awakes no feeling save despair—  
Oimé !

For every note recalls the time  
When first I listen'd to its chime,  
And life and love were in their prime—  
Oimé !

I heard it on my bridal day,  
And felt the happier for a lay  
At once so tender and so gay—  
Oimé !

But death has taken from my side  
The fondly loved and loving bride,  
Who sang it in that hour of pride--  
Oimé !

And now the sweetest songs appear  
Unto my disenchanted ear  
A discord, which I loathe to hear—  
Oimé !

And even in this simple air,  
Though sung by one so young and fair,  
There breathes no feeling save despair—  
Oimé !

## TO FALSEHOOD.

BY THE LATE JOHN BRIGGS.

HAIL, Falsehood ! jaundiced gossip, hail !  
Thy squint-eyed leer can oft prevail  
O'er truth itself, victorious !  
Thy empire's large and unconfined,  
And o'er the hearts of half mankind  
Thy lying flag waves, glorious.

In childhood's purest, simplest walks,  
The truant schoolboy oft invokes  
Thine aid, his faults to cover.  
Wrapp'd in a tender *billet-doux*,  
Thine artful smile can Delia woo,—  
And thus befriend the lover.

The noblest name below the sky,  
Touch'd by thy poisonous breath, will die,  
And Scandal make a feast on 't.  
The reputation of the fair  
Beneath thy frown will disappear—  
Will *fade*—to say the least on 't.

Thy power is great, we must confess,  
And all must own thy *usefulness*,  
However much we scout thee ;  
And though we say, with pouting scorn,  
“ We wish that thou hadst ne'er been born.” —  
Yet, who can do without thee ?

What could we do without thine aid,  
In all the *honest tricks of trade*,  
Where truth must keep her distance?  
Could many a parson be ordain'd,  
Could half our lawyers be maintain'd,  
Without thy kind assistance?

The youth who strains, for gold, his art,  
Yet swears that Cupid fires his heart,  
Is in *thy* train-band 'listed.  
She, who to hide some former flame,  
Would re-assert her virgin fame,  
Must be by thee assisted.

Shaped like a mask of modest grace,  
Thou shad'st the Yorkshire clothier's face—  
Thou 'rt really queen of witches.  
In honesty thou veil'st a knave;  
Thou mak'st e'en cowards pass for brave;  
And giv'st poor Paddy, riches.

Wrapp'd in a coat of sober gray,  
Squeezed in a Quaker's yea and nay,  
Unseen thou 'lt oft past muster.  
The dangling beau, the modish belle,  
Transmuted by the magic spell,  
To thee owe half their lustre.

The bulletin—the doctor's fee—  
Is often dictated by thee—  
Thy conscience never scruples.  
In courts and senates thou canst shine;  
And masquerades are wholly thine;  
And *quacks*—are all thy pupils.



That, but for thee, the *poet's* quill  
Could ne'er its arduous task fulfil,  
Is powerfully attested ;  
And when a truth too bold appears,  
And critics pinch the author's ears,  
The Muse screams out—" I *jested*."



## GOOD NEET.

BY JAMES DAWSON, Jun.

GOOD neet, owd friend ! aw wish thee well,  
An' o thi family too ;  
May wisdom faithful in thee dwell,  
Like folly in a foo'.

May o thi days be spent i' peace,  
Like thoose o' which we sung  
I' th' winter neets, at th' " Gowden Fleece,"  
When thee an' me wur yung.

An' may thae never need to cringe  
Before a titled Sur ;  
An honest workin' mon is th' hinge,  
A lord is nobbut th' dur.

Be guided still, through weal or woe,  
By thy dear spousie's tung ;  
For then, though foo's deny, aw know  
Thae never con be wrung.

This world, thae knows, is full o' snares  
To tangle honest men ;  
Thae rises, but ther's scores o' stairs  
To help thee deawn ogen.

Just wipe thi specs, an' rub thi een,  
An stretch thi up, owd mon !  
Look where thae will, some vice is seen  
Allurin' virtue on.

But no sich form cawr steps shall lure,  
Though clothed i' garments smart ;  
We 'll jog along wi' morals pure,  
True noblemen i' heart.

Oft have we met, an' often still  
As true friends may we meet ;  
Aw rank thee th' fost o' th' jovial crill—  
Good neet, owd friend, good neet !



## THE FRIENDS OF "AULD LANG SYNE."

(FROM "SONGS OF MY LEISURE HOURS.")

BY MRS WILLIAM HOBSON.

HERE'S to the friends who have cheer'd our youth,  
The friends we loved and knew ;  
When the world was bright to our dazzled sight,  
And every heart seem'd true ;  
We fondly cherish their memory yet,  
'Tis 'graved in affection's mine,  
And we often turn with heartfelt yearn,  
To the friends of "Auld lang syne."

The heart looks back to its early love,  
 And lingering, longs to dwell  
 O'er the first sweet vow that flush'd our brow,  
 And thrill'd with its nameless spell:  
 That spell it is haunting our day-dream yet,  
 It tells of the radiant time,  
 And we sighing turn, and fondly yearn  
 To the love of "Auld lang syne."

Here 's to the friends, wherever they be,  
 The absent, the lost, or the dead;  
 Their names shall rest in our faithful breast,  
 Till we're laid in the grassy bed.  
 We never again may clasp their hand,  
 Yet deep in affection's shrine,  
 We have 'graven there, on an altar fair,  
 "To the Friends of 'Auld lang syne.'



F A M E.

BY THOMAS BRIERLEY.

THERE is a simple thing on earth,  
 That pleases nearly every one:  
 Its spring, or rise, or growth, or birth,  
 Was never yet determined on.  
 And men of sense and learning too,  
 Philosophers and poets warm,  
 Great warriors stern and patriots true,  
 Have striven hard to taste this charm.

'Tis nought to carry, nought to touch,  
'Tis nought to view, 'twill nothing bless ;  
'Twill not adorn, forsooth, e'en such  
As wear it in its grandest dress.  
'Tis tasteless, colourless, and thin,  
'Tis never steady, never true ;  
'Tis nought, and all the world to win,  
And yet 'tis sweet as honey too.

'Tis like a primrose in the grass,  
'Tis various as the new-cut blades,  
It can be seen through just like glass,  
And yet has many a thousand shades ;  
'Tis fleeting as a sunny smile,  
It can be grasp'd at many ways,  
And scores have worn it for a while,  
But not a mortal all his days.

What is this tasteless, honey food,  
This brilliant rainbow, magic wand,  
That 's made a thousand warriors brood,  
And slain so many poets grand ;  
This never-to-be-finger'd gem,  
This soul and pleasure-swealing flame,  
This wreath and rosy diadem ?—  
'Tis nought but bubbling, windy Fame !



## "BE KIND TO EACH OTHER!"

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

BE kind to each other !  
The night 's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone !  
Then 'midst our dejection,  
How sweet to have earn'd  
The blest recollection  
Of kindness—*return'd* !  
When day hath departed,  
And Memory keeps  
Her watch—broken-hearted—  
Where all she loved sleeps.

Let falsehood assail not  
Nor envy disprove,—  
Let trifles prevail not  
Against those ye love !  
Nor change with to-morrow,  
Should fortune take wing ;  
But the deeper the sorrow  
The closer still cling !

Oh, be kind to each other ! &c.



## FAREWELL.

BY THE LATE JOHN JUST.\*

SOON we feel the sad impression :  
Soon the faltering tale we tell,  
How each highly-prized possession  
Bids us all a long farewell.

Youth with all its envied pleasures,  
Broods o'er sorrows oft as well,—  
Smiles an hour on what it treasures,  
Then for ever sighs farewell.

What avails a mother's feeling ?  
Children's eyelids vainly swell ;  
Heart from heart the world is stealing :  
We must feel thy pangs—farewell !

High in hope and golden dreaming,  
Still at home we all would dwell ;  
Parting comes, and tears are streaming,  
Hot, wrung out by our farewell.

There's a youth just by yon dwelling,  
Wherein first his accents fell ;  
What emotions he is quelling  
As his hand waves his farewell !

\* John Just, though a native of Natland, near Kendal, spent the best and most valuable part of his life at Bury and the neighbourhood. He was second master of the Bury Grammar School from 1832 till his death, on the 14th October 1852, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was an able geologist and chemist, an accomplished archæologist and antiquary, botanist, and philologist ; and left many essays and papers in all these branches of science. The stanzas printed were one of his juvenile pieces.

Near the door there stands his mother,  
Mute with grief unspeakable,—  
Sisters sobbing, and his brother  
Sunk in soul—at his farewell.

But, ah ! who's she he now is meeting,  
Pale and sad, within the dell ?  
As 'twould break her heart is beating,—  
Keen as death is her farewell.

Fondest hopes she's long been rearing,  
Broken now's the illusive spell ;  
Far away her love is steering,  
And for ever's their farewell.

Mark an only child there dying,  
Low beneath the straw-roof'd cell ;  
Oh, what grief their souls are trying,  
While its parents weep—farewell !

Can a new-made bride feel sorrow,  
Join'd to him she loves so well ?  
Friends and home she quits to-morrow,  
Feels no joy in her farewell.

'Tis a trial past man's bearing,  
While slow sounds the funeral knell,  
In her grave to leave, despairing,  
Her he loved, and look—farewell.

Constant as the day's returning,  
Lose we what we think excels ;  
Life's short span's a span of mourning,  
Fill'd with nought but sad farewells.

## KINDLY WORDS.

(FROM "MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.")

BY J. C. PRINCE.

THE wild rose, mingled with the fragrant bine,  
Is calmly graceful, beautiful to me,  
And glorious are the countless stars that shine  
With silent splendour over earth and sea ;  
But gentle words, and hearts where love has room,  
And cordial hands, that often clasp my own,  
Are better than the fairest flowers that bloom,  
Or all the unnumber'd stars that ever shone.

The fostering sun may warm the fields to life,  
The gentle dew refresh the drooping flower,  
And make all beauteous things supremely rife  
In gorgeous summer's grand and golden hour ;  
But words that breathe of tenderness and love,  
And genial smiles, that we are sure are true,  
Are warmer than the summer sky above,  
And brighter, gentler, sweeter than the dew.

It is not much the selfish world can give,  
With all its subtle and deceiving art ;  
And gold and gems are not the things that live,  
Or satisfy the longings of the heart ;  
But oh ! if those who cluster round the hearth  
Sincerely soothe us by affection's powers,  
To kindly looks and loving smiles give birth,  
How doubly beauteous is this world of ours !



THE SONG OF NIGHT.\*

BY MRS HEMANS.

“O night,  
And storm, and darkness ! ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength !”

BYRON.

I COME to thee, O earth !  
With all my gifts !—for every flower, sweet dew  
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew  
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies  
Far amidst folding hills, or forest leaves,  
But through its veins of beauty so receives  
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star ;  
Making thy stream, that on their noon-day track,  
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,  
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace :—I shed  
Sleep through thy wood-walks, o’er the honey-bee,  
The lark’s triumphant voice, the fawn’s young glee,  
The hyacinth’s meek head.

On my own heart I lay  
The weary babe ; and sealing with a breath  
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath  
The shadowing lids to play.

\* Suggested by Thorwaldsen’s bas-relief of Night, represented under the form of a winged female figure, with two infants asleep in her arms.

I come with mightier things !  
Who calls me silent ? I have many tones,—  
The dark skies thrill with low, mysterious moans,  
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone  
From the deep organ of the forest shades,  
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,  
Till the bright day is done ;

But in the human breast  
A thousand still small voices I awake,  
Strong, in their sweetness, from the soul to shake  
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past :  
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,  
From crush'd affections, which, though long o'erborne,  
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb :  
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love  
They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove—  
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train ;  
Who calls me lonely ? Hosts around me tread,  
The intensely bright, the beautiful, the dead,—  
Phantoms of heart and brain !

Looks from departed eyes—  
These are my lightnings !—fill'd with anguish vain,  
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,  
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,  
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,  
I am the avenging one ! —the arm'd, the strong—  
The searcher of the soul !

I, that shower dewy light  
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms !—the  
tempest birth  
Of memory, thought, remorse :—Be holy, earth !  
I am the solemn Night !



### SONG FOR THE BRAVE.\*

BY SAMUEL BAMFORD.

SAY, what is the life of the brave ?  
A gift which his Maker hath given,  
Lest nothing but tyrant and slave  
Remain of mankind under heaven.  
And what is the life of the brave,  
When staked in the cause of his right ?  
'Tis but as a drop to a wave—  
A trifle he values as light.

And what is the death of the brave ?  
A loss which the good shall deplore ;  
His life unto freedom he gave,  
And free men behold him no more.

\* This song is most respectfully inscribed by the author to Colonel Peard, honourably known and greatly esteemed in Britain as "Garibaldi's Englishman."

'Tis the close of a glorious day ;  
'Tis the setting of yonder bright sun ;  
A summons that heralds the way  
To a heaven already begun !

And what is the fame of the brave ?  
'Tis the halo which follows his day,  
The noble examples he gave  
Remaining in splendid array !  
The coward doth hopeless behold ;  
The wise and the good do admire ;  
But in the warm heart of the bold  
Awakens a nobler fire !

Then who would not live with the brave ?  
The wretch without virtue or worth.  
And who would not die with the brave ?  
The coward that cumbers the earth.  
And who shall partake with the brave  
The fame which his valour hath won ?  
Oh, he that abides with the brave  
Till the battle of freedom is done.



### FRIENDS DO NOT DIE.

(FROM "AFTER-BUSINESS JOTTINGS.")

BY RICHARD R. BEALEY.

ONE cord more,  
That bound my barque to this earthly shore,  
Is cut in twain.

O'er the sea  
There is one voice more that calls to me,  
In loving strain.

Here on earth  
There is one friend less that we deem'd of worth,  
And loved to know.

There above,  
Is gone that friend, whom we still may love,  
Where we shall go.

'Tis not far  
To the land where all those loved ones are ;  
We feel it nigh.  
Naught can part  
Those who're united in the heart ;  
Our friends don't die.



“THERE ARE MOMENTS IN LIFE.”

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THERE are moments in life—though alas for their fleet-  
ness !—

As brilliant with all that existence endears,  
As if we had drain'd the whole essence of sweetness  
That nature intended should last us for years !  
They pass—and the soul, as it swells with emotion,  
Believes that some seraph hath hallow'd the clime,  
For never were pearls from the bosom of ocean  
So precious and dear as those moments of time !

That moment when hearts which have long been  
divided

First meet, after absence hath tried them in vain ;  
Oh, years of affection, when *smoothly* they've glided,  
Can yield not a moment so blissful again ;  
When friends, that a word had estranged, have *for-  
given*

The word, and unite hand and heart as of old,  
Oh, such moments of peace are like moments from  
heaven,

They are gifts from a world which the angels behold!



## ENGLAND'S DEAD.

BY MRS HEMANS.

SON of the ocean isle !  
Where sleep your mighty dead?  
Show me what high and stately pile  
Is rear'd o'er glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,  
Free, free, the wild sail spread !  
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,  
By the pyramid o'ersway'd,  
With fearful power the noonday reigns,  
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun  
From heaven look fiercely red,  
Unfelt by those whose task is done !—  
*There* slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might  
Along the Indian shore,  
And far by Ganges' banks at night  
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on !  
It hath no tone of dread,  
For those that from their toils are gone,—  
*There* slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent floods  
The western wilds among,  
And free in green Columbia's woods  
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on !  
Let the arrow's flight be sped !  
Why should *they* reckon whose task is done ?—  
*There* slumber England's dead !

The mountain storms rise high  
In the snowy Pyrenees,  
And toss the pine boughs through the sky,  
Like rose leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on !  
Let the fresh wreaths be shed !  
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—  
*There* slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,  
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,  
When round the ship the ice-fields close,  
And the northern night-clouds lower.

But let the ice drift on !  
Let the cold-blue desert spread !  
*Their* course with mast and flag is done,—  
Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,  
The men of field and wave !  
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,  
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,  
Free, free, the white sail spread !  
Wave may not foam, nor wild winds sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.



### THE TRIED AND TRUE.

BY MRS GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS.

I PASS unregarded the selfish and vain,  
Who proffer a favour and make it a debt ;  
For service so render'd comes loaded with pain,  
But true-hearted kindness I never forget.

From the butterfly friends who when summer was  
bright

Flutter'd round me with offers I did not require,  
I turn to the few who in winter's dark night  
Were true and devoted—gold tried in the fire.



Or when prostrate in sickness, disabled by pain,  
Surrounded by hirelings, unheeded I lay ;  
From paraded assistance I turn'd with disdain,  
But the true-hearted kind ones I ne'er can repay.

To these and these only will memory cling,  
For sympathy shown in look, action, or word ;  
And the waters of gratitude ever upspring  
In the heart's brimming fount, though they sparkle  
unheard.

The hand of the spoiler hath often been laid  
On the dear ones whose loss I must ever regret ;  
But the true friends I tried in those seasons of shade,  
Are embalm'd in a heart which can *never* forget.



### THE PASS OF DEATH.\*

(WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE DECEASE OF THE RIGHT  
HON. GEORGE CANNING.)

BY SAMUEL BAMFORD.

ANOTHER's gone, and who comes next,  
Of all the sons of pride ?  
And is humanity perplex'd  
Because this man hath died ?

\* This piece was written long before the "King Death" of Barry Cornwall, which resembles it.—Ed.

The sons of men did raise their voice,  
And crièd in despair,  
“ We will not come, we will not come,  
Whilst Death is waiting there !”

But Time went forth, and dragg’d them on  
By one, by two, by three ;  
Nay, sometimes thousands came as one,  
So merciless was he !  
And still they go, and still they go,  
The slave, the lord, the king ;  
And disappear, like flakes of snow,  
Before the sun of spring !

For Death stood in the path of Time,  
And slew them as they came ;  
And not a soul escaped his hand,  
So certain was his aim.  
The beggar fell across his staff,  
The soldier on his sword,  
The king sank down beneath his crown,  
The priest beside the Word.

And Youth came in his blush of health,  
And in a moment fell ;  
And Avarice, grasping still at wealth,  
Was rollèd into hell ;  
And Age stood trembling at the pass,  
And would have turn’d again ;  
But Time said, “ No, ’tis never so,  
Thou canst not here remain.”

The bride came in her wedding-robe—  
But that did nought avail ;  
Her ruby lips went cold and blue,  
Her rosy cheek turn'd pale !  
And some were hurried from the ball,  
And some came from the play ;  
And some were eating to the last,  
And some with wine were gay.

And some were ravenous for food,  
And raised seditious cries ;  
But, being a "legitimate,"  
Death quickly stopt their noise !  
The father left his infant brood  
Amid the world to weep ;  
The mother dièd whilst her babe  
Lay smiling in its sleep.

And some did offer bribes of gold,  
If they might but survive ;  
But he drew his arrow to the head,  
And left them not alive !  
And some were plighting vows of love,  
When their very hearts were torn ;  
And eyes that shone so bright at eve  
Were closèd ere the morn !

And one had just attain'd to power,  
He wist not he should die ;  
Till the arrow smote his stream of life,  
And left the cistern dry !

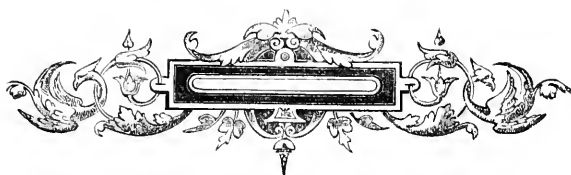
Another's gone, and who comes next,  
Of all the sons of pride ?  
And is humanity perplex'd,  
Because this man hath died ?  
And still they come, and still they go,  
And still there is no end,—  
The hungry grave is yawning yet,  
And who shall next descend ?  
Oh ! shall it be a crownèd head,  
Or one of noble line ?  
Or doth the slayer turn to smite  
A life so frail as mine ?



FINIS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

LIFE's not our own—'tis but a loan  
To be repaid !  
Soon the dark Comer's at the door,  
The debt is due—the dream is o'er—  
Life's but a shade !  
Thus all decline—that bloom or shine—  
Both star and flower ;  
'Tis but a little odour shed—  
A light gone out—a spirit fled—  
A funeral hour !  
Then let us show a tranquil brow,  
Whate'er befalls,—  
That we upon Life's latest brink  
May look on Death's dark face, and think  
An angel calls !



V.

*Lays of the Cotton Famine.*

IT would have been strange indeed if the vast distress throughout the cotton manufacturing districts of Lancashire in the years 1862, 1863, and 1864, should have been left unsung. The street-ballads of that period, on this sad subject, would fill a volume. We shall draw very sparingly from them; preferring to select from two or three other sources, of known authority, a few pieces, as embodying an expression of the general thought and feeling. They represent the unemployed work-people as exhibiting great patience and fortitude under severe privation. A high sense of independence appears in the regret uttered, that strong men, willing to work, should have to accept the dole of charity, instead of the wages of labour; and in the resolution to starve rather than to enter the union workhouse. True brotherly sympathy, in the help given by the poor to the poor, blends with a warm ex-

pression of genuine gratitude towards real friends in all other classes. Altogether these lays present a picture which, in many noble traits of true heroism, brotherly sympathy, and domestic affection, has been rarely surpassed.



### THE MILL-HANDS' PETITION.

WE take extracts from a song by some "W. C.," printed as a street broadside at Ashton-under-Lyne, and sung in most towns of South Lancashire :—

We have come to ask for assistance ;  
 At home we've been starving too long,  
 And our children are wanting subsistence ;  
 Kindly aid us to help them along.

#### CHORUS.

For humanity is calling,  
 Don't let the call be in vain ;  
 But help us, we're needy and falling,  
 And God will return it again.

. . . . .

War's clamour and civil commotion  
 Has stagnation brought in its train ;  
 And stoppage brings with it starvation,  
 So help us some bread to obtain.

The American war is still lasting ;  
 Like a terrible nightmare it leans  
 On the breast of a country, now fasting  
 For cotton, for work, and for means.

. . . . .

THE FACTORY LASS.\*

(FROM "PHASES OF DISTRESS: LANCASHIRE RHYMES.")

BY JOSEPH RAMSBOTTOM.

O LADY, lady, stop a while,  
 Until mi little tale aw 've tow'd ;  
 To-day aw 've wandhert mony a mile,  
 O'er teighrin' roads, i' th' weet an' cowl.  
 Ne'er shake your yead 'cose aw 'm ill-clad,  
 For yo mistak mi aim, aw 'm sure ;  
 Aw 'm noan a beggar—nowt so bad—  
 Aw 're aye to' preawd, aw 'm neaw to' poor.†

Aw 'm seechin' wark to help us thro' :—  
 Aw 'd scorn a beggar's cringin' part ;—  
 Bo' sthrivin' hard an' clemmin' too,  
 It welly breaks a body's heart.

\* We copy extracts from this and several other pieces from a volume having the above title, edited by "John Whittaker, a Lancashire Lad," who says :—"In the following poems, the author has given expression to the thoughts and feelings of the operatives of Lancashire, during the most terrible crisis through which they have ever passed. He possesses all the qualities requisite to enable him to do this successfully. He is as familiar with the various features of their everyday life as any one can be. His knowledge is not that of an outsider, who simply looks on at a new phase of life, and describes what he sees ;—it is the knowledge possessed by one who is closely related to the people themselves, and who has himself shared their wants, their struggles, and their pleasures." The editor speaks of his friendship with the author—"a friendship which has lasted from the time when we were both lads, toiling in the same dye-house"—to the present day. Most of the pieces in Ramsbottom's volume are too long to present entire. We have therefore selected what we think the best and most graphic verses in each. The Factory Lass is supposed to be addressing a lady in the street.

† In the Lancashire dialect *too* is almost invariably pronounced *to*, short instead of long.

Yo knawn what mills abeawt are stopt ;  
 An' beawt ther's wark, what con one have ?  
 Eawr two-three\* things we'n sowd or pop't,†  
 An' as for savin', we'd nowt t' save.

My feyther deed some six yer sin',  
 An' me an' mother then wur left ;  
 For these last three mi mother's bin  
 O' th' use o' her reet arm bereft.  
 Mi wage sin' then, yo seen, 's kept two,  
 An' so, yo're sure we'n had no fat ;  
 We'n ne'er complain'd, we'n made it do ;  
 Bo' could we save owt eawt o' that ?

Owd folk betoimes are cross an' sore,  
 An' speyken sharp when things are weel ;  
 So when they're clemmin' o th' day o'er,  
 An' cripplet too, they're sure to feel.  
 Aw dunno' think hoo wants t' offend,  
 Bo' being pitied maks her sore ;  
 Hoo sometimes thinks her arm 'ull mend,  
 An' be just loike it wur before.

Aw'm quite content 'ut th' facthory lass  
 Shall bear her mother's weight o' care—  
 Shall help her when hard thrials pass,  
 An' in her quiet pleasures share.  
 Neaw, lady, mi short tale aw've tow'd,  
 If wark for wages yo can give,  
 Aw'd rayther have it than your gowd ;  
 Aw'll bless yo for it while aw live.

\* Two-three, *i.e.*, two or three.

† Pledged, pawned.



“SHORT TIME, COME AGAIN NO MORE.”

(FROM A STREET BROADSIDE.)

OF this song of four verses, the first will suffice to indicate its character. It is a sort of parody on a well-known song :—

Let us pause in life's pleasures, and count its many  
tears,  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor ;  
There's a song that will linger for ever in our ears,  
Oh, short time, come again no more !

CHORUS.

It's the song of the factory operatives,  
Short time, short time, come again no more ;  
For we can't get our cotton from the old Ken-  
tucky shore ;  
Oh, short time, short time, come again no more !



EAWT O' WARK.

(FROM “PHASES OF DISTRESS : LANCASHIRE RHYMES.”)

BY JOSEPH RAMSBOTTOM.

BROTHER JIM,—

It's bo' sad news aw send,  
An' aw dun' know heaw to write it, aw'm sure ;  
For to tell folk o' one's own disthress  
Con be no pleasant task for th' poor.

Doo' eawr mesther has lockt up his mill,  
 An' beawt wark, thae knows weel, ther's no brass,  
 An' beawt brass ther's no mayt; so thae sees  
 'Ut we'n getten far on i' this pass.

. . . . .

Thae con think o' what faces ther wur,  
 When he fust put up th' notice to stop;  
 Childher laugh'd, feythurs soikt, mothers wept,  
 An' ther sich heavy hearts thro' o th' shop.  
 Me an' th' wife, when aw geet whoam at neet,  
 Had to talk it o o'er, an' hoo said,  
 'Ut if wust coom to th' wust, we should then  
 Ha' for t' turn some o' th' oddments to bread.

Weel, eawr Family Bible, wi' th' clasps,  
 An' mi gronfeyther's name in, we'n sowd;  
 An' mi gronmother's prayer-book, 'ut wur  
 O'er a hundert an' forty yer owd;  
 An' that owd oaken dresser's gone, too,  
 Wi' thoose foine, fancy carvins o' th' feet;  
 Eh! it's dhreadful wark, strippin' one's whoam,  
 An' it's heart-wingin', too, mon, to see 't.

Neaw, we'n not a red cindher i' th' grate,  
 An' o th' childher gone hongry to bed;  
 To their sthraw, for their beds have bin sowd,  
 An' their blankets too, bless thee, for bread.  
 Heaw aw hush-a-be-bo'd little Bob,  
 An' his mother, eh, Lord! heaw hoo soik't,  
 Wi' greet tears runnin' whot deawn her face,  
 As eawr little thing yammer't an' skroik't.\*

. . . . .

\* Fretted and screamed.

Som'dy sent Will an ar'nt t'other day,  
 An' they gan him a cake to bring whoam ;  
 So he shared eawt wi' Nanny an' Bob,  
 An' a bit he put by for eawr Tom ;  
 An' their mother an' me, whoile they ate,  
 Stood an' watcht, and so fed second-hond ;—  
 Nibblin' close enoof this side o' th' grave,  
 Let us hope for good pasther beyond.

When they'd eaten their meawthful a-piece,  
 They'd a notion o' mankin' \* a bit ;  
 Bo' then Famine 'ud mate noan wi' Fun,  
 An' they couldno' mak' grim Sorrow t' flit ;  
 So they keawrt 'em deawn upo' th' floor,  
 An' they talk't abeawt th' stoppin' o' th' mill ;  
 An' they tow'd o'er their sthring o' complaints,  
 As ther's childher o'ergrown sometoimes will.

. . . . .

An' o' thattens † their little tongues ran ;  
 Bo' sich prattlin' o went agen th' grain ;  
 When misfortins are bad o' thirsels,  
 Frettin' childher 'ull lessen no pain.  
 Heaw we look back to th' past wi' regret,  
 Wi' a present so bleak and so dhrear ;  
 An' a future so dhreadfully blank,  
 'Ut Hope's deein', whoile sthronger grows Fear.

Aw wur wadin' lip-deep i' disthress,  
 Mi wife wastin' wi' clemmin' an' care ;  
 O mi childher kept cravin' for bread,  
 An' mi sorrows geet harder to bear.

\* Playing, larking.

† In that way.

For eawr spirits wur quite brokken deawn,  
 An' o gone wur eawr family pride ;  
 An' we 'd plann'd, an' we 'd schemed, an' we 'd  
 clemm'd,  
 And we 'd no honest shift left unthried.

We could still gwo to the Booard, an' aw went,—  
 Towd mi tale wi' great tears i' mi' een,—  
 "Yo 'n a very hard case, John," they said,  
 "Welly th' hardest we 'n yet ever seen ;  
 Bo' this awful condition o' things,  
 An' th' wur state 'ut we're fast comin' to,  
 Maks 'admittance to th' Heawse,' John, for yo  
 Abeawt th' very best thing we con do."

. . . . .

Any mon wi' a good, lovin' woife,  
 An' wi' childher o prattlin' abeawt ;  
 Wi' a whoam, when there's wark, loike a heaven,  
 He may partly mi feelin's mak eawt.  
 Aw've bin strugglin' up th' hill o my loife,  
 An' did hope better days aw should see ;  
 Bo' aw 'st stick to mi whoam, though it's bare ;  
 For a Bastile \* is no place for me.

So we 'n nowt for it neaw bo' clem on,  
 For aw darno' tell this tale to th' woife ;  
 To their own, folk 'ull cling i' disthress,  
 It's so hard to be parted i' loife.  
 Thae mun just fling a thowt now an' then  
 O'er to us 'ut's sich reason t' be sad ;  
 An' thae 'll bear mi good wishes o reawnd,  
 To thi woife, an' thi lasses, an' lad.

\* The popular name for the new Poor-law Union Workhouse.

THE SMOKELESS CHIMNEY.

BY A LANCASHIRE LADY,\* (E. J. B.)

. . . . .  
Traveller on the Northern Railway !  
Look and learn, as on you speed ;  
See the hundred smokeless chimneys ;  
Learn their tale of cheerless need.

. . . . .  
“ How much prettier is this county ! ”  
Says the careless passer-by ;  
“ Clouds of smoke we see no longer,  
What’s the reason ?—tell me why.

“ Better far it were, most surely,  
Never more such clouds to see,  
Bringing taint o’er nature’s beauty,  
With their foul obscurity.”

Thoughtless fair one ! from yon chimney  
Floats the golden breath of life ;  
Stop that current at your pleasure !  
Stop ! and starve the child—the wife.

\* These stanzas were written by a lady in aid of the Relief Fund. They were printed on a card and sold, principally at the railway stations. Their sale, there and elsewhere, is known to have realised the sum of £160. Their authoress is the wife of Mr Serjeant Bellasis, and the only daughter of the late William Garnett, Esq. of Quernmore Park and Bleasdale, Lancashire.

Ah ! to them each smokeless chimney  
Is a signal of despair ;  
They see hunger, sickness, ruin,  
Written in that pure, bright air.

“ Mother ! mother ! see ! ’twas truly  
Said last week the mill would stop ;  
Mark yon chimney, nought is going,  
There’s no smoke from out o’ th’ top !

“ Father ! father ! what’s the reason  
That the chimneys smokeless stand ?  
Is it true that all through strangers,  
We must starve in our own land ? ”

Low upon her chair that mother  
Droops, and sighs with tearful eye ;  
At the hearthstone lags the father,  
Musing o’er the days gone by.

Days which saw him glad and hearty,  
Punctual at his work of love ;  
When the week’s end brought him plenty,  
And he thank’d the Lord above.

When his wages, earn’d so justly,  
Gave him clothing, home, and food ;  
When his wife, with fond caresses,  
Bless’d his heart, so kind and good.

Neat and clean each Sunday saw them,  
In their place of prayer and praise,  
Little dreaming that the morrow  
Piteous cries for help would raise.

Weeks roll on, and still yon chimney  
Gives of better times no sign ;  
Men by thousands cry for labour,  
Daily cry, and daily pine.

Now the things, so long and dearly  
Prized before, are pledged away ;  
Clock and Bible, marriage-presents,  
Both must go—how sad to say !

Charley trots to school no longer,  
Nelly grows more pale each day ;  
Nay, the baby's shoes, so tiny,  
Must be sold, for bread to pay.

They who loathe to be dependent,  
Now for alms are forced to ask ;  
Hard is mill-work, but believe me,  
Begging is the bitterest task.

Soon will come the doom most dreaded,  
With a horror that appals ;  
Lo ! before their downcast faces  
Grimly stare the workhouse walls.

Stranger, if these sorrows touch you,  
Widely bid your bounty flow ;  
And assist my poor endeavours  
To relieve this load of woe.

Let no more the smokeless chimneys  
Draw from you one word of praise ;  
Think, oh, think upon the thousands  
Who are moaning out their days.

Rather pray that, peace soon bringing  
 Work and plenty in her train,  
 We may see these smokeless chimneys  
 Blackening all the land again.



### “CHEER UP A BIT LONGER.”

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

CHEER up a bit longer, mi brothers i' want,  
 There's breeter days for us i' store ;  
 There'll be plenty o' tommy an' wark for us o,  
 When this 'Merica bother gets o'er.  
 Yo'n struggled reet nobly, an' battled reet hard,  
 While things han bin lookin' so feaw ;\*  
 Yo'n borne wi' yor troubles an' trials so long,  
 It's no use o' givin' up neaw.

. . . . .  
 It's hard to keep clemmin' an' starvin', it's true ;  
 An' it's hard to see th' little things fret  
 Becose there's no buttercakes for 'em to eat ;  
 But we'n allus kept pooin' through yet.  
 As bad as toimes are, an' as feaw as things look,  
 One's certain they met ha' bin worse ;  
 For we'n getten a trifle o' summat, so fur,—  
 It's only bin roughish, of course.

. . . . .

\* Foul, bad.



God bless yo, mi brothers, we're nobbut on th'  
tramp ;

We never stay long at one spot ;  
An' while we keep knockin' abeawt i' this world,  
Disappointments will fall to eawr lot ;  
So th' best thing we can do, iv we meon to get  
through,

Is to wrastle wi' cares as they come ;  
Iv we're teighert an' weary,—well, let's never heed,  
We can rest us weel when we get whoam.

Cheer up, then, aw say, an' keep hopin' for th' best,  
An' things'll soon awter, yo'll see ;  
There'll be oachans o' butties \* for Tommy an' Fred,  
An' th' little uns perch'd on yor knee.  
Bide on a bit longer, tak heart once agen,  
An' do give o'er lookin' soa feaw ;  
As we'n battled, an' struggled, an' suffer'd so long,  
It's no use o' givin' up neaw.



### PHILIP CLOUGH'S TALE.

(FROM "PHASES OF DISTRESS—LANCASHIRE RHYMES.")

BY JOSEPH RAMSBOTTOM.

EH! dear, what weary toimes are these,  
There's nob'dy ever knew 'em wur' ;  
For honest wortchin' folks one sees  
By scores reawnd th' Poor-law Office dur.

\* Oceans of pieces of bread and butter.

It's bad to see 't, bo' wus a dyeal,  
 When one's sel' helps to mak' up th' lot ;  
 We'n nowt to do, we dar' no' steyl,  
 Nor con we beighl an empty pot.

To wortch wi' paupers, aw'd noa do't,  
 Aw'd starve until aw sunk to th' floore ;  
 Bo' th' little childher bring me to't—  
 One's like to bend for them, yo're sure.  
 Heawever hard things are, or queer,  
 We're loike to tak 'em as they come ;  
 For th' cravin' stomach's awlus theer,  
 An' childher conno' clem a-whoam.

Mi little savins soon wur' done,  
 An' then aw sowd mi two-three things,—  
 Mi books an' bookcase, o are gone,—  
 Mi mother's picther, too, fun' wings.

Mi feyther's rockin'-cheer is gone,  
 Mi mother's corner cubbort, too ;  
 An' th' eight-days clock has follow'd, mon ;—  
 What con a hungry body do ?

Aw've sowd until aw've nowt to sell,  
 An' heaw we'n clemm'd 's past o belief ;  
 An' wheer to goo aw couldno' tell,  
 Except to th' Booard, to get relief.  
 Ther wur no wark, for th' mill wur stopt ;  
 Mi childher couldno' dee, yo known ;  
 Aw'm neaw a pauper, 'cose aw've dropt  
 To this low state o' breakin' stone.

## TICKLE TIMES.

(FROM "LANCASHIRE SONGS.")

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

HERE'S Robin looks fyerfully gloomy,  
An' Jamie keeps starin' at th' greawnd,  
An' thinkin' o' th' table 'at's empty,  
An' th' little things yammerin' reawnd ;  
It's true, it looks dark just afore us,—  
But, keep your hearts eawt o' your shoon,—  
Though clouds may be thickenin' o'er us,  
There's lots o' blue heaven aboon !

But, when a mon's honestly willin',  
An' never a stroke to be had,  
And clemmin' for want ov a shillin',—  
No wonder 'at he should be sad ;  
It troubles his heart to keep seein'  
His little brids feedin' o' th' air ;  
An' it feels very hard to be deein',  
An' never a mortal to care.

But life's sich a quare little travel,—  
A marlock wi' sun an' wi' shade,—  
An' then, on a bowster o' gravel,  
They lay'n us i' bed wi' a spade ;  
It's no use a peawtin' an' fratchin'—  
As th' whirligig's twirlin' areawnd,  
Have at it again ; and keep scratchin'  
As lung as your yed's upo' greawnd.

Iv one could but grope i' th' inside on't,  
There's trouble i' every heart ;  
An' thoose that 'n th' biggest o' th' pride on't,  
Oft leeten o' th' keenest o' th' smart.  
Whatever may chance to come to us,  
Let's patiently hondle er share,—  
For there's mony a fine suit o' clooas  
That covers a murderin' care.

There's danger i' every station,—  
I' th' palace as much as i' th' cot ;  
There's hanker i' every condition,  
An' canker i' every lot ;  
There's folk that are weary o' livin',  
That never fear't hunger nor cowl ;  
And there's mony a miserly nowmun  
'At's deed ov a surfeit o' gowd.

One feels, neaw 'at times are so nippin',  
A mon's at a troublesome schoo',  
That slaves like a horse for a livin',  
An' flings it away like a foo' ;  
But, as pleasure's sometimes a misfortin,  
An' trouble sometimes a good thing,—  
Though we livin' o' th' floor, same as layrocks,  
We'n go up, like layrocks, to sing.

---

FRETTIN'.

(FROM "PHASES OF DISTRESS—LANCASHIRE RHYMES.")

BY JOSEPH RAMSBOTTOM.

FRO' heawrs to days—a dhreary length—  
 Fro' days to weeks, one idle stonds,  
 An' slowly sinks fro' pride an' sthrength,  
 To weeny heart and wakely honds.  
 An' still one hopes, an' ever thries  
 To think 'ut betther days mun come ;  
 Bo' th' sun may set, an' the sun may rise—  
 No sthreak i' leet we find a-whoam !  
 . . . . .

Aw want to see thoose days agen,  
 To see folks earn whate'er they need ;  
 O God ! to think 'ut wortchin' men  
 Should be poor things to pet 'un feed !  
 Ther's some to th' Bastile han to goo,  
 To live o' th' rates they'n help'd to pay ;  
 An' some get dow \* to help 'em thro',  
 And some are ta'en, or sent away.  
 . . . . .

Whot is ther here, 'ut one should live,  
 Or wish to live, weigh'd deawn wi' grief,  
 Thro' weary weeks an' months, 'ut give  
 Not one short heawr o' sweet relief ?  
 A sudden plunge, a little blow,  
 At once 'ud eend mi care an' pain !  
 An' why noa do 't ?—for weel aw know  
 Aw lose bo' ills, if nowt aw gain.

\* Dole, relief from charity.

Ay, why noa do it? It ill 'ud tell  
 O' thoose wur left beheend, aw fear :  
 It's wrong, at fust, to kill mysel',  
 An' wrong to lyev' mi childher here.  
 One's loike to tak some thowt for them—  
 Some sort o' comfort one should give ;  
 So one mun bear, an' starve, an' clem,  
 An' pine, an' mope, an' fret, an' live.



### TH' SHURAT WEAVER'S SONG.\*

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

TUNE.—*Rory O'More.*

CONFEAUND it ! aw ne'er wur so woven afore,  
 Mi back's welly brocken, mi fingers are sore ;  
 Aw've bin starin' an' rootin' among this Shurat,  
 Till aw'm very near getten as bloint as a bat.

. . . . .

\* During what has been well named "The Cotton Famine," amongst the imports of cotton from India, perhaps the worst was that denominated "Surat," from the city of that name, in the province of Guzerat, a great cotton district. Short in staple, and often rotten, bad in quality, and dirty in condition, (the result too often of dishonest packers,) it was found to be exceedingly difficult to work up; and from its various defects, it involved considerable deductions, or "batings" for bad work, from the spinners' and weavers' wages. This naturally led to a general dislike of the Surat cotton, and to the application of the word "Surat" to designate any inferior article. One action was tried at the assizes—the offence being the applying to the beverage of a particular brewer the term of "Surat beer." Besides the song given above, several others were written on the subject. One called "Surat Warps," and said to be the production of a Rossendale rhymester, (T. N., of Bacup,) appeared in *Notes and Queries* of June 3, 1865, (3d series, vol. vii., p. 432,) and

Aw wish aw wur fur enough off, eawt o' th' road,  
 For o' weavin' this rubbitch aw 'm gotten reet stow'd ;  
 Aw've nowt i' this world to lie deawn on but straw,  
 For aw've only eight shillin' this fortnet to draw.

Neaw aw haven't mi family under mi hat,  
 Aw've a woife an' six childher to keep eawt o' that ;  
 So aw 'm rayther among it, at present, yo see :  
 Iv ever a fellow wur puzzled, it's me !

Iv one turns eawt to steal, folk 'll co' me a thief,  
 An' aw conno' put th' cheek on to ax for relief ;  
 As aw said i' eawr heawse t' other neet to mi woife,  
 Aw never did nowt o' this soart i' mi loife.

. . . . .

is there stated to be a great favourite amongst the old "Deyghn Lay-  
 rocks," (*Anglice*, "The Larks of Dean," in the forest of Rossendale,) "who sing it to one of the easy-going psalm-tunes with much *gusto*." One verse runs thus—

"I look at th' yealds, and there they stick ;  
 I ne'er seen the like sin I wur wick !  
 What pity could befall a heart,  
 To think about these hard-sized warps !"

Another song, called "The Surat Weyver," was written by William Billington of Blackburn. It is in the form of a lament by a body of Lancashire weavers, who declare they had

"Borne what mortal man could bear,  
 Affoore they'd weave Surat."

But they had been compelled to weave it, though

"Stransportashun's not as ill  
 As weyvin rotten Su."

This song concludes with the emphatic execration—

"To hell wi' o' t' Surat."

Oh dear ! if yond' Yankees could only just see  
 Heaw they 're clammin' an' starvin' poor weavers loike  
     me,  
 Aw think they'd soon settle their bother, an' strive  
 To send us some cotton to keep us alive.

There's theawsands o' folk just i' th' best o' their days,  
 Wi' traces o' want plainly seen i' their faze ;  
 An' a future afore 'em as dreary an' dark,  
 For when th' cotton gets done we shall o be beawt wark.

We'n bin patient an' quiet as long as we con ;  
 Th' bits o' things we had by us are welly o gone ;  
 Mi clogs an' mi shoon are gettin' worn eawt,  
 An' mi halliday cloas are o on 'em " up th' speawt."

Mony a toime i' mi days aw've seen things lookin'  
     feaw,  
 But never as awkard as what they are neaw ;  
 Iv there isn't some help for us factory folk soon,  
 Aw'm sure we shall o be knock'd reet eawt o' tune.



### GOOIN' T' SCHOO'.

(FROM " PHASES OF DISTRESS—LANCASHIRE RHYMES.")

BY JOSEPH RAMSBOTTOM.

HEAW slow these weary weeks drag on !  
 Th' hard toimes 'ull ne'er be o'er, aw'm sure ;  
 Eawr mill's bin stondin' idle yon'  
 For these last eighteen months, or mooar.



We walk abeawt i' the leet o' the day  
 I' clooas 'ut som'dy else has bowt ;  
 Think o'er it when æn' heaw we may,  
 We're like to own it's up to nowt.

To thrust to som'dy else for bread,  
 An' by th' relief keep torin' on,\*  
 Maks honest folk to hang their yead,  
 An' crushes th' heart o' th' preawdest mon.  
 We know'n it's not eawr bread we ate ;  
 We know'n they're not eawr clooas we wear ;  
 We want agen eawr former state,  
 Eawr former dhrudgin' life o' care.

. . . . .

It's fro' no faut o' eawrs, it's true,  
 An' folks han met eawr wants like men,  
 Like brothers and like sisters too,—  
 May th' great God pay 'em back agen.  
 Heawe'er aw grum'le at mi state,  
 Aw've no hard word to say to them ;  
 Aw thank the poor, aw thank the great,  
 'Ut couldno' stond to see us clem.

Their help has bin great help to me,  
 It's that alone 'ut sent me t' schoo' ;  
 It's that 'ut tow't me th' A B C,  
 For o aw'd turnt o' forty-two.  
 'Twur rayther hard at fust to sit  
 An' stare at things aw couldno tell,  
 'Cose when owt puzzl't me a bit,  
 O th' lads 'ud lough among thesel'.

. . . . .

\* Labouring and living hardly.

On lots o' things aw get new leet,  
 Mi idle toime's noan badly spent ;  
 To the woife an' the childher neaw oitch neet  
 Aw read a bit i' th' Testament—  
 Heaw Jesus Christ once fed the poor,  
 An' the little childher to Him co'd ;  
 Heaw th' sick an' blind He oft did cure,  
 An' the lame, to help 'em on their road.

When o these weary toimes are past—  
 When th' schoo's an' o are past away—  
 These happy neets a-whoam 'ull last,  
 At th' eend o' mony a breeter day :—  
 Bo' th' eend o' th' ill it's hard to see,  
 An' very hard to battle thro' ;  
 A gradely plague it's bin to me—  
 It's been a gradely blessin' too.



### SEWIN'-CLASS SONG.

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

COME lasses, let's cheer up an' sing ; it's no use look-  
 in' sad,  
 We'll mak cawr sewin'-schoo' to ring, and stitch away  
 loike mad ;  
 We'll try an' mak' th' best job we con, o' owt we han  
 to do,  
 We read an' write, an' spell and kest, while here at th'  
 sewin'-schoo'.

CHORUS.—Then, lasses, let's cheer up an'  
 sing ; it's no use lookin' sad.

Eawr Queen, th' Lord Mayor o' London, too, they send  
 us lots o' brass,  
 An' neaw, at welly every schoo' we'n got a sewin'-  
 class ;  
 We'n superintendents, cutters-eawt, an' visitors, an' o ;  
 We'n parsons, cotton-mesturs, too, come in to watch  
 us sew.

. . . . .

God bless these kind, good-natured folk, 'at sends us  
 o this stuff ;  
 We conno' tell 'em o we feel, nor thank 'em hawve  
 enuff ;  
 They help to find us meyt an' clooas, an' eddicashun  
 too,  
 An' what creawns o, they gi'en us wage for gooin' to  
 th' sewin'-schoo'.

. . . . .

There'll be some lookin' eawt for wives when th' fac-  
 tories start again,  
 But we shall never court wi' noan but decent, sober  
 men ;  
 So o vulgar chaps beawt common sense, will hae no  
 need to come,  
 For, sooner than wed sich as these, we'd better stop a-  
 whoam.

. . . . .



# HARD TIMES ; OR, TH' WEYVUR TO HIS WIFE.

BY "A LANCASHIRE LAD," (JAMES BOWKER.)

DRAW up thy cheer, owd lass, we'n still a bit o' fire,  
 An' I'm starv't to deoth wi' cummin' throo th' weat  
     an' mire ;  
 He tow'd a lie o' thee an' me, as said as th' love o' th'  
     poor  
 Flies out o' th' kitchen window, when clemmin' cums  
     to th' door.  
 Aw'm not rucin'—as thae weel knows—as ever I wed  
     thee,  
 But I've monny a quare thowt as thae mon sometimes  
     rue o' me.

I'm mad at them America foos, as never hes enuff  
 O' quarrelin' an' strugglin', and sich unnat'rel stuff,  
 An' its ter'ble hard, owd wife, to ceawer bi' th' chimley  
     jam,  
 An' think if they keep on feightin', as thee an' me mun  
     clam ;  
 An' not aar faut, its like breykin' wer shins o'er th'  
     neighbours' stoos,  
 An' it shows us for one wise mon, ther's welly twenty  
     foos.

But better chaps nor me an' thee hes hed to live o'  
     nowt,  
 An' we'n hed a tidy time on't afoor th' war brok' out ;

An' if I'm gerrin' varra thin, it matters nowt o' me,  
Th' hardest wark is sittin' here schaming for th' choilt  
an' thee.

Tha'art gerrin' ter'ble pale too, but fowk wi' nowt to  
heyt

Con't luk as nice an' weel as them as plenty hes o'  
meyt.

Ther's lots o' hooams areawnd us whear wot they  
waste i' th' day,

'Ud sarve for thee an' th' choilt an' me, an' some to  
give away ;

An' as I passes by their dooars, I hears their music  
sweet,

An' I con't but think o' thee till th' tears dim mi  
seet ;

For if I'd lots o' brass, thae shud be diff'rent, never  
fear,

For th'art nooan so feaw, yet, wench, if thae'd gradely  
clooas to wear.

An' aar bonny little Annie, wi' her pratty een so breet,  
Hoo shud sleep o' feathers, and uv angels dream o  
neet ;


I fancies I con see her monny a weary heawr i' th'  
day,

As I shud loike her to be sin, if luv mud heve its way ;  
And if what's i' this heart o' moine cud nobbut cum  
to pass,

Hoo shud bi' th' happiest woman, as hoo is th' bonni-  
est lass.

I'm a foo wi' clammin' soa, or I shudn't toke like  
this,  
It nobbut meks wer teeth watter to think o' sich like  
bliss ;  
An' th' winter cummin' on so fast, wi' th' dark, an' th'  
snow, an' th' cowl,  
For I heeard th' robin sing to-day as I heeard him  
sing of owd,  
When thee an' me wur younger, an' i' wur soft cooartin  
days,  
An' I cum whistlin' thro' the fields to year owd  
woman's place.

Thea loved me then, an' as wimmen's soft enuff for  
owt,  
I do believe thae loves me neaw, mooar nor ever I'd  
hae thowt,  
An' tha' hes but one excuse, if I'm ragg'd, I'm fond  
o' thee,  
An' times, though hard, I cannot think 'll change thee  
or me,  
For if we're true an' reet, an' as honest as we're poor,  
We's never hev no wos chap nor poverty at th' dooar.



“GOD BLESS ’EM, IT SHOWS THEY’N SOME  
THOWT!”

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

Is there nob’dy to thank these good folk ?

No poet, to scribble a line ?

Aw wish aw could write yo’ a song,

Aw ’d mak’ yo’ reet welcome to mine.

There’s Waugh, he’s bin writin’ for years,

An’ mony a good tale, too, he’s tow’d ;

But he says nowt abeawt these bad times ;

Aw wonder, neaw, heaw he con howd.

Iv aw could draw pickturs loike him,

An’ ceawer deawn an’ write hawve as weel,

Aw’d tell folk heaw thankful aw am ;

But aw couldn’t tell th’ hawve ’at aw feel.

When aw tak’ up a papper to read,

Aw can see theer heaw ready folk are

At helpin’ poor creatures i’ need,

An’ givin’ us o they can spare.

We’n gentlemen, ladies, an’ o,

As busy i’ th’ country as owt,

Providin’ for th’ Lancashire poor ;

. God bless ’em, it shows they’n some thowt !

Iv they’ll only keep on as they do,

We shall o be rigg’d eawt very soon ;

There’s one party givin’ us frocks,

An’ another lot sendin’ us shoon.

Th' Australians han sent us some gowd,  
To't feedin' an' clothin' o' th' poor ;  
An' they say it's noan o we mun have,  
For they're busy collectin' us moor.  
An' th' Indians are helpin' an' o,  
Aw reckon they're grateful for th' past,  
So they'll give us a bit ov a lift,  
For helpin' *them* eawt, when they 'rn fast.

We 'n clogs an' we 'n clooas gan us neaw,  
There's boath second-honded an' new ;  
Some are givin' us soup twice a week,  
An' others are givin' us stew.  
We're rare an' weel done to, aw 'm sure,  
For we're fed, an' we're clothed, an' we're tow't ;  
They pay 'n us for gooin' to the schoo',  
An' gi'en us good larnin' for nowt.

God bless 'em for o 'at they've done,  
An' aw hope they'll keep doin' as well,  
Till th' cleawd 'at hangs o'er's blown away,  
An' we're able to do for eawrsel'.  
Excuse me for writin' these loines,  
For it's no use, aw conno' be still,  
As long as they help us to live,  
Aw'll thank 'em, iv nob'dy else will.

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## VI.

### Sea Songs.

IF some gentle reader should wonder why sea songs are included in a volume of Lancashire songs and ballads, our answer to the unuttered query would be twofold:—First, because Lancashire is a maritime county, possessing in Liverpool the greatest commercial seaport in the world ; and, secondly, because a few years ago we also had a local Dibdin in the benevolent and lamented Edward Rushton of Liverpool,\* a few of whose songs we have obtained permission from his descendants to copy.



### WILL CLEWLINE.

#### A TALE OF THE PRESSGANG.

BY THE LATE EDWARD RUSHTON.

From Jamaica's hot clime and her pestilent dew ;  
From the toil of a sugar-stow'd barque ;  
From the perilous boatings that oft thin the crews,  
And fill the wide maw of the shark ;

\* See note on page 131.

From fever, storm, famine, and all the sad store  
Of hardships by seamen endured,  
Behold, poor Will Clewline escaped, and once more  
With his wife and his children safe moor'd.

View the rapture that beams in his sun-embrown'd  
face,  
While he folds his loved Kate to his breast—  
While his little ones, trooping to share his embrace,  
Contend who shall first be caress'd !  
View them climb his loved knee, while each tiny heart  
swells,  
As he presses the soft rosy lip,  
And of cocoa-nuts, sugar, and tamarinds tells  
That are soon to arrive from the ship !

Then see him reclined on his favourite chair,  
With his arm round the neck of his love,  
Who tells how his friends and his relatives fare,  
And how the dear younglings improve.  
The evening approaches, and round the snug fire  
The little ones sport on the floor—  
When lo ! while delight fills the breast of the sire,  
Loud thunderings are heard at the door.

And now, like a tempest that sweeps through the sky,  
And kills the first buds of the year—  
Oh ! view, 'midst this region of innocent joy,  
A gang of fierce hirelings appear.  
They seize on the prey, all relentless as fate :  
He struggles—is instantly bound ;  
Wild scream the poor children, and lo ! his loved Kate  
Sinks pale and convulsed to the ground.

To the hold of a tender, deep, crowded, and foul,  
Now view your brave seaman confined,  
And on the bare planks, all indignant of soul,  
All unfriended, behold him reclined.  
The children's wild screams still ring in his ear :  
He broods on his Kate's poignant pain ;  
He hears the cat hauling—his pangs are severe ;  
He feels, but he scorns to complain.

Arrived now at Plymouth, the poor enslaved tar  
Is to combat for freedom and laws—  
Is to brave the rough surge in a vessel of war :  
He sails—and soon dies in the cause.  
Kate hears the sad tidings, and never smiles more,  
She falls a meek martyr to grief ;  
His children, kind friends and relations deplore,  
But the parish alone gives relief.

Ye statesmen, who manage this cold-blooded land,  
And who boast of your seamen's exploits,  
Ah ! think how your death-dealing bulwarks are  
mann'd,  
And learn to respect human rights.  
Like felons, no more let the sons of the main  
Be sever'd from all that is dear ;  
If their sufferings and wrongs be a national stain,  
Oh, let the foul stain disappear.

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## THE FAREWELL.

BY THE LATE EDWARD RUSHTON.

THE shivering topsails home are sheeted,  
And cheerily goes the windlass round ;  
“ Heave, heave, my hearts ! ” is oft repeated,  
And Mary sighs at every sound.  
The yellow fever, scattering ruin ;  
The shipwreck'd veteran's dying cries ;  
And war, the decks with carnage strewing—  
All, all before her fancy rise.

As bends the primrose, meek and lowly,  
All bruised by April's pelting hail ;  
So, while the anchor rises slowly,  
Poor Mary droops, distress'd and pale.  
And oft, while at his handspike toiling,  
Full many a glance her seaman steals ;  
And oft he tries, by gaily smiling,  
To hide the parting pang he feels.

Now through the blocks the wind is howling—  
The pilot to the helmsman cries ;  
And now the bulky ship is rolling,  
And now aloft the sea-boy flies.  
The whiten'd canvas swift is spreading,  
Around the bows the surges foam ;  
And many a female tear is shedding,  
And thoughts prevail for love and home.

Her tar, among the sunburnt faces,  
Now Mary views with fond regard ;  
Now o'er the deck his form she traces—  
Now, trembling, sees him on the yard.

Where'er he moves, alert and glowing,  
 Her beauteous azure eyes pursue—  
 Those eyes that show, with grief o'erflowing,  
 Like violets wet with morning dew.

Unmoved, 'midst regions wild and dreary,  
 Poor Will had pass'd through woes severe ;  
 Yet now from far he views his Mary,  
 And turns to hide a falling tear.  
 The biting winds blow strong and stronger,  
 And the broad waves more wildly swell :  
 Will hears the boat can wait no longer,  
 And springs abaft to bid farewell.

“ O my sweet girl ! ” with strong emotion,  
 The tar exclaims, “ now—now—adieu !  
 I go to brave the changeful ocean,  
 Yet thou shalt ever find me true.”  
 With quivering lip and deep dejection,  
 “ Heaven shield my Will,” she cries, “ from  
     harms.”  
 His look bespeaks extreme affection,  
 And now he locks her in his arms.

Again the boatmen, hoarsely bawling,  
 Declare they cannot, will not stay ;  
 And though the crew the cat are hauling,  
 Yet Will must see his love away.  
 Now at the side, expression ceases :  
 She gains the skiff—she makes for land,  
 And 'twixt them, as the brine increases,  
 They gaze, they sigh, they wave the hand.

## A B S E N C E.

BY THE LATE EDWARD RUSHTON.

WHEN through the wild unfathom'd deep,  
Wet with the briny spray, we sweep,  
To Kate, to lovely Kate, and home,  
My anxious thoughts unceasing roam.  
Again I see her on the pier—  
Again behold the falling tear ;  
Again I view her bosom swell,  
And hear the sorrowing word "Farewell."

When all is calm, and the bleach'd sails  
Are furl'd, or hanging in the brails,  
The wide expanse of glassy sea,  
And sky from cloudy vapours free,  
While thoughtless o'er the side I lean,  
Bring to my mind the placid mien  
Of that dear girl whom I adore,  
And left in tears on Albion's shore.

Or when the fierce tornadoes howl,  
And nerve the fearless seaman's soul,  
The towering surges, as they break,  
Display the whiteness of her neck ;  
The petrels, too, that seem to tread  
The foaming brine, with wings outspread,  
Oft bring the ebon locks to mind  
Of that dear girl I left behind.

When on my watch, the dawn full oft  
Has shown those tints, so mild and soft,  
That mark the lip and cheek of her  
Whom I 'bove all the world prefer.  
And thus, where'er the seaman goes,  
'Midst torrid heat, or polar snows,  
Some image still recalls to mind  
The witching charms he leaves behind.



### THE NEGLECTED TAR.

BY THE LATE EDWARD RUSHTON.

To ocean's sons I lift the strain,  
A race renown'd in story ;  
A race whose wrongs are Britain's stain,  
Whose deeds are Britain's glory.  
By them, when courts have banish'd peace,  
Your sea-girt land's protected ;  
But when war's horrid thunderings cease,  
These bulwarks are neglected.

When thickest darkness covers all,  
Far on the trackless ocean ;  
When lightnings dart and thunders roll,  
And all is wild commotion ;  
When o'er the barque the foam-capt waves  
With boisterous sweep are rolling ;  
The seaman feels, yet nobly braves,  
The storm's terrific howling.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,  
Where scorching beams assail him ;  
When all the canvas hangs supine,  
And food and water fail him.  
Then oft he dreams of that loved shore,  
Where joys are ever reigning ;—  
The watch is call'd,—his rapture's o'er,—  
He sighs, but scorns complaining.

Now deep immersed in sulphurous smoke,  
Behold him at his station ;  
He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,  
And moves all animation.  
The battle roars, the ship's a wreck,  
He smiles amid the danger ;  
And though his messmates strew the deck,  
To fear his soul's a stranger.

Or, burning on that noxious coast,  
Where death so oft befriends him ;  
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,  
True courage still attends him.  
No clime can this eradicate,  
He glories in annoyance ;  
He, fearless, braves the storms of fate,  
And bids grim death defiance.

Why should the man who knows no fear  
In peace be thus neglected ?  
Behold him move along the pier,  
Pale, meagre, and dejected ;



He asks a berth, with downcast eye,  
His prayers are disregarded ;  
Refused—ah ! hear the veteran sigh,  
And say—are tars rewarded ?

Much to these fearless souls you owe ;  
In peace would you neglect them ?  
What say you, patriot souls ? Oh no !  
Admire, preserve, protect them.  
And oh ! reflect, if war again  
Should menace your undoing,  
Reflect who then would sweep the main,  
And shield your realm from ruin.

CHORUS.—Then oh ! protect the hardy tar ;  
Be mindful of his merit ;  
And if pure justice urge the war,  
He 'll show his daring spirit.



## THE LASS OF LIVERPOOL.

BY THE LATE EDWARD RUSHTON.

WHERE cocoàs lift their tufted heads,  
And orange-blossoms scent the breeze,  
Her charms the mild Mulatto spreads,  
And moves with soft and wanton ease.  
And I have seen her witching smiles,  
And I have kept my bosom cool ;  
For how could I forget thy smiles,  
O lovely lass of Liverpool !

The softest tint the conch displays,  
The cheek of her I love outvies ;  
And the sea-breeze, 'midst burning rays,  
Is not more cheering than her eyes.  
Dark as the petrel is her hair,—  
And Sam, who calls me love-sick fool,  
Ne'er saw a tropic bird more fair  
Than my sweet lass of Liverpool.

Though doom'd from early life to brave  
The feverish swamp and furious blast ;  
Though doom'd to face the foam-capt wave,  
And mount the yard and quivering mast ;  
Though doom'd to brave each noxious soil,  
And train'd in stern misfortune's school ;  
Yet still, oh ! 'twould be bliss to toil  
For thee, sweet lass of Liverpool.

And when we reach the crowded pier,  
And the broad yards are quickly mann'd ;  
Oh ! should my lovely girl be near,  
And sweetly smile, and wave her hand ;  
With ardent soul I'd spring to shore,  
And, scorning dull decorum's rule,  
To my fond bosom o'er and o'er  
Would press the lass of Liverpool.

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“WHEN THE BROAD ARCH OF HEAVEN.” \*

SONG—WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LAN-  
CASTER MARINE SOCIETY.

BY THE LATE EDWARD RUSHTON.

WHEN the broad arch of heaven is blue and serene,  
And the ocean reflects the bright day ;  
When, unswell'd by the breeze, the bleach'd canvas is  
seen,  
And the bows are unwash'd by the spray ;  
When the morn is thus smiling, each mariner knows,  
Who the perilous tempest oft braves,  
That the loftiest barque, ere the day's dreadful close,  
May float a mere wreck on the waves.

So on life's changeful ocean, with souls all elate,  
And with prospects all placid and clear ;  
While fortune's soft gales on our efforts await,  
For wealth's flattering harbour we steer :  
When lo ! disappointment's dark vapours arise,  
And the winds of adversity roar ;  
And hope's towering canvas in tatters soon flies,  
And sorrow's wild waves whelm us o'er.

Since life's brightest azure may thus be o'ercast,  
And soon threatening clouds may appear ;  
Oh ! 'tis wise to prepare for the soul-piercing blast,  
Ere you feel its destructive career.

\* This song has never before been published.

Yes, ye men of old Lune, to the surge long inured,  
Oh ! 'twas wise this fair harbour to form ;  
Where your dearest connexions may one day be  
    moor'd,  
Unexposed to the pitiless storm.

At eve, when the little ones climb your loved knee,  
And the mother looks on with a smile,  
When they prattle around you all frolic and glee,  
And soften the day's rugged toil ;  
When you view the loved group with affection's strong  
    glow,  
When you feel sensibility's tear ;  
Oh ! reflect, men of Lune, that should death lay you  
    low,  
Protectors and guardians are here.

And oft, when the petrel his dark wing displays,  
In the trough of the mountainous wave ;  
When the craggy lee-shore is perceived through the  
    haze,  
And the breakers all dreadfully rave ;  
'Neath the vertical sun, when contagions arise,  
Or when battle the atmosphere rends ;  
Oh ! with comfort reflect that your soul's dearest ties  
Shall here find protectors and friends.





## VII.

### Miscellaneous Songs and Ballads.

THE following miscellaneous selection has been added to the present edition. Most of the pieces are characteristic, either of the authors, the localities, or the varying dialects of different parts of Lancashire. The "In Memoriam" forms a graceful tribute to the late Charles Swain, one of Lancashire's most gifted poets ; and fitly closes the volume which contains his life-like portrait as its leading attraction.

#### WILLY'S GRAVE.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

THE frosty wind was wailing wild,  
Across the moorland wold ;  
The cloudless vault of heaven was bright  
With studs of gleaming gold ;  
The weary cotter's heavy lids  
Had closed with closing day ;  
And, on his silent hearth, a tinge  
Of dying fire-light lay.

The ancient hamlet seemed asleep  
    Beneath the wintry sky ;  
A little river, sheathed in ice,  
    Came gliding gently by ;  
The old church, in the graveyard  
    Where "the rude forefathers lay,"  
Stood, like a mother, waiting till  
    Her children came from play.

No footsteps trod the tiny town :  
    The drowsy street was still ;  
Save where the wandering night-wind sang  
    Its requiem wild and shrill.  
The stainless snow lay thick upon  
    Those quaint old cottage eaves ;  
And wreaths of fairy frost-work hung  
    Where grew last summer's leaves.

Each village-home was dark and still,  
    And closed was every door ;  
**F**or gentle sleep had twined her arms  
    Around both rich and poor,—  
Save in one little cot, where, by  
    A candle's flickering ray,  
A childless mother sighing sat,  
    And combed her locks of grey.

Her husband, and her children all,  
    Were in the last cold bed,  
Where, one by one, she'd laid them down,  
    And left them with the dead ;  
Then, toiling on towards her rest,—  
    A lonely pilgrim she,—

For God and poverty were, now,  
Her only company.

Upon the shady window-sill,  
A well-worn Bible lay ;  
Against the wall, a coat had hung,  
For many a weary day ;  
And, on the scanty table-top—  
With crumbs of supper strewn—  
There stood, beside a porringer,  
Two little empty shoon.

The fire was waning in the grate ;  
The spinning-wheel at rest ;  
The cricket's song rang loudly in  
That lonely woman's nest ;  
As, with her napkin, thin, and worn,  
And wet with many a tear,  
She wiped the little pair of shoon  
Her darling used to wear.

Her widowed heart had often leaped  
To hear his prattle small,  
He was the last that she had left—  
The dearest of them all ;  
And, as she rocked her to and fro,  
While tears came dreeping down,  
She sighed and cried, " Oh, Willy, love,—  
These little empty shoon ! "

With gentle hand she laid them by,—  
She laid them by with care ;  
For, Willy, he was in his grave,  
And all her thoughts were there :

She paused before she dropped the sneck,  
 That closed her lambless fold,—  
 It grieved her heart to bar the door,  
 And leave him in the cold.

A thread-bare cloak she happed around  
 Her limbs, so thin and chill ;  
 She left her lonely cot behind,  
 While all the world was still ;  
 And through the solitary night,  
 She took her silent way,  
 With weeping eyes towards the place  
 Where little Willy lay.

The pallid moon had climbed aloft  
 Into the welkin blue ;  
 A snow-clad tree, across the grave,  
 Its leafless shadow threw :  
 And, as that mournful mother sat  
 Upon a mound thereby,  
 The bitter wind of winter sighed  
 To hear her lonely cry !

\* \* \* \* \*

My little Willy's cowl an' still,—  
 He's not a word for me !  
 Th' last tiny leaf has dropt away  
 Fro this owd withered tree !  
 Oh, my poor heart ! He's gone ! He's gone !  
 Aw'm lonely under th' sky !  
 He'll never clip my neck again,  
 An' tell me not to cry !

My darlin' lad ! He's laid i'th dust !  
 My little Willy's dead !



An' o' that made me care to live,  
 Lies in his frosty bed !  
 He's gone ! He's gone ! My poor bare neest !  
 Oh, what's this world to me ?  
 My little love ; aw'm lonely neaw !  
 When mun aw come to thee !

He's crept into his last dark nook,  
 An' laft me pinin' here !  
 An' never-moor his two blue e'en  
 For me mun twinkle clear !  
 He'll never say his prayers again  
 At his poor mammy's knee !  
 Oh, Willy ; Oh, aw'm lonely now !  
 When mun aw come to thee ?

4            \*            \*            \*            \*

The snow-clad yew-tree stirred with pain  
 To hear that plaintive cry ;  
 The old church listened ; and the spire  
 Still pointed to the sky ;  
 With kindlier touch the wintry wind  
 Played in her locks of grey ;  
 And the queenly moon, upon her head,  
 Shone with a softened ray.

She rose to leave that lonely bed ;  
 Her heart was grieving sore ;  
 One step she took, and then, her tears  
 Fell faster than before :  
 She turned and gave another look,—  
 One lingering look she gave,—  
 Then sighing, left him lying in  
 His little snowy grave.

## THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

BY T. T. WILKINSON, F.R.A.S.

AN old man sat on the low porch seat,  
And he grieved for his help-meet gone,  
Then his grandsons nestled around his feet,  
And a smile on his pale face shone.

The west wind wafted its balmiest breeze,  
And the brooklet babbled hard by,  
The sun lit up the quivering trees,  
As he sank in the western sky.

Then the old man mused on days of yore,  
Of the time when his cares were light,  
When merry feet danced the greensward o'er,  
And his every hope was bright.

Then thoughts of youth—and his manhood's pride,  
As the fitful breeze passed on,  
Till they circled round a faithful bride,  
By his worth and affection won.

The clouds now passed o'er the sun's bright face,  
And they shadowed each hill and dale ;  
'Twas an emblem just of the old man's race,  
As he pressed through his life's rough vale.

Then to one dark spot his thoughts now turned—  
When the battle was well nigh won—  
He closed his eyes, which the salt tears burned,  
As he whispered—"Thy will be done."

Tow'rds the Future next his musings bent ;  
 And a smile o'er his calm face passed :—  
 Faith saw the crown of a life well spent,  
 For the haven was reached at last.

Then the children clasped their grandsire's knees ;—  
 But the world had vanished from sight ;—  
 And soft winds sped through the bending trees,  
 As they murmured his last "Good Night."

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### HEALEY HEIGHT.

BY HENRY NUTTER, of Burnley.

*Tune*—Jenny Jones.

ONE morning I strayed on the heights of old Healey,  
 When song-birds with music the spring-time did greet ;  
 The skylark above me was chanting so freely,  
 The voice of the blackbird was mellow and sweet,  
 The throstle's song filled all the valley before me,  
 The robin poured out his fine song in mine ear ;  
 These dear, charming warblers appeared to adore thee,  
 Oh, balm-breathing Healey, sweet Healey so clear.

The bells of St. Peter's were ringing so sweetly,  
 Each heart on Mount Healey with rapture did glow,  
 And Burnley's fair damsels were tripping so neatly,  
 On the hill where the daisies and buttercups grow.  
 They may tell of Olympus, the Alps, and Parnassus,  
 And snow-covered peaks far away in the west,  
 But the mountain I sing of is one that surpasses—  
 Tis Healey, sweet Healey, the hill I love best.

'Twas here the fair daughters of Burnley stood gazing  
Whilst husbands and sons were engaged with the foe ;  
Yes, there were the matrons, with beacon fires blazing  
When Brunanburh's battle<sup>1</sup> was raging below.  
Old Venice may boast of her pleasant gondola,  
And Rome may be proud of her palaces bright,  
The Darkie may dance in the groves of Angola,  
But give me old Healey, yes, sweet Healey height.

There's joy in the song of the lark as he rises,  
There's joy for his mate as she bathes in the dew ;  
There's joy for the boy with the girl that he prizes,  
There's joy in sweet friendship that ever proves true.  
Then sing, ye fair maids in the valley before us,  
And shout, ye brave boys, your loud songs in the gale ;  
Ye sweet feathered songsters, still join in the chorus,  
And chime, ye delightful old bells, through the vale.

---

### TH' BOGGART O' GORTON CHAPELYORD.

BY THE LATE JOHN HIGSON, of Lees,  
Author of the "History of Droylesden," etc.

THERE stood insoide the chapelyord,  
A little heawse un skoo,  
Where Billy Hardy thresht the lads ;—  
He clerkt un cobblet too.

<sup>1</sup> The battle of Brunanburh is said to have been fought on the slopes of Saxifield, within sight of Healey. It forms the "Waterloo" of Anglo-Saxon history, and furnishes the subject of a paper by the present editor in the "Historic Society's Transactions."

Across the yord o'er th' creawded graves,  
 A footroad wonst passed through,  
 Which, freely travelt up by day,  
 At neet no mon dust goo.

E'en Billy Hardy, it wur said,  
 Though reckont cute un larnt,  
 As soon as th' settin' sun at neet,  
 Tho would o' darkness warnt,

He lowert th' bloinds, un bowted th' dur,  
 Un up tho feighur he beat,  
 Nor sturred areawt fro candle-toime  
 Tin morn wur commin' leet ;

For th' nayburs reawnd ud often tell  
 Heaw, at tho close o' day,  
 A boggart wandert through th' churchyord,  
 Un freetent foaks away.

It peorcht on th' lichen gate, or steel,  
 Fair fearfo to be seen,  
 Wi' bristlin' main, lung hurns, un tail,  
 Un great big starin' een.

Sometoimes 'twur loike a lady grand,  
 Drest up i' rustlin' silk,  
 Or skimmed along tho tomes un stones,  
 I' clooas white as milk.

Whence coom tho sperrit mon ne'er know'd,  
 Nur th' paason could foind eawt ;  
 Bu' this wur plain un sartin sure,  
 Aich neet it roam'd abeawt.

Bur if ut th' cock ere midneet crow'd,  
Or else, mitch wuss, 'twur th' hen,  
That minnit th' boggart darted off,  
Nur coom that neet ogain.

One Setturday wur welly o'er  
(Or Sunday it wur, t' one),  
A fuddlin' chap fro Lungseet Wakes  
Wur commin' up th' Back-lone.

Maybe to some it's gradely queer,  
Bur aw con prove it true,  
Ut muddled, dateless, country sot,  
Fro boggart never flew.

When yerrin' Billy's hommer fo  
On some owd farmer's shoon,  
He thowt ut actin' th' boggart's pranks  
He'd try his hont reet soon.

He rubbed a breck on th' gable wo,  
Then run to th' dur fur t' see ;  
He cowert un pept through th' finger-hole,  
When fear bedim'd Bill's ee.

Bur in a bit his courage coom,  
Tho lapstone did reseawnd ;  
When th' breck ogain it leawder still  
On th' gable did rebeawnd.

This toime tho cobbler's yure stood up,  
His meawth wur drawn aghast ;  
Bur listenin' on, un yerrin' nowt  
He courage took ut last.

To finish th' job he hawsed wunst mooar,  
Un sawfly tried fur t' knock ;  
When th' boggart wi its might un main,  
It gan another shock !

Tho conscience-stricken cobbler neaw,  
Aware 'twur Sabbath Day,  
Wur freetont th' boggart had bin sent  
To fot him reet oway.

Not wishin' in tho feighurs below  
His carcus fur to roast,  
Tho candle eawt he sharply puff'd,  
Un off to bed did post.

As up tho chamber stairs he scrawms  
As fast as mon con peg,  
Tho floors wi rap-a-taps reseawnd  
Of his owd wooden leg.

Weel pleost th' fuddler whom'urts go's,  
Whoile Billy swat i' bed ;  
He vow'd fur t' mend his wicked ways,  
Un ow his prayers he said.

Un never sin that fearfo' bout  
Wur Billy known fur t' stael  
A minnit fro tho Sabbath heawrs—  
Un this neaw ends my tale.

## THE SNOWDROP'S MELODY.

BY R. W. PROCTER,

Author of "The Barber's Shop," etc.

THE voice of old Christmas had pass'd into air,  
With its loud ringing laughter, its wail of despair ;  
The rich had retired from their wassail and yule,  
The urchin crept back to the terrors of school ;  
The thirster for fame had rekindled his oil,  
The struggler for bread had return'd to his toil ;—  
In brief, the New Year was staid-footed and mild,  
And Time was admiring and teaching his child !  
The night was fast yielding its hours to the day,  
While the ice-seat of Winter was melting away,  
And leaving him throneless, no longer a king—  
When a SNOWDROP peer'd forth from a fairy-form'd  
ring,  
And the pure little Harbinger whisper'd of Spring.  
She gaz'd o'er the landscape with maidenly pride,  
For no rival in loveliness bloom'd by her side ;  
She unfolded her leaves 'neath a sheltering tree,  
And caroll'd her hopes to the greenwood and me :—  
"Oh ! joy thrills my heart in pale beauty to reign,  
Like an empress, supreme o'er this hopeful domain ;  
How soon at the coming of Spring I'll rejoice,  
How soon will I list to the cuckoo's stray voice,  
How soon view the shepherdess trip to the hill,  
Soon bless the lone music that wakes with the rill,  
When its fetters are burst by the life-giving ray,  
And the bondman of winter bounds chainless away."  
So bloom, bonnie gem, may thy pleasures be long,  
Though selfish thy wish, thou art dear unto song,



And welcome to me, as my hope-yielding theme,  
Brave, beautiful venturer, born of a beam!

Time travell'd : fresh odours were borne on the breeze,  
The cuckoo's stray note floated o'er the full trees,  
The blythe-hearted shepherdess tripp'd to the hill,  
Soft melody reign'd in the voice of the rill,  
All nature was deck'd in Spring's holiday suit—  
But the bloom of the Snowdrop had fail'd in the fruit ;  
The day-dreaming beauty had bow'd her weak head,  
And a thousand gay rivals exulted instead.

She had lived in wild visions that never came true,  
She had pined on poor hope when the world never  
knew,

And had died when the glories which sunbeams unfold  
Were bliss to inherit, were joy to behold.

Lonely outcast of Nature, foredoom'd to the shade,  
How many frail dreamers in thee are portray'd,  
Whose hopes gaily bound, like some sun-gilded wave,  
But whose joys are o'ersadow'd by grief and the grave.

Too much hath the world—cold experience has shown  
That an emblem in thee, little floweret, must own ;  
Meek hearts, that are strangers to falsehood and scorn,  
Are the snowdrops of life—the unfoster'd and lorn ;  
And souls that are noble, fair shrines of true worth,  
That would emulate heaven while dwelling on earth,  
That would place their proud names on the scroll of  
the free,

Gaunt spirit of Want ! are as slaves unto thee.  
Peer forth, with each year, from thy nook in the vale,  
To whisper pure truths in the ear of the gale ;  
And when the world-wearied droop o'er thee unknown,  
Still prove to each bosom it grieves not alone ;

Still gently remind us, when pausing to rue,  
 "What shadows we are, and what shades we pursue,"  
 And long will bards love thee, long make thee their  
     theme,  
 Brave, beautiful venturer, born of a beam !

---

O'ER AGAIN.

BY SEPTIMUS TEBAY, B.A.,  
 Head Master of Rivington Grammar School.

OWD Tummus hed bin eawt one neet  
     Wi' bacchanalian friends, sirs,  
 Un Sarah Jane hed set up late,  
     Omost at hor wits' ends, sirs ;  
 For when the husband stays eawt late,  
     Un keeps his woife i' waitin'  
 He little knows the trouble he  
     Is in hor moinde creatin'.  
                             Fal da lu ra laddie O,  
                             Fal da lu ra lido.

But when at last he did cum whomme  
     He wer a gradely felley,  
 Un squeezed owd Jane, who obut thowt  
     He hed gone off it, welley ;  
 For barleycorn had made him reet,  
     He hed no care or sorrow ;  
 Un little thowt o' th' after claps,  
     That would cum on to-morrow.

Ses he, "owd wench aw feel quite young ;"

"Tha favvurs bein' young, mon ;

It's nobbut drink what's i' thi'yed,

Aw wish tha'd howd thi tongue, mon ;

Cum doff thi shoon un get to bed,

Tha'lt feel it in the mornin',

Un grunt as ta wer gooin' to dee

When tha should get thi corn in."

"It's welley forty year sin neaw

Aw used to knock at th' window ;

Aw wer sum gradely fain, owd wench,

As soon as aw hed sin thee ;

Aw cud so loike it o'er again,

Sich toimes are worth repeatin',

Fur thee t' get up un oppen th' dur,

Un gi' me th' gradely meetin'.

It's o' yed wark, it's nuthin' else ;

Aw loikes yed wark sometoimes, lass ;

We talk o' what we han bin once,

Un what eawr youthful proime was ;

Cum gi's a cuss for owd lung soine ;

Well owder it's un th' madder,

Aw'll just goo eawt, thee fassen th' dur,

Whoile aw look eawt fur th' ladder."

Then Jane went reet away to bed,

Un Tummus knocked at th' window,

But Jane lee still, un Tummus cried—

"Cum Jenny, let me in, doo ;"

But Jenny thowt hoo'd sarve him eawt

As he hed bin so cunnin',

Un cure him of sich silly tricks  
As in his yed were runnin'.

At last hoo coom to th' window,  
Un saw Tummus in the moonlight,—  
For it wer gradely leet that neet,  
As leet as it wer noon, quite ;  
“ Whoy Jenny what's ta meean by this,  
Aw'm welley starved to deeuth ;  
It sarves thee reet, tha should ha' sense,  
Un not caare theree o' t' cearth.”

Hoo leet him in ut last, un then  
Theere coom the explanashun ;  
Ses he “ it is a peevish trick,  
Un nuthin' but vexashun ;  
Aw'll sarve thee eawt before it's lung,”  
He sed in voice the sternest,  
“ If tha begins to tomfoo' me  
When aw'm i' gradely yearnest.”

Ses she, “ owd lad, when fost tha coom  
A coortin' here aw feared thee,  
Un leet thee knock un goo away  
As if aw'd nevvur yeard thee ;  
Un as tha wished to try th' owd mank,  
'Fore aw went in for winnin',  
Aw thowt as it wer nobbut reet  
To start at the beginnin'.”

“ Aw don't believe a word tha ses,  
It's o' my wark to please thee,  
Un when tha sees me th' reet soide eawt,  
Tha olis tries to tease me ; ”

Ses Jane, "whoy will ta ne'er be tow'd,  
Aw loikes thee weel as evvur,  
But when tha'st geet a gill or two,  
Tha wants to be so clevvur."<sup>1</sup>

---

# WHEN I RETURN FROM SEA.

BY R. W. PROCTER,

Author of "The Streets of Manchester," etc.

YOUNG Gideon left the verdant plain,  
A seaman's life to view ;  
He bade farewell to each fond swain,  
He sigh'd "Sweet Rose, adieu :  
Yet banish, love, thy maiden fears,  
This heart beats true to thee,  
And joy shall chase those tender tears,  
When I return from sea."

Long years he sail'd where Ocean flows,  
A valiant British tar ;  
And fought against his country's foes,  
And braved the ills of war.  
But still his thoughts were thus express'd—  
"Sweet Rose, I think of thee ;  
And joy shall cheer thy gentle breast,  
When I return from sea."

At length the reign of war was o'er.  
Mild peace controll'd the main,

<sup>1</sup> The above furnishes an excellent example of the West Lancashire dialect.

And booming cannons ceas'd to roar,  
The knell of Britons slain.  
Then constant Rose forgot to mourn,  
Hope fill'd her breast with glee,  
And painted fair her love's return :—  
But he was wreck'd at sea.

He fell, the victim of a storm,  
As falls the forest pride ;  
And soon came death, in gentlest form,  
To win the sailor's bride.  
Where low that village maid doth sleep,  
Friends mourn and flowers bloom free ;  
But only weeds and monsters creep,  
O'er him that's wreck'd at sea.

---

### AWAY FROM THEE.

BY JAMES BOWKER.

The moonbeams fall on golden sheaves,  
And in the west there gleams a star,  
The zephyrs wander through the leaves  
With dying odours from afar ;  
And hush'd and low I hear the call  
Of nightingale unto her mate,  
In notes which through the dim light fall  
Melodious and desolate.

But moon and star and wand'ring wind  
The blissful peace give not to me,

Which floods my soul and calms my mind,  
 Whene'er, belov'd, I d<sup>r</sup>eam of thee !  
 And in my heart thy dear notes dwell,  
 Sweeter than those upon the breeze,  
 Like music in a Southern shell,  
 For ever exiled from its seas.

---

TH' OWD BELLMAN.

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

THEY may talk o' Tum Breawn bein' as "soft as a  
 cawve,"  
 But aw'll warrant th' owd Bellman to be softer bi th'  
 hawve ;  
 Scarce a day passes o'er but he's pooin' his face,  
 An bleth'rin' an' "cryin'" all up an' deawn th' place.  
 Th' other day Snuffy Bet ud th' bumbailys i' th' shop,  
 Gettin' ready for sellin' her besoms an' pop ;  
 An' among other sundries wur th' owd woman's cat ;  
 Well, aw'm blest iv th' owd softy didn't "cry" abeawt  
 that.

He "cried" when Dick Whiteside sowd off at his farm ;  
 Aw met him th' same day wi' his bell on his arm,  
 Soa aw ax'd heaw it wur he wur bawlin' so leawd,  
 Iv th' things belonged him 'at wur beawn to be sowd.  
 "Now, indeed, 'em," he said, "cryin's part o' my trade,  
 An' aw dar' say tha'd yeawl a bit, too, iv tha're paid."  
 "Well," aw said, "there's no tellin' what one may ha'  
 t' do,  
 Aw know aw once cried o'er an onion or two."

A day or two sin' aw wur goin' deawn th' street,  
On a bit ov an arrand, when whoa should aw meet,  
But owd Jammie wi' th' bell, so says I, "What's up  
neaw?"

"Oh nowt, nobbut Jonathan Smith's lost a ceaw,  
An' he's gan me a shillin' to go reawnd an' 'cry ;'  
Aw'm 'on duty' tha sees, so excuse me, good-bye."

"Stop a bit, mon," aw said, "as aw've nowt mich to do,  
lv tha'll gie me th' tone hawve on't aw'll 'cry' a bit  
too."

"Not to-day," Jammie said, "aw can manage misel',"—  
Tong tingle-tum, tingle-tum, tingle-tum-dell !

"Law-st a ceaw, 'at belongs unto Jonathan Smith,  
Thoose 'at foind it mun bring it to th' bellman forth-  
with,

At number nineteen, Betty Singleton's yard,  
Wheer th' foinder ull meet wi' a hon'some reward.  
Neaw, yo' chaps, here's a job, mak' good use o' yo're  
een,

Foind Jonathan's ceaw ogen. God save the Queen !"

Well, aw seed him ogen a week after or so,  
He wur plasterin' some mack o' bills on a wo ;  
"Oh, Jammie," aw said, "what becoom o' that ceaw,  
Wur it feawnd th' other day when tha cried it, or  
heaw?"

"Feawnd ! aye to be sure, mon ; aw knew wheer it  
wur,

Aw'd had it ole th' toime hud at eawer back dur ;  
When aw'd done goin' reawnd aw went whoam wi' mi  
bell,

Took th' ceaw, said aw'd feawnd it, geet th' brass for  
misel'."



"Eh, theaw rascal!" aw said, "to do tricks sich as these ;

Wherever does t' think t'ha'll ha' t' goa when tha dees !

Here, aw think aw con manage to foind thee a job."

Soa aw tow'd him aw'd lost one o' th' childer—eawer

Bob ;

An' aw gan him a papper o' what he had t' say,

An' a shillin' or two, an' then sent him away.

Th' furst corner he coom to he up wi' his bell,

Tong-tingle-tum, tingle-tum, tingle-tum-dell !

"Law-st, oather to-day or else sometoime to morn,

As pratty a babby as ever wur born ;

It has cheeks like red roses, two bonny blue een,

Had it meawth daubed wi' traycle th' last toime it wur  
seen ;

It's just cuttin' it teeth, an' has very sore gums,

An' it's gotten a habit o' suckin' it thumbs ;

Thoose 'at foind it may keep it, there's nob'dy ull care,

For thoose 'at han lost it han lots moor to spare !"

Eh, there were some rare laffin' when Jammie had  
done ;

Some o' th' women reet skreomed they thowt it sich  
fun.

But th' owd chap wur some mad, he threw th' papper  
on th' floor,

An' swore he'd ne'er "cry" o'er lost childer no moor.

Sin' that toime he's tried hard to keep eawt o' my seet,

Still aw neaw an' then drop on him somewheer i' th'  
street,

An' I allis enquire iv he's wantin' a job,

Iv he is he can go reawnd a seechin' eawer Bob.

## ODE TO TH' SUN.

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

HAIL, owd friend ! awm fain to see thee :  
Wheer has t' been so many days ?  
Lots o' times aw've looked up for thee,  
Wishing aw could see thi face.  
Th' little childer reawnd abeawt here  
Say they wonder wheer tha'rt gone ;  
An they wanten me to ax thee  
T' shew thisel' as oft as t' con.

Come an' see us every mornin' ;  
Come, these droopin' spirits cheer ;  
Peep thro' every cottage window ;  
Tha'll be welcome everywheer.  
Show thisel' i' o' thi splendour ;  
Throw that gloomy veil aside ;  
What does t' creep to th' back o' th' cleawds for ?  
Tha's no fauts nor nowt to hide.

Flashy clooas an' bits o' foinery  
Help to mend sich loike as me :  
Veils improve some women's faces,  
But, owd friend, they'll noan mend thee.  
Things deawn here 'at we co'n pratty,  
Soon begin to spoil an' fade ;  
But tha still keeps up thi polish,  
Tha'rt as breet as when new made.

Tha wur theer when th' hosts o' heaven  
Sweetly sang their mornin' song ;

But tha looks as young as ever,  
 Tho' tha's bin up theer so long  
 An' for ages tha's bin shinin'—  
 Smilin' o' this world o' eawrs ;  
 Blessin' everythin' tha looks on  
 Makin' th' fruit grow—oppenin' th' fleawers.

It wur thee 'at Adam looked on,  
 When i' th' garden bi hissel';  
 An' tha smoiled upon his labour—  
 Happen helped him—whoa can tell !  
 It wur thee 'at Joshua spoke to  
 On his way to th' promised land ;  
 When, as th' good owd Bible tells us,  
 Theaw obeyed his strange command.

Tha'll ha' seen some curious antics  
 Played deawn here bi th' human race ;  
 Some tha couldn't bear to look on,  
 For tha' shawmed an' hid thi face.  
 Mony a toime I see thee blushin',  
 When tha't leavin' us at neet :  
 An' no wonder, for tha's noticed  
 Things we'n done 'at's noan bin reet.

After o' tha comes to own us,  
 Tho' we do so mich 'at's wrong ;  
 Even neaw thar't shinin' breetly,  
 Helpin' me to write this song.  
 Heaw refreshin' ! heaw revivin' !  
 Stay as long as ever t' con !  
 We shall noan feel hawve as happy,  
 Hawve as leetsome, when tha'rt gone.

Oh ! for th' sake o' foalk at's poorly,  
 Come an' cheer us wi' thi rays ;  
 We forgetten 'at we ail owt  
 When we see thy dear owd face.  
 Every mornin' when it's gloomy,  
 Lots o' foalk are seen abeawt—  
 Some at th' door steps—some at th' windows—  
 Watchin' for thee peepin' cawt.

---

IN MEMORIAM.—CHARLES SWAIN.

BORN JANUARY 4, 1803.    DIED SEPTEMBER 22, 1874.

BY BENJAMIN BRIERLEY.

ANOTHER vacant chair !    Another guest  
 Hath left my threshold with his last "Good night !"  
 'Twas but an hour ago, ere yet the west  
 Had lost the amber of its fading light,  
 One other friend departed ; and he said—  
 "Good bye !" then sought his everlasting bed.

And gone before were others of the throng,  
 Who round my board at noon were full of thought  
 And feeling that found utterance in song.  
 Th' Eternal Watchman's call their ears had caught :  
 And autumn leaves around their footsteps fell,  
 As they, in tones that linger, sang "Farewell !"

And there are others glancing towards the door,  
 As though they saw a shadow on the stair,  
 With finger pointing to Heav'n's glitt'ring floor,  
 And beck'ning to a festal gath'ring there.

These shall arise ere yet the night be gone,  
And *one*—but which of 'is?—be left alone.

He who last left the scene where none can stay,  
Woke with his touch the bosom's tenderest chord,  
And sang with fervid lips that noblest lay—  
The love of man and glory of the Lord.  
He "breathed of beauty, and eternal youth ;"  
The "MIND," its "grace, divinity, and truth."

And as he moved his fingers o'er the lyre,  
His eyes were ever streaming with a light  
Caught from the glow of some celestial fire,  
Shining on worlds beyond the reach of night.  
And grew the melody most sweet and clear,  
When felt the hand the final touch was near.

As sings the nightingale when all is hushed,  
His song was never heard at noontide hour  
Among the crowd of warblers ; but when blushed  
The Night at Day's soft wooing, he his bower  
Would seek, and from some solitary spray  
Awake the echoes with his roundelay.

But never more shall voice of his be heard  
At our sublunar festivals, nor thought  
Flash from his soul in glance as well as word.  
A spell upon his ear the angels wrought ;  
And whispering 'neath their pinions, "Brother, come,"  
They bore the minstrel to his heav'nly home.

Say not you miss him from his chair to-night,  
Ye who have but another hour to stay,  
But watch the flick'ring of the taper's light—  
A symbol of the close of Life's brief day—

And be ye ready, brethren, one and all,  
That none may hurry at the Watchman's call.

Say, "Peace to the departed!" He, ere now,  
Hath heard the song we list for in our dreams,  
But only faintly hear. Around his brow  
The lustre of immortal glory beams,  
In which the smiles of kindred spirits shine,  
The scintillations of a light divine.

Oh, why this emptiness of earthly boasts—  
These songs in praise of perishable wine?  
Our friend the guest is of the Host of Hosts,  
And sips the juice of an eternal vine.  
The picture change—the mourners are the dead,  
Who wait our coming.—Which of us shall lead?

THE END.

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